



DEMON KING & HERO

Phantom Of The Moonlit Night

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

Demon King & Hero

(마왕&용사)

by

Phantom Of The Moonlit Night

(월야-팬텀)

Synopsis

“You’re the Demon King?”

In response to the woman’s voice filled with murderous intent, the man opened his mouth.

“No, I quit that?”

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English Translation by Eeveelutionlvr (aka Eevee) @ [MY:TL](#)

Translation Edits by adkji @ [MY:TL](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

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Prologue

The heavens gift talents onto people in different ways.

Some, a talent for agriculture.

Some, a talent for commerce.

Some, [a talent for music](#).

Some, a talent for the sword.

Some, a talent for magic.

But occasionally, the heavens grant particularly special ability to certain individuals.

An incomparable intellect, one to be called a genius.

An unfaltering resolve and determination, the willpower to continue where ordinary men would have given up a hundred times over.

An unwillingness to be arrogant about one's own skills, continually honing their talents with diligence.

An indomitable courage, never to yield to evil in the worst of

situations.

Blessed by the gods, those who forge their own paths, never yielding to evil in the worst of situations, forever fighting to prove that justice exists in the world. With words of respect and honour, people refer to them by this title.

The “Hero,” or the “Brave.”

Has it been said that kings are chosen by the heavens?

There are those who were born with the destiny to become king.

The purest darkness.

Those who rule this darkness that would swallow up the world.

Those who seek the darkness as a friend, born to swallow up the light.

Blessed by the demon god, destroying all those who seek to obstruct them, observing evil regardless of the situation.

Within the devouring darkness, the ruler of ten thousand evils.

With words of respect and honour, all ‘evil’ refer to him by this title.

The Demon King!

(1) Raws said ‘singing,’ I went for the more liberal ‘music.’

(2) Okay. The raws gave these terms as 영웅 (英雄) and 용사 (勇士), both of which can more or less translate to ‘hero.’ The first is defined as ‘one with peerless talent and wisdom, leading the people to his ideal,’ whereas the other literally means ‘brave person.’ JP LN/WN/Manga readers may know the latter term better as ‘yuusha.’

(3) Kingdom Hearts, anyone?

Chapter 1 : Are You The Demon King?

No, I Quit That?

Chapter 1-1 : Are You The Demon King? No, I Quit That?

So the rumours go:

It is said that within the Artian Empire, the strongest nation on the continent, there are five 'blades.'

Possessing sword skills so advanced that even veteran swordsmasters would be unable to keep track of the sword, combined with a blade said to be able to destroy anything and everything in a single hit, along with an impregnable defence, the perfect combination of magic and sword arts, was dubbed as the 'Magic Blade.'

And the one who was said to be equal to the sum of the other four, near impossible to track with the eye, yet despite this being able to slice mountains with the sword without showing weaknesses, and being able to fight against any type of magic without any disadvantage.

The people praised that 'blade', Ashrien House, as the greatest swordsmen clan in the empire.

Praised, as in, past tense.

The sword arts of the Ashrien House, the 'Azure Flames' Style.

Because it was too brilliant of a style, commoners couldn't understand it even if they saw it, and those who called themselves geniuses failed to comprehend it.

As such, once the founder of the Ashrien house passed away, the Ashrien house began to shake, and only to decline drastically two generations ago, the then-head of the house fell in battle against evil organisations.

However, had the gods not yet abandoned this Ashrien house just yet?

In that Ashrien house, a genius was born.

Leaving a ruined family, while travelling the world, she understood and mastered 'Azure Flames,' a feat that none had managed since the founder, all by the tender age of 21.

On her adventures, she saved many people, destroyed countless evil organisations, and, amidst the calamities that occurred as a result of dimensions colliding, she slew the demons that took the opportunity to invade through the gap between dimensions.

To the people whose eyes could not track her movements, when they saw her sword, akin to blue flames, she was called thereafter 'Guardian of Azure Flames,' or 'Azure Flame Yuria.'

“Is, is this the right place?”

With red hair that fell to her waist, a girl looked at the cabin, tilting her head.

Her name was Yuria Ashrien.

At the request of the Emperor and the Pope, she had left on a journey to subdue the Demon. The magic tool that detected signs of magical power had ultimately led her here, a for all intents and purposes a perfectly normal farmer's cabin, making her tilt her head in confusion.

“It doesn't seem like the tool's malfunctioning... There's probably some secret room in the basement.”

The sacred compass that operated on the premise of opposing demonic magic power to locate the demons had been worked on for countless generations as a defence against the demon king, and as it was such a priceless treasure, there was simply no way it could be wrong.

Added to that, from experience, she knew of basements with secret bases, and thus, her hand tightly gripped the hilt of her sword.

The Emperor had promised.

Should she succeed in this, the territories of the Ashrien house

that had been sold to the empire would all be returned to them.

That territory could not simply be called land.

It was land that her family had cultivated from the wild, each and every part embedded with the spirits of the Ashrien family.

Closing her eyes briefly, she calmed herself.

Her opponent was a demon king. A Lord of demons, with a million demons under his command.

Even low-tier demons could easily turn that small house into a cesspit of evil.

The demon king might have already noticed her approach and prepared traps, or summoning magic with tens of high-class demons on standby.

But she had to go.

If for nothing else, her own family, the greater good, and all the civilians who would suffer under the demon king's revival!

Standing in front of the cabin, Yuria ran countless blue streaks of light across the door, and quickly leaped back.

There could have been any number of traps there, after all.

As Yuria landed, the door split into nine segments, dropping onto the ground.

Through the doorway, she saw a young man with black hair.

With looks that any woman would fall for, and hidden under black clothes a body figure with muscles that was not hideously bulky yet seemed more attractive even so. Yuria had fought many demons who used their beauty to seduce people to do hideous things, yet even she blushed faintly in the face of this man's attractiveness.

‘Calm down! The enemy is a demon king!’

But as expected of a warrior cultivated through many hardships, Yuria calmed herself down in an instant and took a stance in which she could draw her sword at any time, she fixed her glare on the man and shouted,

“Are you the demon king?!”

At those words laced with killing intent, the man opened his mouth.

“No, I quit that?”

Chapter 1-2 : Are You The Demon King? No, I Quit That?

“Q, quit?”

Yuria’s body swayed.

‘Was demon king a job you could quit as well?’

No way. How can you quit being a lord of all demons!

“Don’t make me laugh! Do you think I’d fall for that type of lie?!”

“It’s not a lie, though.”

With a hint of a smirk on his face, the demon king took a step closer to Yuria.

Flinch!

As the demon king took a step closer to Yuria, she flinched, drawing right back and pulling out her sword.

“What are you planning!”

“No, it’s just that it’s common courtesy to talk to someone up

close. Is it different for humans?”

Looking at the demon king that had innocently tilted his head, Yuria shouted,

“Who do you think would be fooled by an evil demon king’s plans!”

The moment Yuria drew her sword, the demon king retreated, startled.

“No, I’m not trying to trick you.”

With an “Ah!” he pulled an item out of his pocket.

“Would you believe me with this?”

“The Scales of the Chief God?”

She had seen this item as well, not so long ago during the Emperor’s promise. The sole relics of the god Sermia, who had created the world, no one knew how many were left.

However, when an oath was made on the Scales of the Chief God, that oath must be kept, and should it not be kept, it was said that the Chief God would personally ensure that the oath was unbroken. A legendary item that not even the Divine Gods nor the Demon Gods, the greatest existences in the world, could avoid

being bound by.

“Let’s talk about this. I promise I won’t get up to any tricks.”

A soft glow emanated from the scales.

Unwilling to cut down someone who had sworn on the Scales, Yuria sheathed her sword and said,

“Your story, I’ll listen to. But if you are the demon king, I’m going to kill you.”

Even in the face of Yuria’s bloodthirsty words, with some unfathomable happiness, the demon king smiled.

“Then let’s talk inside, shall we?”

“There’s no poison in this, drink up,” the demon king said, placing a teacup filled with green liquid in front of her.

“What’s this?”

“It’s called green tea. In the human world, it’s not found in these parts, but rather, in the Eastern Empire, and it has a very delicious taste.”

The demon king that was peacefully savouring the taste gave off a feeling of an old man, completely unlike his appearance or what he actually was.

Despite this, Yuria didn't even spare a glance at the tea and continued to glare at the demon king.

An oath on the Scales of the Chief God aside, a demon king is still a demon king.

From Yuria's own experiences, the majority of third-rate villains would be flustered, or let loose instantly with profanities or the sword. More often than not, the ones who were always cheerful, with bright expressions, i.e. the man in front of her, were the true demons among demons.

Looking at the woman who was lost in her thoughts, the devil king clicked his teeth.

“Well, don't drink if you don't want to. It's been a while since I've had someone over, so I specially got out my favourite highest quality ones too.”

“Would there be any person who so easily drinks the tea a demon king offered?”

“I told you, I quit being a demon king. I have no intention to fight.”

‘As expected...’

There were villains, when cornered that would frantically apologise, promising to turn over a new leaf.

But, among those kind of people, there was no one that actually would reform themselves. That was a simple lie to get themselves out of the situation.

They usually came in two different types, the first being third-rate villains who only preyed on the weak. They were the ones to grovel to save their lives, only to return back to being third-rate the moment danger passed as if nothing had happened.

The other type were typically the ones preparing for something major, willing to suffer in shame in order to live to complete their objective.

‘The enemy is a demon king, he’s probably the latter type?’

There was no doubt this demon king was hiding something important in this wasteland.

“Hmph! You’re definitely pulling something here! Maybe creating a dimensional rift, or building a demon king’s castle!”

The dumbfounded demon king looked at Yuria and said,

“Ehh, dimensional rifts are something even gods can’t do anything about, and you’d want to build a demon king castle on some strategic point or some divine fortress. Why would you build anything on this barren wasteland?”

“Th, That’s... just a change in your way of thinking!”

Demon king could only let out a sigh at Yuria’s startled voice.

“Perhaps the hero’s occupation was a lot simpler than I imagined...”

At those words, Yuria’s hand crept to the hilt of the sword, but held off due to a creeping feeling of defeat, and instead clenched her fist and struck the table hard.

“Don’t bullshit me! Even if you did quit you still need to be held accountable for your crimes!”

The demon king just smiled as if nothing was wrong.

“So just what have I done?”

At that bullish response, Yuria let out a snort of disbelief.

“Ha? You’re asking because you don’t know? Because of you, hundreds of children were sacrificed, and even more thousands of

people died at your followers' hands! The only reason I haven't sent you off yet is because I'm going to get you on the stands to put you on a public, open trial!"

At those words, the demon king propped his chin up with one hand, and with all playfulness gone from his face, said,

"I don't think I quite get you. Let me ask this again. Just what have I done?"

KWANG!

"Surely you aren't going to say that you didn't hear me properly!" Yuria yelled, bolting upright and smacking the table hard, but the demon king only looked at the fallen, broken teacups and muttered,

"Oi, that teacup was expensive... That top-quality tea that I hadn't finished drinking was expensive stuff as well..."

Looking at this figure, who mourned the passing of a teacup more than sacrificed people, Yuria drew her sword and screamed,

"ARE YOU FUCKING AROUND WITH ME!"

At those words loaded with killing intent, the demon lord smirked and hit the table.

Tang!

“How about we make a bet?”

In his hand that struck the table were the Scales of the Chief God.

“A bet?”

“Yeah, a bet. If I’m innocent, you will grant me one wish, but if I am guilty, I will grant one of yours. For example, if you order me to go to prison, I’ll go by my own two feet. How’s that?”

Yuria narrowed her eyes, her right hand always ready to bury her sword in the demon king’s heart.

“What trick is this?”

“I have committed no crime. But you have. But you keep insisting that I have. Unfair, no?”

“And how am I a criminal? Perhaps by the laws of the demon world?”

“Yep. But, also, by the laws of the humans.”

With the hand that was currently propping up his chin, the demon king flicked out a finger and said,

“Firstly, you said you were going to put me on trial? But, it’s written down very clearly in the laws of the empire that barring exact circumstances like rebellion, natural disasters or any such situation where destruction accumulates very quickly, terrorism, or any other such emergency situation, to enter someone’s home without permission you need the proper warrant to do so. But you don’t have it, don’t you?”

“That’s alright because you already have caused a lot of destruction and damage.”

“Oh really? Then, are you willing to bet on it?”

Was this not one of the demon king’s plans? Yuria thought. But she was free of sin while the demon king was not. As long as the Scales of the Chief God were used, she would not be at a disadvantage.

“Alright. Let’s bet.”

“Is that so? Then, repeat after me.”

The demon king put a hand on one side of the Scales and said,

“I swear on the name of the Chief God. If I have committed the crimes that the hero accuses me of, then I will follow the hero’s every order.”

“Every?”

“Yep. But you have to swear likewise. Because only then will it be a vow on equal terms.”

Yuria hesitated at the thought of following every single order, but feeling that she couldn't lose to the demon king's bullishness, she placed her hand on the other side of the Scales and said,

“I swear by the Chief God. If this demon king is innocent, I, Yuria Ashrien, will follow his every word.”

As the demon king and Yuria took their hands off the Scales, a soft light emanated from the Scales and it started tilting. Tilting first towards the demon king's side, then Yuria's. Only after repeating this dozens of times did it level out, and at the same time, the light vanished as if it had never existed.

“Contract complete. Now, shall we begin?”

Chapter 1-3 : Are You The Demon King? No, I Quit That?

As the light faded away, the smirking demon king lifted a finger again.

“Now then, my second point, I am the owner of this house and you are a guest. No, more accurately, you are a bandit.”

“Bandit, my ass!”

Yuria’s voice got even louder at the demon king’s declaration that she was a bandit as soon as the contract was made.

“You didn’t enter through the door; you broke through it. No, turning it to firewood would be more accurate. Plus, the tea. It’s from the Eastern Republic so it’s hella expensive. The teacup was made by a renowned artisan as well. You’ve also destroyed someone’s property and damaged the contents as well. Even if you claim that the teacup wasn’t deliberate, my door being diced into firewood was clearly your intention, no? As far as I remember, a thief steals sneaking around whereas a bandit goes around looting brazenly, so I can call you, who entered by breaking down my front door, a bandit.”

“I said it before, I had no choice in order to capture you!”

“Fine. Then, most importantly, third!”

Another of the demon king's fingers rose.

“So what did I do?”

“You!”

Of all the words that had passed through Yuria's mouth so far, that was the sharpest yet. Her voice was filled with killing intent. But the demon king just faced it and laughed.

“You call yourself a hero? You know how funny that is?”

“What's so funny?”

“That I sacrificed hundreds of children? That thousands of people died due to my followers? So you'd put me before the empire's courts for that?”

“Yes! It's all because of you! You need to pay for those sins!”

The demon king folded his fingers and propped his chin back up with his hand.

“That's the funny thing. Me revive? No, I was summoned. Forcefully at that. Blood is not a sacrifice, but just to supplement the magic power of those dark sorcerers that were short of it. And all demonkin are evil? That's a stereotype as well. Like humans have good ones mixed with sub-animal trash, among the demons

there are those who love fighting, and those who prefer peace. The reason why demons all look evil is because most of the demons that cross over like to fight, but can't lift a candle to the strong in the demon world."

He took a drink from his teacup to soothe his parched throat, and continued,

"Also, my followers? I came alone. The ones you call my followers are the ones who were all 'evil alliance' and whatnot. From the start, when they called on me to conquer the world with them, I said I wasn't doing it and came out on my own. In response to that the temples went 'oh, a demon king has arrived, get him~' and they sent their kids over and died, so what about all this is my fault?"

Yuria closed her mouth. If what the demon king was saying was true, then he was innocent. Rather, she was the one in the wrong.

'It doesn't seem... like a trap... So is it really my fault?'

"Let me ask you something. Why do you say you quit being a demon lord?"

The demon king smirked and said,

"People seem to be mistaking something, but I'm not the sovereign of demonkind. A demon king is the equivalent of a king in the human world, but to be more accurate, we're more like

archangels that serve the demon king. Aside from me, there are 6 others that are the same rank as I am. And on top of that is the Demon Pope that acts as the representative for the Demon God.”

“Th, there are SEVEN demon kings?!”

Even one demon king forced mankind to stake their existence, but there were seven such existences. At her shocked face, the demon king said with a smile,

“Oi, you were asking me how I quit being a demon lord? Pay attention.”

“How can I pay attention when I hear there are seven demon kings!”

“There’s no need to worry that much. Demon kings can’t come through dimensional rifts and you’ll more or less ruin a country to summon one with magic. Besides, there are several kinds of demon king. There’s the battle-type, which humans keep panicking over because you can’t fight them, the military-types who advises the demon god, and the ones like me, who manage domestic affairs. Of those types, I am the strongest.”

“Don’t the demons prioritise military strength over all else?”

Looking at this shabbily-dressed demon king that proclaimed himself the strongest, Yuria couldn’t believe him.

“Don’t believe me? Well it’s true that I am the weakest among the demon kings. But, I am still a demon king named by the demon god. They call us the Seven Heavenly Demon Kings, Strife, Charm, Destruction, Nightmare, Darkness, Evil, and the last, I, Economy!”

“E, Economy?”

Yuria doubted her ears, surely she couldn’t have heard that right.

Economics.

Governing all the goods and services essential for humanity’s needs, as well as being responsible for production, distribution and consumption – all of these were regulated by the economy. Also, a word for the field of study that observed and analysed the social relations and economic phenomena which resulted from the economy.

But unlike all the other evil-sounding titles, Economy of all things?

“It’s weird, isn’t it? Because it’s so different from the other demon king titles and all. Well, Strife, to put it in human terms, is the strongest general. He’s the same as any brave leader spearheading the vanguard. Charm uses beautiful people to secretly shake up opposing troops, and Destruction, being the strongest demon king, leads the bulk of the demon world army. Nightmare specialises in strategy, Darkness in espionage work, and Evil takes care of the education of the demons. The ones that receive his teachings become the vilest demons that even other

demons despise.”

Pouring himself another cup of tea, he continued,

“You need to eat and live in the demon world, exactly the same as humans. Even the demon world has currency. And the finances of the demon world are managed by me. Even if Strife decides to pick a fight, if I cut his funding, that’s the end. If Charm keeps bothering me, I can just cut the budget for beauty products, and Destruction has a mountain of debt because he keeps breaking things. If they don’t listen to me, I can just sequester their castles. Nightmare is smart, and he knows he’ll only come to a loss if he picks a fight with me so he’s okay. Darkness once tried, but after I painted his entire black, miserable castle bright white under the name of ‘special construction work,’ he decided submission was the easiest option. As for Evil, if I give him the money, he’ll create some fun for all of us, so it’s a good partnership. Ergo, I have the most authority.”

Yuria blanked for a brief second. She had just remembered one of those Empire’s peacocks that couldn’t even squeak back against the Finance Minister. Who knew even the musclebrained demons also lived like that.

Looking at Yuria’s expression, the demon king smirked.

“So does this mean I won our bet?”

“Hey!”

“I swear by the Chief God, if this demon king is innocent, I, Yuria Ashrien will follow his Eve. Ry. Word~ didn’t you say?” the demon king said, drawing out the word ‘every.’

Yuria bit her lip. As the demon king had said, she had barged into an innocent demon king’s house and caused a fracas, no better than a villain.

“Wh, what’s your wish?” her voice quivered slightly. Her fate would be decided on what wish the demon king desired.

As Yuria looked at the demon king with eyes filled with anxiety, he said,

“I’m not that strong of a demon king, so I can’t go back with just my strength. But I had a massive pile of work so I thought ‘hey, perfect timing’ and left it all behind, but since I brought nothing with me I found it kinda hard to earn a living, you know? So I tried my hand at farming, you know it’s actually really hard work, you know that? Farmers really do deserve the respect they get after all.”

“S, So?”

“I’m short on hands. So.... this is a command. From this point onward, you’re mine.”

“Eh?”

Yuria's head blanked again.

'I think I'm spacing out too much today...'

Looking on this Yuria, the demon king scratched his chin and made a shy expression on his face.

"So, yeah. This is a proposal. Love at first sight."

"Ehhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"That view of you breaking the door down was so... how do I put it? ...Mmm, nah, just call it love at first sight. So... from today onward, you're mine."

"D, don't play around with this!"

"Are you not going to keep your promise? You swore on the Scales of the Chief God, you know? Are you not scared of the great god's divine retribution?"

At his playful, yet sincere look, Yuria started to blush.

"That, that's... Uuuu..." (Yuria)

"Cute?" (DK)

Fwoosh.

Yuria's blush escalated till her face could turn no darker shade of red. Turning her face up, she said,

“I... I get it... I've lost anyway...”

Empire Year 842.

The Demon King, conquers(?) the hero Yuria Ashrien.

Chapter 2 : L-like This? No, Idiot Hero

Chapter 2-1 : L-like This? No, Idiot Hero

“Ah...”

Opening her eyes, Yuria looked around and sighed.

She had made a bet with the (allegedly former) demon king, lost, and was proposed to, to boot.

“Was he serious?”

Yuria tilted her head. A hero that was proposed to by a demon king...

“No, this is a chance!”

But, Yuria thought positively. At the demon king’s side, this was the perfect opportunity for her to observe and keep him in check.

But to Yuria who was thinking such a thing, the demon king launched an attack most surely befitting a demon king.

“You’re up? Then, make me breakfast.”

“What?”

“If I was innocent you swore to follow my Eve. Ry. Word, didn’t

you?”

At the smirk on his face and the taunt in his voice, her rage spiked and she confidently yelled,

“Hmph! It’s merely cooking! By all means!”

Watching the fuming Yuria storm into the kitchen, the demon king smirked.

“Well then, let’s see what food cooked by a hero tastes like, shall we?”

Shortly afterwards, a giant explosion rocked through the kitchen.

“A, an ambush?”

Back when he still wasn’t recognised as a demon king, it was a sound he had heard very often.

When the demon king reached the kitchen, what he saw was Yuria, looking as if she had just gone toe to toe with a demon king, holding a pot containing some unidentifiable black liquid.

“Did some other demons attack? Or retribution from some criminal group with a grudge? And what’s that? That liquid that looks completely saturated with curses?” the demon king said, looking at the liquid radiating such an immense aura. No doubt, it was some powerful item.

‘To think that I would taste such fear,’ was what his instincts were telling him. That, that liquid could harm even him.

As the demon king stared at the pot with such an expression of fear, Yuria reddened and shouted,

“What are you looking so scared for! You’re the one that told me to cook!”

“Eh?”

The expression of non-understanding lasted briefly before it morphed into horror.

“Th, th, this is cooking?”

In contrast with the sheet-white demon king, Yuria’s face turned the darkest shade of red and yelled,

“This IS cooking, so what!”

Shocked at those words, the demon king’s eyes flitted briefly

towards the black liquid and back.

“Wh, what dish is this?”

“It, it’s obviously soup!”

The demon king pondered. Was that so. He had always wondered how such weak humans managed to get so strong.

‘If they grew up eating this, even the weakest child could get stronger. But, it would be a miracle if one out of a hundred survived...’

Perhaps, humans might actually be the crueller species.

Thinking this, the demon king asked,

“Then taste it yourself.”

“Wh, what? T, tasting should obviously be done by the one who asked for it!”

At her flustered voice, the demon king did a re-evaluation of his thoughts.

‘So I was mistaken. Then again, let alone humans, even demons would probably have a hard time eating that.’

Maybe if it was fed to an angel, it could make them fall?

“Let’s learn first.”

“Learn what?” What was he telling her to learn? As Yuria tilted her head, with a determined expression set on his face, the demon king said,

“Cooking, of course.”

Chapter 2-2 : L-like This? No, Idiot Hero

“L, like this?”

“No, idiot hero.”

Normally, Yuria would have said something but, for once, she kept silent.

She had followed the demon king's orders to the letter, yet his dish was a complete vegetable soup, whereas she had concocted some frightening 'food' yet again.

“Ha... Eat this for now. I'll go throw that away.”

“I still worked hard to make it though...”

As Yuria slightly became crestfallen, the demon king said,

“Then do you want to eat it?”

“Thanks for the meal.”

As soon as the word 'eat' came up Yuria handed over the food(?) she made and started eating the demon king's vegetable soup.

Looking at Yuria's figure, the demon king sighed.

‘My image of a hero is being...’

Somehow, despite using the exact same ingredients, recipe, and method that he had used, another cursed liquid was created.

“Now where do I throw this away...”

When he buried Yuria’s previous attempt at cooking, he saw something erupt from the ground.

“If I dispose of this in the ground again, I might get a blessing(?) from the earth god...”

Shaking his head, the demon king had no choice but to grab a glass jar from his room, seal the hero-style cooking(?) and after doing so, opened the kitchen door.

“What the hell...”

Another scene of chaos. And in the middle of this carnage was Yuria, who with a slightly awkward smile, poked out her tongue just a tiny bit.

“Sorry, I was doing the dishes.”

Snap.

“YOU IDIOT HEROooooooooooooooooooooo!”

The demon king, finally, blew his top.

Chapter 2-3 : L-like This? No, Idiot Hero

“L, like this?”

“No, idiot hero.”

“Th, this way?”

“Idiot hero.”

“Th, then like this?”

“Idiot.”

Looking at Yuria, close to tears in a corner of the room, the demon king let out a sigh.

“Maybe there was such a thing as a divine calling in careers after all.”

Just where was the strong, intense hero that he had first met. Now, in her place, was this troublesome girl.

“I shouldn’t have said anything.”

They had given up on cooking.

They had given up on washing the dishes.

They tried needlework.

The end result: blood everywhere.

The demon king suspected that she probably hadn't bled this much even when she fought top-tier demons.

In the end, after sticking plasters onto just about every inch of her hand, he'd made her try knitting, which did not use needles.

It was another tragic result.

The hero that broken free of endless traps from countless evil organisations had been completely ensnared by two balls of yarn, flailing to get free.

The last thing he had made her try was farming.

That... the demon king had shed tears at that.

His lovingly cultivated field was half-upturned, and half the crops that the hero had harvested became useless trash. (The other half wasn't much better off, either.)

And so, the demon king pondered just what to do with this useless hero, and the hero in question was sniffing in despair.

“Just what would she have done if she wasn’t a hero?”

About to sigh yet again, the demon king’s eye noticed the hero sniffing in the corner, and a smile broke out on his face.

‘Then again, who would be able to see the greatest swordmaster on the entire continent sniffing in a corner like this.’

For some reason, the demon king found this all too cute,

“Really, I expected more from a hero but, it turns out you can’t do a thing. What would you have done if you weren’t a hero.”

With the most sarcastic voice he had, he started poking fun at the hero.

Chapter 2-4 : L-like This? No, Idiot Hero

Okay, so I'm bad at cooking and cleaning.

"L, like this?"

"No, idiot hero."

H, hmph! I don't need to be good at needlework!

"Th, this way?"

"Idiot hero."

Who knew knitting would be such dangerous work...

"Th, then like this?"

"Idiot."

I'm an idiot...

Sniffling in the corner, I looked back at my life so far.

With the goal of restoring my family, I didn't think of anything but the sword.

If I was short of money, I would hunt monster. And as for food, up till now, I'd mostly have jerky or dried fruits.

The amazing thing was, I've been travelling for several years, and I hadn't even tried grilling a steak let alone cooking.

It was at that time.

“Really, I expected more from a hero, but it turns out you can't do a thing. I don't know what you would've done if it wasn't for being a hero.”

That sarcastic voice. Even then, that tone of mischevious teasing.

“B, being a hero is hard work!”

Even I have some pride in my career(?) choice!

“So, what does a hero do?”

“Hmph! A hero keeps the world at peace!”

Yep, what can be more important than that? However, that evil demon king said something that should never have been said.

“So, does that mean you become redundant if the world's at

peace?”

“WAAHHH!”

Yes, I’m useless if it’s peaceful! A pointless load who can’t do housework that only knows how to swing a sword! As I started crying, that damn demon king tapped my shoulder, why the hell is he smiling so happily?

“It’s alright, even if I look like this I’m good in the home.”

So he says with a thumbs up. Wait a second, isn’t there something wrong with this scenario?

“Sniff, isn’t it the woman that meant to be the homemaker?”

“Doesn’t matter. But instead, the hero’s the one that provides for us, okay?”

“With what?”

“The hero doesn’t know how to do anything, right? So earning money through monster hunting as always.”

Stab.

A tiny little dagger just embedded itself into my heart.

“That’s right, it’s not like I can do anything but that anyway.”

Uuuuu... So depressing...

I put in so much effort in mastering the sword arts, and this is the end result! For real? Really? Did the heavens really not grant me any talents aside from being good with a sword?

Surrounded by my miserable aura, the demon king flinched, but quickly gave a (fake) smile and said,

“Ha, ha ha! It’s alright. Farming was the original plan so there’s no need for money?”

“And I ruined that harvest.”

The half ruined field of the demon king that I had destroyed a few days ago came to my mind.

‘Ahh, this is so depressing...’

“Oi, it’s alright, you know?”

Wh, what!

“It’s okay. The hero is the woman I chose, you know? So what if

you can't do housework? So cute and lovable.”

Fwwwoooosh

Wha, wa, wh-wh-what are you doiiiiing!

The demon king whispered in my ear, cuddling me from behind. Th, this is charm magic! Th, that's right! It must be! O, otherwise my heart wouldn't be fluttering like this, wouldn't I?!

‘He is handsome though...’

How is that brightly smiling face so attra... No, no!

“D-don’t cuddle me all of a sudden!”

“Embarrassed?”

“Wh, who’s embarrassed! I just don’t want someone evil like a demon king cuddling me!”

“Uuuu...”

Ah, he’s sulking!

For a brief moment I flinched, looking at the demon king depressed by my words.

I, I haven't done anything wrong? Really!

“Uuuu....”

I haven't done anything... Re, really...

“Ex, excuse me?”

“Uuu... I am but an evil demon king...”

Ack! The situation's getting worse!

“Yes... I am an evil demon king! Now to conquer the world!”

“That's not it!”

Why are you so motivated all of a sudden! You said yourself you couldn't be bothered with world conquest!

“Why? I am an evil demon king, so world domination is a given.”

“Then, then what about me?”

“Why?”

Are you serious?

“That! Th, that’s...”

How the hell do you expect me to say this!

“Whyyy~?”

He knows. He’s doing this even though he knows!

“Y, you know?”

“Know what? I don’t know?”

That was not a face of ignorance or uncertainty. He was smiling in a way that screamed ‘of course I know,’ after all!

“Th, that’s... I, I’m your woman...”

Not embarrassed. Absolutely not embarrassed at all. Yes, this was due to the contract! All because of the contract sworn on the Scales of the Chief God!

Re-really!

“Oh?”

With a smirk on his face, holding my hand, the demon king pulled me towards him.

“I, I told you not to cuddle?”

“Then, do you want to go for world domination?”

This evil man!

“Hee hee, I don’t care if I’m evil~ Besides, you’re mine? What’s wrong with me cuddling my woman?”

At this demon king who was snuggling into me, looking pleased with himself. I really need to say something, but I couldn’t find anything to say.

‘It, it’s not because I’m embarrassed or anything!’

Chapter 2-5 : L-like This? No, Idiot Hero

After the lovers' quarrel(?) between Yuria and the demon king concluded, Yuria eventually decided to learn various skills from the demon king.

But the results were tragic. Just where did that lovey-dovey atmosphere from just now go. But instead, the demon king, behaving quite unlike his normal easygoing ways, was actually acting like a demon king.

“You idiiriiiooooooottt!!!!”

The one being called an idiot by the demon king, the greatest hero on the continent, Yuria, looking like a kicked puppy said,

“I thought did it wrong because I dug too deep!”

“Who else would think like you?!”

Out in the fields, the demon king had came out with Yuria to teach her how to farm, but in the brief period of time that he had gone for a drink, Yuria had somehow blocked half the waterways in the field.

“A-at least put up some signs!”

Yuria tried to rebut. But needless to say, there was no way

anyone would buy into those excuses.

“Then, ask one of the village kids. They’d probably just call you an idiot?”

“Hiiiiii~”

With an expression that looked like she was about to let loose her own waterworks, Yuria started clearing up the waterways again.

Looking at this sight, the demon king sighed.

‘I think I’ve been sighing too much lately?’

He didn’t think he’d sighed this much before, even back when he was stuck calculating a year’s budget for the demon world. With a peculiar look in his eyes, he stared at Yuria. He couldn’t help but compare this pretty, few-swords-short-of-an-armory village girl with the spirited killer out for his blood that he’d first met.

The funny thing was, he actually found this figure of her digging up trenches, cute.

“Tch. Looks like I’ve properly gone crazy as well.”

But, he didn’t dislike it. Rather, he did like it.

It was when a smile had spread across the demon king's face,

“Aeiit!”

Maybe it was a rock in the soil, but Yuria, frustrated at her lack of progress, added her ki to the shovel and dug.

Problem being, before this, she was very, very good with the sword.

Already having basically lived for the sword, to Yuria, the shovel was but another slightly oddly-shaped blade.

Under this overpowering force, naturally, the rock broke, the trench was also dug much deeper than the normal waterway... and the rice planted beside it was also blown away.

“Go die, you idiot!”

The demon king blew up for the second time.

“Done.”

Letting out a sigh, the demon king looked at the painstakingly completed rice fields.

“Huu, farming is hard work after all. But, it was worth it!”

Yuria replied with a pointlessly happy sweet smile.

“Although, it took three times longer than it should have due to a certain someone.”

“Urk...”

With guilt relentlessly pricking at her, Yuria shrunk down. If it was only minor, sure, you could have blamed that on inexperience. However, this was beyond being able to be simply called interference, rather, you could say it was on the level of deliberate destruction.

‘Would it really kill you to praise me?’

Looking at the pouting Yuria, the demon king let out another sigh. From her expression, it was much too obvious what she was thinking.

‘She looks so gullible, how on earth did she survive being a hero for so long?’

The demon king actually had a point.

Yuria had been imperiled countless times due being fooled by evil

organisations.

However, the said groups were all destroyed by her overpowered skills, her experiences in risking her life and being trapped merely served to strengthen her even further.

The awkward silence persisted for a while longer, and Yuria, whose personality couldn't stand it, broke it first.

“Um, why is a demon king farming of all things? Wouldn't life be easier with a different job?”

Even if he tried to hide it, a demon king was still a demon king.

As a merchant, he could have full reign of the continent. Even as the crappiest magician, he could basically be worshiped in a small village.

But instead, he was raising crops and animals in this wasteland in the middle of nowhere.

Yuria simply couldn't comprehend why he would do this.

But, the demon king merely smirked and lay down backwards in the grass.

“Demons, the majority of them are born for combat, and basically start fighting from birth. But there are a few classes,

unlike the majority, that are unrelated to fighting.”

Yuria’s ears pricked up. A story of the demons.

Not like the traditional tales of demons, this was a story of the demon world from a demon king himself.

“Now, those demons are picked on by others. But since demons have stricter rules on these kinds of things than humans, almost none of them actually die. But hazing is still hazing, the ones who can’t take it drift off to some abandoned wasteland somewhere and live on by farming for a living.”

When the demon king closed his eyes, what he saw was a barren wasteland. One even more infertile than those of the human world. It was there that he had witnessed a miracle.

“There was nothing. Dust as far as the eyes could see. But a few years later, what stood was not empty dirt, but a proper village.”

Closing his eyes, these images came to the demon king.

The dust gradually faded away, replaced with a land of water and fertility.

Where loneliness and misery disappeared, replaced with abundance and happiness.

It was there that the demon king saw a miracle that not even the demon god could have brought about.

“It was then that I thought would make a miracle like that. Making something from nothing, large from small, and hope from darkness!”

Looking at the smiling demon king, Yuria’s mouth twitched.

‘Why do you feel more like a hero than I do?’

Letting out a sigh of her own, she muttered,

“This precocious child...”

But, a smile turned the corner of her lips.

Chapter 3 : Can I Try That? Are You A Kid Or Something?

Chapter 3-1 : Can I Try That? Are You A Kid Or Something?

“There’s a festival in the neighbouring village!”

“What?”

The demon king asked, yawning from the after effect of a very comfortable nap.

With big, bright eyes, Yuria shouted,

“A festival! A festival, I’m telling you! I went shopping earlier, and apparently, there’s a festival happening tonight in that town!”

“Aahh, it looks like rice planting is over then.”

This continent had three main festivals in a year.

The first was in the spring.

To celebrate the passing of winter and welcoming the new year, it was quite a grand festival.

The second was this current one in the summer, to celebrate the end of rice planting, in the meaning of partying hard one last time before the real work began.

The last was in autumn, following the end of the harvest, the greatest of the three festivals in terms of pure size and scale, to the extent that high ranking nobles or even royalty would sometimes sponsor the festival.

Winter was the time when gear was fixed and maintained. Tools and other daily necessities were made in the comfort of the home, and thus, there was no winter festival.

When the demon king explained this to Yuria, with even brighter eyes, Yuria said,

“We were involved in rice planting as well!”

“So?”

“Let’s go to the festival too!”

“Were you the one planting? More like wrecking.”

“Urgh... As a man, why are you being this petty!”

“Now you realised? The pettiest demon in the demon world is me.”

“Uuuuu....”

With her lip curled over, Yuria took sneaky glimpses of the demon king.

One of the typical patterns when she sulked, the demon king saw this quite often.

“In that case...”

“Hm?”

Yuria dropped a tiny bombshell onto the argument.

“I’m cooking dinner tonight?”

“Kgh!” (Stranged/choking SFX)

Yuria’s face reddened, the person in question knowing full well what she was doing.

Cooking not in the context of a newly-wed wife, but the fact that she was using her cooking to threaten the demon lord embarrassed her a bit.

And to this, the demon king had no choice to initiate a counter of his own.

“Haa, I get it. No need to risk my life over not going to a single festival.”

“What do you mean by that!”

Yuria shouted, blushing again.

‘No matter how bad my cooking is, your life is... kinda...’

In the end, the one who folded first was Yuria. Even she knew exactly well the limits of her cooking skills.

‘It, it’s not that bad!’

Just that the person in question refused to acknowledge it.

“Wow...”

With sparkling eyes, Yuria took in the surroundings.

“What are you, a country bumpkin? You lived in the palace before this, is this your first time at a festival?”

Not even aware of the demon king’s pitiful look, Yuria eagerly nodded her head and said,

“The palace doesn’t actually bother with festivals unless it’s something really big. Plus, whenever there was one on, I was always on bodyguard duty anyway, so I never had time to look around.”

Even when she had gotten to wander, she’d always been grumbling. Especially, the noble youths that had continually clung to her had worn down her nerves and patience to the very limits.

“There, there, try out everything you want to.”

As soon as the demon king said that, Yuria pointed towards a stall and shouted,

“Can I try that?”

The demon king turned his head to where she was pointing.

“Are you a kid?”

That stall was one that offered goldfish scooping, primarily for children.

Ignoring him, Yuria had already taken a seat and started playing.

“Do as you want, then.”

The demon king muttered, looking at the sky.

The hero was his anyways. This much of a holiday he could afford to grant her anytime.

Chapter 3-2 : Can I Try That? Are You A Kid Or Something?

“Uuuu...”

A frowning Yuria grumbled.

“Idiot.”

“Takes one to know one...”

“Still, how on earth does a hero fail to catch a single goldfish?”

That was the reality.

The reason why Yuria was grumbling was because of that goldfish scooping.

From already limited funds, Yuria had spent 20 coins (incidentally, 2 coins per try), but had failed to catch a single one.

Also, that stall was set to artificially low difficulty, as it was originally meant for children.

Looking on this sight the demon king had led the charge himself and completely conquered the pond (He caught all of them with a

single paper net.) The stall owner who had turned white as a sheet offered 20 coins to the demon king as a tribute and was returned the goldfish.

And so the final result was the bag with two goldfish in Yuria's right hand.

“Goldfish have nothing to do with heros after all~” (Yuria)

Gazing at the pouting Yuria, the demon king said,

“Really? Then, do you wanna try that next?”

Following the demon king's hand, Yuria turned around to another stall.

Where he was pointing was a stall where you shot for prizes with a bow and an headless arrow.

“Sure, I'm good at archery!”

Yuria said with a smile. And looking at this smile, so too, did the demon king smiled.

‘How good could you possibly be.’

“Idiot~”

Creeak.

(Teeth grinding SFX)

A familiar word. But the difference this time was that those words were from Yuria’s mouth, who was holding a giant stuffed toy in her arms.

“I told you! It’s because I don’t have my glasses!”

“Pettiness, now excuses! Not much of a man now, are you?”

Original raws said ‘as a man, you’re the worst’

Yuria teased. Her smile had yet to leave her lips. In reality, the demon king had more or less lived with paperwork since his birth, and his eyesight was poor as a result.

In the demon world, he had extremely powerful glasses, but when the sorcerers had summoned him, he hadn’t been wearing them. And so, he had been unable to use glasses the entire time.

Of course, there were renowned spectacles shops in the empire, but they were practically worthless to the demon king.

That was why he wasn’t going to take part originally, but Yuria had badgered him into this, with the results as shown.

The difference between the demon king, whose accuracy would only fall even further with distance, and Yuria, whose archery was honed in battle, were worlds apart.

‘Heh heh, I’ve found something the demon king can’t do!’

Somehow, Yuria was feeling much more upbeat.

Looking at Yuria’s smile, the demon king started to get angry. He felt like he’d somehow lost the initiative that he’d been holding up till now.

“Then, should we try that?”

Looking at where the demon king was pointing, Yuria smirked.

“As. Much. As. You. Want!”

That was the declaration that announced the end of the festival.

“Mister! Mister! Pleeeaaaseeee!”

“No, miss! No, ahhh....”

“Just take them all, damn you!”

“Ahh... M, monster...”

The gates to hell had opened, and two demons had appeared in the festival.

Of those two, the actual demon smirked and said,

“19 matches, 12 wins, 7 losses! Admit your defeat!”

『Enough already!』

Starting with goldfish scooping and archery, the fight that broke out from there engulfed all the stalls in the festival, and every time a new round broke out between the two, many stallholders lost their entire stock of prizes to them.

“Next is that one!”

The stallholder that Yuria had pointed to turned white.

“Very well!”

At the demon king’s spirited cry, another hellgate opened in front of the stallholder. But, there was a hero that sealed that gate...

“Scuse me, young’uns.”

“He-hey, that hurts?”

“Who is...?”

An elderly man had both the demon king and Yuria by their ears.

“Vi, village head!”

The stallholder who had narrowly avoided the hellgates’ grand opening wept tears of gratitude, gazing upon the visage of his hero, the village head.

“They’re still in their honeymoon period, it looks like a fight over something small. Forgive them for me.”

At the village head’s words, Yuria’s face reddened and she shouted,

“Wh, wh, whose honeymoon!”

“The paperwork hasn’t been filed yet.”

“Ah, my mistake. So, you’re saying you [just haven’t tied the knot yet](#), is that right?”

Raws said ‘you’re still at the couple stage, is that it?’ – Korean is slightly more specific when it comes differentiating dating/married pairs. Kinda ironic in that the raws do use the borrowed English word ‘couple.’

“No way!”/”Yep, and an oath sworn on the Scales of the Chief God, too~”

Yuria glared at the demon king. But glare or not, the demon king was still gleefully smiling.

It wasn’t till the head reached his house, i.e. the village head’s house, that he finally let go of their ears.

“Either way, sure a lover’s quarrel every now and then isn’t a bad thing, but would you mind not ruining our village festival?”

The village head said with his sternest expression.

At his words, Yuria and the demon king said simultaneously,

“Eh? What did we ruin?”

“I’m sorry.”

Unlike the demon king that had bowed his head, Yuria tilted her head sideways, puzzled, and you could almost see a visible question mark floating over her head.

“You’re having a rough time.”

“I apologize. She can’t do housework, is completely useless, and can’t read the mood, but she’s a good woman.”

“You talking about me?”

“Yes, yes. It is a man’s duty to endure, after all.”

“You’re talking about me, aren’t you!”

“Haaa... but, it really is tiring. Especially her cooking...”

“It’s just as well. At least my missus is good at cooking.”

“Hang on, the two of you’re talking shit about me to my face?!”

“You’re blessed.”

“IIIEET!”

There was an odd empathy between the village chief and the demon king. And in that kind of mood, Yuria was completely ignored.

“Fine, I can’t read the mood, can’t cook, can’t do housework, and I can’t farm, either!”

Yuria shrieked, storming off.

“Ha, good times.”

“Yes, it really is.”

The demon king grinned, then lowered his head.

“I’m sorry for getting overexcited and interfering with the village. I’ll return the prizes here.”

“No, you won those legitimately, so no need.”

“No, we really have no need for them. Return them to the stall owners. These kinds of festivals, they’re running a loss on them anyway. It’ll be problematic if we sweep all the prizes.”

At his words, the village chief nodded his head.

“Alright. Well, find her quick. They say when a woman gets angry, it can even snow in summer.”

“Thank you for your hard work.”

As the demon king ran out, a smile spread across the village chief's face.

“These are good times. Good times.”

Chapter 3-3 : Can I Try That? Are You A Kid Or Something?

“Uuuuu... That wicked man.”

I still have a lot of things I’m good at!

Sword skills? Even if I look like this, I’m praised as the best in the empire.

And as for other things...

“There’s nothing...”

What am I good at other than swinging a sword?

Even I know how bad I am at cooking. No, calling it alchemy would be more accurate.

Dishes? Same as my failures at alchemy.

Needlework? Even when my hands had been blistered and shredded from sword practise, they probably still hadn’t bled as much as they had just then.

Farming? I was feeling sorry for the demon king for that.

“But there’s still no reason to put it that way...”

Pouting, I looked down towards the village.

The village festival was still in full swing.

Children were holding their parents’ hands, laughing and smiling, and the air was full of affection released by happy couples.

“I envy them... I wish I coul-”

Flinch!

Wha, what was I thinking?

“The opposition is a demon king, a demon king!”

Frantically shaking my head, I calmed my heart. That’s right, the opponent is a demon king!

This whole thing could be just a grand plot yet.

“Even though it doesn’t look like that...”

I still couldn’t forget the demon king’s smiling face, framed by the rays of the setting sun.

Even I, who would admit to being dense, could tell the sincerity behind that smile.

“Uuuu...”

Hugging my knees, I puffed my cheeks out. Wuuu, but not even coming to look for me is too much!

Looking on the village for a long time, I eventually stand up, tired of watching.

“Argh, just why did I swear on the Scales of the Chief God.”

Grumbling, I returned to the village head’s house, where the village head turned his head and said,

“Eh? Did you not meet up? He ran out a while ago?”

“Huh?”

“Hmm, perhaps your paths just didn’t cross?”

There was no way. When I had been keeping watch from the village hill, I hadn’t seen the demon king’s figure.

“I’ll go look for him!”

I couldn't explain it, but my instincts were telling me something was amiss.

This feeling... It's certainly not good.

I started by looking around the village.

"Excuse me, have you seen the man walking with me..."

"Have you seen someone with black hair and a handsome face..."

But no matter how much I searched, no one had seen him.

"If he had come after me straight away this couldn't have happened..."

Something was definitely up.

Plus, that demon king is weak, isn't he?

After wandering for another while, it was when I returned back to the village head's house.

The house beside the village head's.

There was a familiar code on the house in the corner of the village.

“This...”

The code of the Devil Walkers, the group that summoned demon kings.

And the contents encrypted in that code...

“Demon king capture complete. Returning to base.”

“They say they were successful in capturing the demon king.”

“Really?”

In a small fortress on the northern coast of the empire, the leader of the Devil Walkers smiled and said,

“Kukuku, they brought out the weakest one. Sure, that division was formed of the strongest elites, but to think that that demon king would be captured so easily.”

“According to the lower demons, that demon king manages domestic affairs. It seems like he has no use in combat.”

“Yes, back then, we were too rushed, so we hadn’t prepared properly.”

The demon king who had been summoned by sacrificing nearly five hundred children.

But, that demon king had abandoned them. They had themselves been subject to a concentrated offense by both the church and the hero and were driven close to annihilation.

And later, when they had sacrificed ten virgins to summon another lesser demon, they had heard a shocking piece of information.

That the demon king they had summoned was managed domestic affairs, and therefore, he had no battle potential.

But in that, they had a single thing to hope for.

However weak, a demon king was still a demon king.

If he was used, then no more than three hundred children would be needed to summon another one.

Thus, they had scoured the empire and finally found him, but there was another immovable wall in the path to their plan. That was to say, the one who had played the biggest role in destroying

their organisation, the Guardian of Azure Flames, was right beside the demon king.

Because of that, they hadn't had even a glimpse of opportunity to make a move. And so, they kept an eye on them with the 'Shadows,' their most skilled agents in espionage, and they had finally succeeded in capturing the demon king.

"That damn bitch, who knew she would know of our plans and use such a normal village girl(?) like disguise."

"Aren't all heroes like that? Looking all proud and honourable, when in reality, they're worse than us."

The two, who could have never imagine in their wildest dreams that Yuria had been conquered by the demon king, continued the conversation for a while longer before bringing it to a close.

"Wahahaha! We can just do it again! This time, we're going to summon Destruction, the strongest demon king in the entire demon realm!"

Their cries echoed through the fortress.

Chapter 4 : I Am! That Is! [The Hero!]

Chapter 4-1 : I Am! That Is! [The Hero!]

In the basement of a fortress, on the outskirts of the empire, a man draped in a black robe approached a young man bounded by ropes.

“Welcome, my lord Demon King.”

As the black-robed man bowed his head, the demon king smirked and said,

“So you were alive?”

“Yes, although I nearly was not. Although, most of my elite forces survived.”

“Of course, since you used all your non-elite forces as bait.”

“I see you’re quite on top of things?”

“Isn’t that how it always was?”

The black-robed man laughed and said,

“Ku ku, then again, even a powerless demon king is still a demon king. It stands for reason you would know.”

“In that case, why were you looking for said powerless demon king?”

“What do you mean, powerless. Just having you with us can act as half the tribute to summon Destruction, how on earth could you be powerless?”

At those words, the demon king scowled.

“You mad? If you call Destruction, you lot are gonna be the first to die.”

“Yes, and with our lives, so too, this world shall fall to destruction.”

Having said those words, he started laughing like a lunatic.

“You’re mad.”

“Yes, we’re mad! You can’t be sane and summon a demon king. Do you know how cruelly the children die during the summoning process? Most of my followers are the ones that have lived out their lives, but a few still kill themselves over their guilt. But the one who made us this way, is the world.”

“Isn’t that the natural result of asking for too much from the world?”

“Too much? Is being able to live normally too much to ask for?”

The black robed man laughed.

“You know humans. They think they’re the chosen ones. That their kind can just rule over the land. For that, they’ve slaughtered many other races. And the funnier thing is, for their own profit, they won’t hesitate to abandon, sell, kill their own kind. Those so-called chosen humans.”

“Aren’t you lot exactly the same?”

“No, we are different. The humans at the top look down on those below as nothing more than livestock, but we are different. Even the sacrifices that were used to summon you, we remember them as human. If the humans at the top act to satisfy their own desires, we do so purely for our spite. Whatever the others do, they all wish to avoid destruction, but we will be the first humans to welcome it!”

The demon king looked into the eyes of the black-robed man. Bright. Too bright, it had already transgressed beyond lunacy into pure devotion.

“True, from birth, humans commit sins, and continue to do so even now.”

“Yes, so we are the ones that seek to cleanse the world!”

“Is that so? But you know, do you think there might be people that aren’t like that?”

At those words, the man nodded.

“Yes, but they are weak and powerless. That is why we seek to turn everything into nothing.”

The demon king smirked and shook his head.

“Is that really true? In this world, every now and then, there are people born with particularly special talents. With intellect incomparable to geniuses and an unwavering patience, endlessly walking their own path. The willpower to soldier on no matter what. Blessed by the gods, for their justice, they draw their blades. Even if the enemy is a demon king.”

Taking a breath, the demon king’s expression morphed into a much more amused one.

“Even if they’re a useless existence that can’t cook or clean, bleed out if they try embroidery, trap themselves while knitting, and can’t do a single thing on the farm.”

“Who’s that?”

“Who, you ask? That is...”

Crash!

Just as the demon king was about to open his mouth, with a crash, the door to the basement broke and [a swordsman](#) appeared.

“Who are you?”

At those words, the swordsman glanced at the demon king beside the black-robed figure, and let out a sigh of relief.

“Who am I?”

As the warrior, Yuria opened her mouth the demon king spun around gleefully towards the blacked-robed man and said,

“You asked, didn’t you? Who I was talking about earlier?”

As soon as those words emptied into the air, Yuria confidently shouted,

“I am!”

“That’s!”

And the two shouted together;

“The Hero!”

(1) Before anyone says anything, swordsman is a gender-neutral term. Also, a wild swordsman appe – oh wait, she's not wild, she's taken.

Chapter 4-2 : I Am! That Is! [The Hero!]

“Please look after this!”

I shouted as I ran into the village head’s house, quickly handing over the goldfish I was still holding.

At my hurried visage, the village head’s face also turned grim, and said to me,

“Did something happen?”

“Probably.”

As I laughed awkwardly, the village head told me to wait for a second, before briefly retiring to his room and coming back out with a sword.

“This?”

“I used this back when I was young and foolish. It’s a pretty good sword considering the soldier who handled it,” he laughed, handing me the sword.

“You probably need it, right?”

“How did you know?”

“Call it the instincts of the elderly.”

Nodding my head, I chose to believe his words.

Worst-case scenario, the village head could also be a member of the Devil Walkers, but when was the last time I cared about those things?

As soon as I recieved the sword, I started running.

“May Sermia protect you.”

Behind me echoed the quiet words of the village head. Perhaps, it might just not be the worst-case scenario after all.

“Is this the place?”

Following the tracks, where I’d ended up after a full half-day of running was the very edges of the empire. From here, it wouldn’t be more than two hours by horse to the border of the Reese Kingdom.

I investigated the nearby Altiris Castle from where I was.

There were hardly any people in the vicinity, nor could I see very much of the territory's own soldiers.

Being the castle of a mere baron aside, for a border castle, there were way too few soldiers. Plus, instead of being alert like the sentries they were, these soldiers were all staring off into the distance, looking barely half-conscious as it was.

Well, because of that, infiltration was easy, but the problem lay afterwards.

Chink.

The moment I flicked my sword behind my back, it came into contact with an assassin's sword.

Chinkclinkclink.

And so, the battle started.

One person, then another, then another.

The numbers I faced only increased, soon exceeding twenty, and all of them were assassins better than your average killer.

‘Not like this.’

Even I get tired when faced with a continual train of enemies.

Plus, it was hardly likely that this would be all the assassins in this place, either.

“Evil that devours evil.”

As I uttered my Sword Command, my body felt much lighter and nimble.

[A Sword Command represents the sword you desired from the gods.](#) Light, however, was one element I did not desire from the gods.

“Azure Flames Style, Third Technique, Wind of the Azure Flame.”

Five heads dropped in the path of a blue trail.

The sword swung again, another head fell.

Maybe about ten minutes has passed? The twenty or so assassins were all dead, and only one murderer was left standing, covered in blood.

“I don’t like it...”

This feeling. It's never pleasant.

Murder is one of the cardinal sins, unforgivable, even in the name of a god.

But, a hero was one who saved the world.

Because of this, it was an existence which carried the hypocrisy of killing the enemy.

I used to think about this a lot.

The enemy and the people, and how to save both.

But the villains, already crazed, went on to commit further crimes even after being saved, and the ones accounted for were sentenced to public execution.

And so, my wish was formed.

Evil that swallows evil. With as few sacrifices as possible, I would shoulder that evil and forge onwards.

“Demon king...”

Looking at the castle, I closed my eyes.

Maybe it was because of the fact that whatever his actions, he was still a leader of demonkind? It felt like, with him, the weight of the evil I carried seemed to lessen.

“Right then, should I get serious?”

검명(劍名)이란 신에게 살구란 자신의 검. Okay, FTS. This line was stupidly hard to translate and I KNOW I butchered it. Can anyone fluent in Korean give me a hand with this line?

Chapter 4-3 : I Am! That Is! [The Hero!]

“Are you here to interfere with us again?”

At those words laced with killing intent, Yuria laughed.

“Yep. That’s my job.”

But, even amidst the laughter, a bloodthirsty aura radiated from her, encompassing the robed man with her.

“Is she, actually a hero?”

Even in this tense situation, the demon king tilted his head. There was just too much of a difference between the normal Yuria and the one present right now.

Whether the two caught onto the demon king’s thoughts or not, the two were locked in an intense battle of wills.

“Get her!”

The first to make a move was the black-robed man.

At his words, from every corner of the room, ominous-feeling objects were thrown at Yuria.

The hero easily dodged them but then, figures clothed in black leaped out towards her.

Slaaaassh

But, every time Yuria's blade moved, the black-clothed figures collapsed just like that.

“We will advance with the plan.”

At the black-robed man's words, the men around him nodded, grabbed the demon king and ran towards the stairs, headed down.

“Demon king!”

As Yuria shouted, wide-eyed, the demon king laughed and said,

“Do you really need to come looking for me?”

“Are you joking around in a situation like this!”

The demon king flinched at those words, and with a voice as quiet as a mouse said,

“Are you, not going to save me?”

Clang!

“I'm busy so don't talk to me! Hold out as long as you can! I'll

come and save you!”

At those words, for some reason, the demon king brightened.

“That’s the girl I went crazy for!”

Yuria, maddened by his expression, swung her sword again and another three men fell.

“How far are we going?”

At the demon king’s happy expression, the black-robed man scowled and said,

“The demon king waiting for a hero, are you really a demon king?”

“That’s my job description?”

At this obstinately smiling demon king, the scowl on the black-robed man’s face only deepened.

“Well, whatever. It’s not like we can kill you anyway.”

The entity known as a demon king. That was something that

hundreds, no, thousands of humans couldn't hope to kill. However, only the one blessed or chosen by the gods could hope to do so.

Even they, who had honed their evil ways, no matter how great their number or how skilled and numerous their experts, could hope to kill a demon king.

How far had they gone, before arriving at a place that could be identified as the end of the basement. There, around three hundred young boys and girls were spread out on the altar, lying down, in an orderly pattern.

“The blood contract ceremony. If my lord demon king would stand in the middle, everything would be sorted.”

“Using life energy. A pretty complicated ritual?”

“Of course, since were summoning a demon king. Then again... you can't die, but those children will all die horribly painful deaths, do you feel nothing?”

The black-robed man looked at the demon king from a demon king's perspective.

It was because he had started to doubt whether this demon king he had observed really was a demon king.

But at the demon king's next words, the man scowled.

“The hero’s going to come and save us anyway, what’s there to worry about?”

“Will she... really come all the way here that easily?”

“Yep. That’s a hero, after all.”

“You’ve read too many fairy tales. Then again, there are no such things as a hero in the demon world, after all. But heroes are also human. If they are stabbed, they are hurt. And if their heart is pierced or throat is cut, they die. They are very much human.”

When the man raised his hand, the fanatics beside him lowered the demon king into the center of the magic formation.

“Chains of the demon god.”

With that command, chains sprang from the floor and immobilised the demon king, and the fanatics moved out of the magic formation.

“Begin.”

At the man’s words, the children’s screams echoed throughout the castle.

“Is that it?”

Yuria's steps quickened. She had, naturally, beaten all of her foes. But, what made her sped her steps were the screams of children in pain.

Kwang!

Yuria who burst through broken door. And the fanatics who held up their swords to stop her.

And bound by chains, at the center of the magic formation, was the demon king, looking very annoyed. On seeing the hero break down the door and charge in, he yelled,

“Do you ever open the door normally?”

“Is that really important?!”

‘That little... should I just leave him there?’

The problem was, if she didn't save him, the world could return back to the age of darkness.

Yuria stared down the 10 fanatics blocking her way.

They were only ten of them, but they were the strongest ones she had faced up till now.

‘The solution... First strike!’

“Azure Flames Style, Seventh technique, Wings of Azure Flames!”

With an intense strength, Yuria cleanly cut one down and pressured the rest before they could rebuild their formation.

Chenk chenk!

A fierce battle unfolded.

Yuria had cut down three fanatics instantly, but they too, quickly regathered their formation and harassed Yuria.

Multiple flashes of light blazed in an instant. Yuria, who had done away with another two, was left with a wound on her face from a suicidal counterattack.

“Oi! Don’t go slashing at my wife’s face! She doesn’t have anything other than her sword skill and her looks anyway!”

STAB.

Yuria, who had been attacked from an unexpected place, cut down the kamikaze attacker and yelled,

“You shut your mouth!”

“Waah! That’s not my lovely’s normal nature!”

“Scales of the Chief God or whatever, when we get out of here, you’re the one I’m going to kill first!”

With a sword powered by rage, the blameless(?) stress-relief targets that were the fanatics had their formation broken and completely routed in an instant, and at that sheer force the demon king flinched.

“S, sweetie?”

“Shut up. I’ll deal with you later...”

Yuria muttered with a frigid voice, and levelled her blade at the man standing by the magic formation.

“Stop the formation.”

“Too late, I’m afraid.”

Yuria looked around. The children who had already reached their

limits had fainted from the pain.

“But they’re still alive. In that case, I’d say the summoning failed?”

The man nodded at those words.

“Yes, it failed. But we’re always the radical types.”

“What do you mean?”

When he brought out a sword of his own, Yuria’s spirit flared up even more strongly.

Laughing, he said,

“How would I beat you in a fight? I’m not even going to try, so don’t scare me like that.”

“Do you think I’d fall – you!”

Yuria’s eyes widened. He had stabbed himself in the heart with his own sword.

“For the possibility that we failed to summon a demon king, we installed a giant explosive magic under this magic formation! With my sacrifice, I can annihilate the entire border region, including

the Reese Kingdom! War will ravage the land once more!”

Every time he laughed, the ominous feeling grew stronger.

Grit.

Grinding her teeth, Yuria looked at the ceiling. The magic power had begun to gather in one place and compress.

‘Can I stop this? No, I must!’

Yuria started concentrating on her sword.

With that, a blue aura started forming around it.

‘Cut down in one strike!’

“Azure Flames Style, The Secret Art of the Azure Flames!”

Yuria was prepared to risk it all to cut through that dark magic power.

“You’ll die if you do that.”

The demon king, who had somehow freed himself from his chains, was smiling and holding Yuria’s hand.

Chapter 4-4 : I Am! That Is! [The Hero!]

“Wha, what the hell!”

The man, no, demon who had been trapped by chains in the center of the magic formation just seconds before, was here holding my hand.

“Don’t overdo it. Your life is mine. Don’t do reckless things.”

“Let go! If that blows up, we’re all going with it!”

I was going to die anyway. The best case scenario was that my life alone would be sufficient.

As I steeled my resolve, the aura around my sword grew brighter.

‘That’s right. I am the Guardian of Azure Flames, Yuria the Hero!’

It was when I had grit my teeth and was about to knock away the demon king’s hand.

Whack.

“What are you doing!”

I need to concentrate, damn it!

The demon king aimed for my forehead again with the hand that he had used to flick my forehead just now.

“It hurts!”

“It was meant to. I believe you’re mistaking something; your life belongs to me.”

And then he grinned.

“I’ll deal with that.”

“You’re the powerless one, what are you saying!”

The demon king didn’t reply to my words, but stared at the black-robed man that collapsed on the ground.

“Doesn’t something seem odd?”

“Wh, what do you... mean...”

Looking at the man, whose flame of life was just about snuffed out, the demon king grinned evilly.

“If I was truly powerless... How would I have run away when you

lot were at your peak?”

“What are you saying?”

“That’s the point. You managed to lose me when your organisation was stronger, but you managed to capture me when your forces were weakened. You get what I’m saying?”

“You mean...”

The grinning demon king turned to look at me.

“Yep. It’s true that I am weak. And I do sometimes feel embarrassed when I’m compared to other demon kings, but that’s between demon kings.”

He turned back to the now-appalled man, and said,

“Even if I look like this, I am still the ruler of ten thousand evils. The master of darkness. It’s not like I can’t undo a simple human dark magic spell.”

The demon king stretched a hand out towards the ever-increasing dark mass and said,

“Undo technique. Activate circuit. Revitalise. Accessing code. Codename, ‘the one who dreams.’”

With that, an enormous demonic aura radiated out from the demon king. An aura that even I felt powerless in front of.

“Devour.”

Right underneath the dark mass, an unfathomably deep abyss formed.

“Greed.”

And from that... a black hand.

The hand took that mass, which could have blown us all up, and swallowed it down into the abyss.

(TLN: Back to a third person perspective.)

“How’s that, did I do good?”

The demon king grinned, looking at Yuria.

“Ye, yeah...”

The stunned Yuria turned to look at the still-open abyss.

As if it was still hungry, it felt like it would lunge at her with an open mouth at any time.

“Activate technique. Stop circuit. Undoing code.”

The demon king said as he saw Yuria’s face, and as soon as his command finished, the demonic aura vanished and so did the abyss.

“Demon king, I...”

For a long time, Yuria continued to stare at where the abyss was. Without having time nor consciousness to sort out her thoughts, she looked for the demon king .

And the demon king was...

“Yes?”

Tied up again.

“Wh, what are you doing?”

“Me? I’m tied up, aren’t I?”

“Wait a... you came to me just now, didn’t you?”

At Yuria's utterly stunned expression, the demon king laughed and said,

"I need the hero to save me, so I tied myself up again?"

At those words, Yuria's gaze turned to the ceiling, before her hysterical laughter echoed through the room.

"Get out, right now, before I kill you!"

"Don't be like that~ Save me~"

Even facing her bloodthirsty smile, the demon king didn't stop laughing.

"Pw, pwahahahaha! Cough, ahahahahaha!" The man collapsed on the ground laughed like a madman.

"I have been completely toyed with by you, my lord demon king."

"No, I didn't?"

"You even stopped our last card, what on earth are you talking about? The demon king wouldn't even have been summoned anyway!"

“No, that’s not it. If you had successfully summoned another demon king, I would have left you alone either way. The problem was, the hero would have self-destructed.”

“What are you saying now?”

Yuria scowled at the demon king’s words.

“Like I said. I don’t care whether they summon a demon king or a heavenly being, but it’s problematic if you die. You’re mine, after all.”

“I, I told you to stop saying that!” Yuria shrieked, her face turning red all the way to the tips of her ears.

Looking on the two in disbelief, the man said to the demon king,

“If a demon king appears, then the hero and the demon king is destined to fight... It seems like even you, the weakest demon king, could defeat the hero?”

“Nope, I’m weaker than the hero. That’s certain. But I’m stronger than the other demon kings.”

“What would that mean?”

“What are you on about?”

Yuria and the man said simultaneously.

“Oi, when did the two of you meet before, so that you can synchronise like that? Did you two, in secret... Ah, sorry, please don’t glare at me like that, hero.”

“Shut up and talk.”

“Yes ma’am...”

Faced with the hero’s rage, it was the demon king that retreated.

“I told this to the hero before, I’m known as Economy in the demon world, but to be more accurate, I am Greed of the Seven Deadly Sins. The demon kings are chosen existences, ruling over an aspect of the demon world, but I just happened to be talented in economics.”

“Then what was that earlier?”

“That was a power passed down through the demon kings of Greed. It’s not really my power but one borrowed from the demon god.”

“And?”

At Yuria’s question, the demon king puffed up his shoulders with

pride.

“I regulate the economy. If I’m gone, the demon world falls to ruin. Because of that, nearly all the other demon kings are indebted to me one way or another. And if they try to come at me with brute force, the demon god protects me. In one word, the demon god’s got my back!”

As the demon king laughed, the black-robed man closed his eyes and said,

“I don’t know how... But it appears that I’ve been made a fool.”

Those were the man’s last words.

Chapter 4-5 : I Am! That Is! [The Hero!]

“So, this is what it feels like to feel sorry for the enemy...”

Looking at the collapsed black-robed man, Yuria made a bitter expression.

‘But, he was still the leader of one of the greatest evil organisations... To think that he didn’t even tell us his name once...

Yuria held a moment of silence for the unnamed villain, before gathering up the collapsed children, and started to draw a magic formation.

“Where, um, was this here? Umm... or this?”

“Is the hero gonna summon a demon king?”

“It’s Recovery Magic!”

An enraged Yuria shrieked, but the demon king merely narrowed his eyes and pointed at the magic formation with his foot.

“That, if you activate it, it’ll explode?”

“Re, really?”

In all honesty, there were many that people called a Hero in the empire, but the reason why Yuria was called the best was simple.

Because she's the strongest.

The reason for that was because, normally, the fact that the heroes would be excellent with a sword was a given. But, they should also be good with a spear, archery, magic, spirits, summoning, sometimes having blacksmithing ability to the degree of creating new legendary swords, or alchemy to create entirely new potions or medicines.

But, Yuria had purely developed her sword.

To the point of being the best in the empire and one of the greatest in the entire continent.

Cutting down arrows mid-flight, cutting spells with sword ki. If things like legendary swords stopped her way, she simply broke them by strengthening her own blade.

Even if she did learn skills for treatment, that would barely qualify as first aid. Actually, scratch that, it wasn't even at that level.

‘The fact that her patients didn't die is great in itself.’

Sighing, the demon king, still wrapped up in chains, toddled along to Yuria's side.

“You could always undo the chains yourself.”

“I had magic power to spare then, I'm actually weak right now.”

Taking a glance at the magic formation, the demon king poked at it with his foot.

“Hang on, you can't poke away at a magic formation like...”

Yuria, startled, was about to yell at the demon king again, but took one look at the letters on the ground and shut her mouth.

‘Why the hell are the letters drawn with a foot better than the ones I drew with my sword!’

The letters that Yuria had painstakingly drawn... had poorer [penmanship](#) than the ones the demon king had roughly scratched with his foot.

Well, it's ‘handwriting’ in the raws, but given how one of them wrote with a sword and the other with his foot... Yeah, no. I refuse to translate that as ‘handwriting.’

“You still don't know the demon world that well. The demons like to fight, but they hate dealing with the aftermath. Which is why I deal with nearly all of it. If I get really busy, I need to process

forms with my feet as well.”

“Re, really?”

“To be precise, I move my pen with my hands, and stamp them with my feet.”

Yuria imagined the demon king at work processing a mountain of paperwork.

‘Tha, that might actually be possible?’

“What are you doing? Go on and supply magic?”

At the image that got only funnier the longer Yuria thought on it, Yuria chuckled, and at that, the demon king gestured with a sour expression.

“Is this an amplification formation?”

“I changed it to one specialized for Recovery Magic.”

As Yuria casted Recovery Magic and slowly fed in magic power, the magic formation started glowing with a white radiance.

“That said, is a demon king allowed to save kids?”

“I told you I quit that.”

At the demon king's words, Yuria's head tilted.

“But, you said earlier that the magic you used was one borrowed from the demon god. So, shouldn't it vanish if you did quit?”

“I told you. There are plenty to govern combat aspects, but very few to manage domestics. So they probably haven't given up on me.”

“Th, then... Isn't that a problem?”

As Yuria's expression cramped, the demon king smiled.

“That's why I sealed my power. Then, they can't find me. Plus, in case of emergencies, I did leave a backup system so that the demon world would be fine without me for about one or two years. Although, my underlings might be half-dead.”

The demon king winked once he finished. At his 'did I do good?' expression, the hero sighed.

“You undid that seal. What now?”

“Ah... Well, the kids who have been searching for me will probably find me?”

“So then what?”

“They’ll come to get me. But, since they can’t come en masse, they’ll come discreetly.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

A moment passed. Then, Yuria picked up her sword and a smile started creeping across her face again.

“That reminds me. What did you say earlier?”

“Uh, hm?”

At Yuria’s bloodthirsty smile, the demon king flinched and took a step back.

“Someone else’s wife? Got nothing aside from her face and sword?”

As Yuria advanced one step, the demon king retreated two.

But the demon king’s chained two steps were shorter than Yuria’s one.

“Who’s your ‘lovely?’ And what’s wrong with my normal personality!”

A blue aura surrounded and condensed around the hero’s sword.

The romance of all swordsmen, the sword ki granted only to those awakened with the sword!

“Eh, excuse me, [Hero-shi? No, Hero-nim](#)? Aren’t you supposed to NOT use something that scary on a human?”

-shi and -nim are two suffixes that are used to represent social hierarchy, where the former is used between equals and the latter to superiors. A familiar JP equivalent would be the -san and -sama.

“It’s alright~ My ‘darling’ is a demon king?”

Normally, the demon king would have been very happy about being called ‘darling,’ but right now, it only scared him more.

“B, but the kids...”

“That’s okay. I put in plenty of magic power so the formation will keep running for a while, and the kids won’t wake up in the meantime.”

Yuria’s pressure started intensifying.

Right then, Yuria’s sword aura transcended to a new colour to an

absolutely perfect azure hue! Every swordsman's dream, something which there were few users of even in the entire continent, something beyond mere comprehension. But, it required absolute mastery and domination of the sword, only usable by the culmination of every facet of sword arts!

At Yuria's sword aura, the demon king's face blanched.

"Y, you know, you didn't even use that in the previous fight..."

"You need at least this for a demon king raid!"

"Waaaaa!"

As Yuria slowly advanced, the demon king undid the seal and broke the chains.

"Emergency escape!"

"Get back heeeeerrre!"

And so the demon king continued to escape from Yuria's sword for a while longer.

Side Story 1 : A Certain Demon King's Dream

Side Story 1-1 : A Certain Demon King's Dream

It's a new demon king!

The previous Greed finally retiring...

Move it, move it!

'Too noisy...'

The blessing of the demon god, the beginning of a new chapter in history.

I was blessed beyond any ordinary blessings, endowed with a huge destiny, but all I can remember from when I was born was that it was too loud.

"That's that?"

"What do you mean, that's that. Aside from a demon king's powers, he's got no strength."

"Isn't it the first time that a demon king is managing Internal Affairs?"

‘Too loud’

I was pissed off to begin with, and the peanut gallery is making too much noise.

It’s not even because I can hear them badmouthing me. They’re just being too damn loud.

Since all the demons are gossiping as I walk down the corridors of the Internal Affairs building, never mind my anger over having to deal with the Budget’s problems, my ears are getting irritated as well.

“At least, my office is still quiet.”

Settling down in my chair, I sighed. This demon world, there’s no end to my work. I could have sworn I’d dealt with all the forms and files yesterday, but my office was snowed down with new paperwork.

“Let’s see... More military spending? Just burn that, let’s see... What’s this bitch spending so much on ornaments! Absolutely cut! And... Repair fees? The demon king of Destruction, is he thinking to destroy the entire demon world? Is he one of Heaven’s spies? What kind of repair fees take up more than the military budget! There’s no place for these unreasonable repair fees in this demon world budget. If there’s no spare funds, I can just confiscate the demon kings’ castles... And here... ”

The more I see, the more amazed I was that the demon world was still up and running.

“This is annoying...”

Among the demons, I was nothing more than an upstart brat, but I pulled a cigarette out of my pocket with practiced motions.

“At this rate, I’ll be the first to die...”

Leaning back in my chair, I looked out through the window to the sight of the red sky characteristic of the demon world.

This kind of demon world...

“Let’s change it.”

Where I had arrived was the warp gate.

It’s not that I didn’t know Teleport Magic, but I needed to go to a special place only this warp gate could take me to.

“To the demon god.”

“Is this important?”

Demon king or not, going to see the demon god was no easy feat.

The guards alone were nobles of the demon world. In addition, they were all one of only 108 dukes of the demon realm.

At his question, I nodded. He/she is our god, after all, so one would expect a god to be perfectly aware of the current state of the demon world.

The demon nodded, said he would contact with the demon god, and vanished.

“The demon god has allowed it.”

He returned shortly afterwards, brought me to a gate and activated it.

“You’re here?”

With a black light, a black space appeared.

And there was a beautiful woman.

“Excuse me... Where is the demon god?”

I assumed that she would be a person of incredibly high prestige, given how we were in the demon god's space, so I bowed my head and asked her.

And she told me where the demon god was.

"I'm the demon god?"

"Eh?"

The grinning woman flicked her fingers and the black space turned into a small office, and I found myself sitting in a new couch.

"I should have visited you when you were born, did you forget me?"

"The figure then was a man..."

At my words, she chuckled lightly and said,

"Gods don't have genders. The so-called god of light Raelle is called a goddess, but she just like that form so she stays that way. Actually, she might actually think like a woman after staying in that shape for so long?"

She, no, the demon god tilted her head, muttered, "well, not like I need to know," and turned to me.

“Anyways, so what is it?”

“Um, before that, why did you take the form of a woman?”

“Because I was bored.”

‘Is it just that!’

At that absolutely ludicrous reason, I nearly spat out those words.

“‘Just that,’ you say. Even for a demon king, it’s a bit too disrespectful, you know?”

But, the opposition is a demon god. Something like my thoughts, I suspected she could read them at any time.

“Haaa... Could you please listen to my request?”

“Request?”

“Yes. Just... well, how do I say this... Look out for my back.”

“Eh? That’s easy.”

At my words, the demon god instantly came over and really did look at my back.

“There’s no problem?”

‘Is she serious?’

“Do you have a problem?”

‘Idiot demon god.’

“You wanna die?”

The demon god let out a bloodthirsty grin.

“Pl, please don’t joke like this.”

“This is no joke. You dare call a god an idiot... Annihilation?”

“Not that. Look out for my back for me.”

The demon god vanished, and was back on the sofa she was on before, drinking a green-coloured tea.

“Well, since you do a lot of work, I can forgive you. That said, what are you up to?”

I took a sip of the tea before me and said,

“Ugh, bitter...”

“It’s tasty when you get used to it. It’s something from the eastern parts of the human world called ‘green tea.’ Do drink it more often.”

I haven’t lived long, but in terms of the teas I’ve drunk, the closest equivalent (and for that matter, the only one) I’ve had would be coffee. And that only as a strong black.

“Oi, oi, I know you’ve pulled a lot of all-nighters, so let’s get to the point already?”

I was wondering if I should complain to a borderline omniscient demon god who could read my mind at will, but hey, if I imagined it, she’d understand, so I went straight to the point.

“You probably know this already, but the demon world’s short of funds.”

“Ah, I can’t help you with that. Even gods can’t pull money out of thin air.”

“That’s why I’m asking. Please look after my back.”

I grinned and told her my plans.

Shortly afterwards, an evil cackle echoed through the demon god's space.

Side Story 1-2 : A Certain Demon King's Dream

SMASH

“Oi!”

The office door broke and a giant of a man started yelling.

With a musclebound body, he also had two horns protruding from his head, one of which was partially broken.

His name was Dawihaslo. But rather by his name, he was better known as Destruction, ruler of Wrath of the Seven Deadly Sins.

At the blood thirst which would make any normal demon quiver in fear, I simply smiled and said,

“Line up.”

Wrath looked towards the direction of the finger that I, Greed, pointed towards.

And at that place...

“What are you doing? Line up!”

“Don’t push in!”

“ ... ”

“Line up.”

“At the very back.”

The other five demon kings were waiting in line.

“Line? Do you lot have no pride as a demon king!”

“I’m a demon king, too?”

At my words, Dawihaslo’s face turned crimson and yelled,

“What kind of runt are you to expect to be treated as a fellow demon king!”

“The demon god’s approved me?”

“Don’t make me laugh! No matter how the demon god may accept it, I never will!”

A black aura surrounded Dawihaslo's hand. That was the incredible strength that gave him the name Destruction.

But looking at that strength, I simply smiled.

“Oh yeah? Let's see if you can still laugh while you're dead!”

Dawihaslo's fist flew towards my face.

And the other demon kings looking on had only pitiful expressions.

“Tsk. Is this all six?”

WHAM!

With an incredible sound, the demon king flew back.

That was, the demon king of Destruction, Dawihaslo.

“Do you wanna die?”

“Who was that!”

Dawihaslo started releasing his magic power even more, and

stared at the woman, that was, my backer.

[“You’re not gonna lower your eyes?”](#)

In Korea, but from what I’ve seen, Asian cultures in general, to talk to your superiors while looking at them directly in the eye outside of a casual context is disrespectful.

THUD!

At the woman’s words, the power surrounding Dawihaslo vanished and his knees dropped as if they had a mind of their own.

“C, could it be?”

“I’ve approved of him, but you dare not to? Oi, you’re not gonna look down?”

Appearing right in front of him, she, the demon god said, stepping on him with her feet.

“Wh, why are you a woman?”

For Dawihaslo, who couldn’t recognize her at first, I answered,

“She said she was bored.”

“...”

His shocked and confused expression quickly morphed to one of understanding. As expected, he was more accustomed to the workings of the demon world than I was.

“Do you want to line up, or get beaten and line up?”

“But still, th, that runt...”

“Since when was seniority in the demon world determined by age? In that case, is that shriveled up Strife is you lot’s leader?”

“N, no, but...”

“Or surrender to heaven. I dunno about the rest, but you and Strife at least are probably going to get torn in half right off?”

At those words, Dawihaslo quietly fell in line.

And I quietly slipped behind him and handed him a sheet of paper.

“What’s this, a ticket number?”

“No?”

Dawihaslo looked at the paper and he made a dumbfounded

expression.

The paper was in fact, a bill for the broken door.

“Dismissed.”

“Boy! Ah, no, Greed! Isn’t this still too little for us who protect the front lines?”

He glared at me briefly, before looking behind me, or rather, at the demon god who was lying down mid-air and yawning in boredom, before turning his gaze downwards again.

“With this, if you’re thrifty, it’s plenty. Actually, you’ll have some leftover.”

I showed him the data that I’d pushed other work aside to collect.

“Acrias, current commanding general of the demon army. You do know that since you’ve taken the job, your expenditure’s risen by 340%?”

“But in return, my army is the strongest in history!”

“Yes, fair enough... But if a war does occur, do you plan to ruin

the demon world? What are you thinking of spending money as if we were actively at war! Are you planning to spend even more if we do wage war? Not only that, what's this? Orichalcum training swords? Are you taking swords that are treated as Divine Swords by humans and giving them to new recruits!"

At those words, the demon god, too, made a surprised expression.

Orichalcum, the metal of the gods. And to be giving that to a recruit?

"You, are you mad?"

At the demon god's honest question, Acrias shut his mouth.

"From now on, let's make training swords out of wood."

"Wait a minute! Not even, steel swords, but wooden ones!"

"Wooden swords are cheap. Always wooden swords! Shut up and wooden swords! And if you use wooden swords, you don't even bleed! It's good because you save on hospital fees! It's good because you're not spending any more moneeeeeeyyyyyyyy!"

I raged. Thinking about it, if wooden swords are used, I don't have to pull all-nighters either!

Understanding(?) my words, Acrias nodded.

“I, I understand.”

As Acrias walked out, the demon god rubbed my shoulders and said,

“You’ve worked hard.”

Why is she looking at me with such a sorrowful expression? Anyway, next up was Ayariss. Also known as Charm.

“Why did my cute darling reduce my budget?”

She came at me with a pure face. Rumours have it was not just a couple of nobles that fell for that, and to think she’d brazenly act like this in front of the demon god...

“Because it was unnecessary. With that money, I’d rather get more troops for that peeking Strife over there.”

At those words, Strife, who was taking intermittent glimpses out of the side of the door, looked very, very happy.

“What do you mean, unnecessary! Demon kings like us need to show our prestige! Look at this room! Barely 8 [pyeong](#)? As for furniture, one bookshelf, one desk, one big sofa? Sure, the sofa can be said to be of the highest tier, but the rest is all old! Who would think this was a demon king’s office?”

pyeong = Korean unit of area. 1 pyeong = 3.30 m² = 2 tatami mats
= slightly larger than a Queen double bed.

At those words, I nodded.

“You’re right. This doesn’t look like a demon king’s office.”

At my answer, she smiled brightly and said,

“I know, right? So we need to-”

But instead of listening to her answer, I asked another demon king to move aside for a second, before pushing the wall.

“Wha, what’s that!”

And behind there... a mountain of forms.

“I got a bit behind with paperwork because I went to visit the demon god.”

At my words, the other demon kings were stricken dumb.

“What the... What has this slacker been saying to us!”

Ayariss who was talking to me said. At her vehement protest, the other demon kings started nodding.

At their expressions, I smiled.

“Two days.”

“What?”

“That amount of paperwork. I’m two days behind.”

“What?!”

Naturally, Ayariss was surprised. Not only her, but the other demon kings and the demon god too.

“That wall is normally a barrier. So that the forms don’t fall over. My office is a grand total of 100 pyeong, and of that, around 90% of it is used for storing paperwork.”

I pushed the wall on the other side, the one close to my desk, and continued,

“And this is where I eat. This is around two pyeong, my food is generally jerky, water, and coffee. It’s filled with the essentials for all-nighters, it’s quite livable, isn’t it?”

At my words, the others broke out in a cold sweat. Why, guyyyys~

“You know, when I first came here, there was five years worth of paperwork sitting in the basement. My predecessor worked hard but said it was too much. Ha. Ha. Ha.”

On the side, my predecessor in Internal Affairs died young. As an Earl, he never got to go home once before he died.

Because of that, there were celebrations when I took over Internal Affairs.

I was apparently the first demon king ever to take charge of the Department of Internal Affairs, and since demon kings are tougher from birth, they thought I would last longer. I can still vividly remember their cheerful expressions.

But as the previous manager died, the hell that was overtime started to unfold, and everyone's lives were shortened or something.

“My sofa might be the best of the best. A demon king can't sleep on a poor bed, after all. Hang on, I spend around 20 hours a day sitting, so does it qualify as a bed?”

“Ex, excuse...?”

“Oh, and I'm not saying this specifically for you guys. But since I've taken over, I've been to my demon king's castle a grand total of three times. Day trips, at that. Because I'm too afraid of the

work that's going to pile up if I leave it for any longer. Actually, thinking about it, I don't even have a reason to go, should I just sell the castle?"

Fufufu. Silence. Maybe even demons have a conscience after all? Then if you do, please shut your mouth?

"Alright. I'll raise your budgets a bit more than normal. If I do, let's have that demon king work in here with me?"

At my final words, everyone was silent. From then on, negotiations went smoothly even without the demon god there.

Side Story 1-3 : A Certain Demon King's Dream

“Let’s see...”

My first break in a while.

After I cut the other demon kings’ budgets, their minions had also started reducing their expenses.

Sure, there were complaints. But with the help of my stalwart backer, the demon god who knew exactly what kind of work I was doing, and the wonderfully understanding(?) demon kings, I could safely complete my work.

For only the third time in the demon world’s recorded history, there was not a deficit, but rather, some savings started accumulating.

Thanks to that I could comfortably~ not go and play around, but instead I found myself reading a book in the demon-king-use-only library.

“Even though it’s pointless...”

Although some demon kings did drop in every now and then, but the number of demon kings in existence was a grand total of seven. Of those, four didn’t seek out, nor did they care for the library.

Ergo, only three demons ever used this library, but despite that, in terms of sheer size, it could be said to be the biggest in the demon world.

“Well, it’s quiet for me.”

The human world is interesting.

From a demon’s perspective, they have lifespans like ants, but even with those short lives, humans can bring out numerous changes.

Something I’ve been particularly interested in late was this.

『The heavens gift talents onto people in various ways. Some, a talent for agriculture. Some, a talent for commerce. Some, a talent for music. Some, a talent for the sword. Some, a talent for magic. But occasionally, the heavens grant particularly special ability to certain individuals. An incomparable intellect, one to be called a genius. An unfaltering resolve and determination, the willpower to continue where ordinary men would have given up a hundred times over. An unwillingness to be arrogant about one’s own skills, continually honing their talents with effort. An indomitable courage, never to yield to evil in the worst of situations. Blessed by the gods, those who forge their own paths, never yielding to evil in the worst of situations, forever fighting to prove that justice exists in the world. With words laden with respect and honour, people refer to them by this title. The “Hero,” or the “Brave.”』

“Heroes...”

Even in the histories of the demon world, every once in a while there are records of demon kings being revived and tearing apart the human world. But most of them were either defeated, or sometimes, even killed.

A demon king's average lifespan was 20000 years. Humans could be considered long-lived at barely 100, and with an average lifespan of 60, how on earth do they beat a demon king?

“And the heroes are all young, too.”

A demon king who had lived 20000 years lost to a human that lived barely twenty or thirty. You might as well call the species best at fighting humans, rather than demons. Plus, there were sometimes humans that killed demons when they were barely in their teens.

“Heroes...”

I didn't live a comfortable life after turning the demon world upside down from Internal Affairs.

A demon god could only be down in the demon world for so long, and when she's gone, I'm alone.

It's not just a couple of demons that have tried to kill me in that window of opportunity.

Well, sure, with me being a demon king and all, I didn't die, but I came close a few times.

“It would be good if I had a hero around...”

Now I've reduced my all-nighters, and I've found myself with a surplus of funds, and the demon kings are grovelling of their own accord, and so the comfortable days passed.

There were no ballsy idiots that tried to kill me, well except for the demon god that one time.

I'd leisurely finished my work and was lying down on my sofa, when the door opened suddenly, and one of my subordinates rushed in with a shocked expression.

“Why did Destruction break a statue of the demon god? Oh, wait, he's gone to the human world for a bit.”

Demon kings couldn't just drop in on the human world that easily, but they could play around with about the strength of a top-class demon. Sure, if they got caught by a dragon, they'd probably die, but that was a risk they knew they were taking, so there was no need to worry about that.

“De, Destruction fought a human.”

“What?”

Fun for a demon king was very different to a dragon’s fun. Because if anyone did something incredibly stupid, then the demon god would crush them herself.

“As expected, that idiot doesn’t think. The demon god needs to trample him a bit before-”

But my follower let out words that I would never have expected.

“Tha, that is, Destruction lost!”

“What?”

Destruction, despite his shortcomings, still had the strongest penetrative force in the entire demon world. As the demon king in charge of the army, in the demon world, in terms of pure combat potential, excluding the demon god, he would rank third.

He led the demon world as the emperor in times of war, and combined with the commander of the First Regiment, the demon king of Strife. Really, when you think of the two’s ages, it’s hard to think of Destruction, who would easily vie for the position of the strongest in the demon world, as someone who would lost to a human just like that.

“How weakened was he?”

“I heard he went over at around half his full strength.”

Half... If I don't use my power given by my authority of Greed, in terms of pure strength, I would still lose.

“Is that so? Alright then, let's go pay him a visit.”

What should I give a hospital patient... I've had some coffee left over ever since I had less all-nighters, let's give him some of that.

“What? You're perfectly fine?”

Contrary to what I heard about him being in emergency care, the demon king of Destruction, Dawihaslo, was perfectly fine.

“Then, how badly do you think I was thrashed by a human?”

At his prideful words, I said exactly what I was thinking.

“Well, I imagined something like an arm or two missing, covered in blood, muttering the hero's name... and dead three days later?”

“Just tell me to go die?”

At his bloodthirsty words, I just shrugged. I've gotten too used to blood thirst lately.

“Here, a present.”

I gave him the richest treasure even among the limited edition black coffee.

“Is... this edible?”

“It's rated in the top three of the ‘items essential for overtime.’ Limited edition, too.”

Well, to be precise, limited edition within Internal Affairs. You couldn't even find it outside!

‘I'm such kind demon. Is a demon allowed to be this nice?’

Perhaps I'm actually a heavenly being, was what I was thinking, but as I noticed a scolding gaze, I turned my line of sight to the owner of said gaze.

‘One, two.’

“Three!”

As I took one step back, a black shadow ambushed the space where I had just been.

“Darling~”

“Cough!”

The shadow, the demon king of Charm, Ayariss... Landed a critical hit on Dawihaslo! It was super effective!

Dawihaslo, who had taken critical damage, groaned, curling up and clutching his stomach.

“I didn’t know the two of you were such a swee~t pair.”

At my words, Ayariss leapt up and made a kicked puppy face.

“Not like that~ I can’t cheat like that!”

“I’m still not raising your budget.”

“Tch.”

As if she hadn’t been about to cry, she clicked her tongue and shrugged her shoulders. Then, looking at Dawihaslo, who still hadn’t recovered from her attack, she smacked his back, and said with a reproachful look,

“A demon king, you know, if you’re going with reduced strength, then shut up and keep quiet. You dare lose to a human? Do you know what it would be like if a demon king of all things disgraces demon kind!”

At her words, Dawihaslo muttered,

“Strong.”

“So how strong could humans possibly be! Okay, fine. How many were you ganked by? Were you set on by a mage corp or something?”

Dawihaslo turned red in a look very unlike himself and muttered.

“... person ... person”

“What?”

As she brought her ear closer, as if unable to hear, Dawihaslo’s face turned it’s greatest hue of red yet and he shouted,

“I fought a single hero!”

“One person? Are you mad! Are you saying, right here, right now, you lost to a single human! It’s not something like that hero was secretly a dragon or something, right?”

“I, I didn’t lose! It was a draw, a draw!”

“Tsk, tsk...”

Looking at Dawihaslo, I shook my head.

“The normal scenario goes that when the hero fights villains, if the villain wins or ties, the hero levels up. Yep, that hero’s fight with you was probably a good stepping stone in that hero’s growth.”

“What am I, some mid-game boss!”

I nodded.

“There’s the demon god, the demon emperor, and a lot of demon kings left, so yes, you are a mid-game boss. Actually, no, since you’d reduced your strength to half, that would be exactly a mid-game boss. When you meet next, you would be the hero’s delicious prey.”

“That man’s gone completely in under the hero legends that he’s read...”

Ayariss shook her head at my obvious statements. What’s with that reproachful expression?

“Budget cut.”

“Hey! No fair!”

Hmph. My rules, so what?

“Dawihlaslo’s injuries are too serious so I think the budget’s going to be a bit tight.”

“Don’t bullshit me! I know the exact state of the Internal Affairs funds right now!”

Hmm... Our, no, my Department of Internal Affairs do have a fair bit of surplus. But I do have an excuse?

“Next month has the day of the demon god, one of the biggest events of the demon world, so we’re short on funds.”

Wait, we actually ARE short on cash?!

“Not the funds for this year! The total funds in your Ministry!”

“All funds are managed by the Department of Internal Affairs. We predict and operate a fair distribution system for emergencies, sudden events and other assorted expenses. For more information, please contact the Department...”

I repeated the official words stored in the communications hub in a very official-like manner.

“Enough with those official-like words! How many times have I heard those by now!”

“I dunno. If I had time to memorize that, I would manage the Treasury.”

Grumbling, I looked over at Dawihaslo.

“The hero, was it a man or a woman? Old or young?”

“Hmph. A draw even when I wasn’t even at full strength, there is no need for me to-”

“Ten percent off your current outstanding debt.”

“In human years, around the mid-late teens, a woman, using a single sword, belonging to the Empire’s faction. Every time she swung her sword, blue flames were whipped up. Her speed, strength and technique were not wanting in any way. When we introduced each other, she called herself, Yuria Ashrien.”

“Hmm... is that so?”

Now, this is an oddity. Lived for not even twenty years and drew a tie with a weakened demon king?

“The debt, you are going to reduce it, right?”

As I was thinking, Dawihaslo looked over with shining eyes. Well, I might as well, it's just going to stack up again, anyway.

“Fufufu. I do keep my promises?”

“Wh, why do I feel like I've been played?”

It's just you, just you.

That said, the hero... I did want to see her.

Side Story 1-4 : A Certain Demon King's Dream

“Haaaaaa~ Working with my body is good, too.”

A year after Dawihaslo was injured, I was summoned by dark mages and called over to the human world. I'm not a combat specialist in the vein of Destruction or Strife, and managing the demon world alone is insanely tiring, let alone the human world as well. If the human world was conquered, I'd probably collapse due to the demands of continuous all-nighters.

And so, sealing off my strength, I spent my time leisurely ploughing the fields.

“It's okay if you take a bit of work. Just be tasty.”

With care, I stroked my crops and watered them.

I had no need to worry about the demon world. Remembering my early days, I set up enough backups that would let the world run for about two years without me, and as for the safe containing the emergency funds, I took that to the demon god's room. So, there was no worry of even the ballsiest demon king ever getting their hands on it.

Hang on a second...

“This is actually really nice?”

I like this! This lifestyle!

I don't have to look at boring documents, nor do I have to argue with those annoying demon kings that intrude in my office.

“Now that I think of it, it's because I was born as a demon king, isn't it?”

The demon king. An unnecessary role, a horrible job that was given at birth and made you work ever since.

“From today onwards, I quit being a demon king!”

“It tastes bad...”

I smoked the cigarettes that I'd worked hard to get, but they didn't have the same strong taste as the ones in the demon world. Same with the coffee.

The only silver lining was that the Eastern Continent's teas that I'd brought over was readily available.

“Eh?”

Time for a cup, I thought, brewing my tea, when I noticed the tea leaves were sticking up.

“Is something good going to happen today?”

I had just put down my cup after a sip, when;

Flash!

“Eh?”

There was a sudden flash and my door broke down into nine pieces. At the same time, I noticed red hair that grew to the waist, belonging to a girl that even the demon world could call underage, staring at me with killing intent.

‘What did I do wrong?’

The only things I had done wrong in the human world were stealing a few types of cigarettes and a few packs of coffee.

‘Does the human world bring out the swords over petty theft?’

In that case, the title for the most combat-worthy species would definitely go to the humans. To emit such killing intent over petty things like that!

I was then the girl shouted with a voice full of killing intent,

“Are you the demon king?”

To her question I honestly replied,

“No, I quit that?”

“Q, quit?”

The girl’s body swayed. Was it really that shocking?

“Don’t make me laugh! Do you think I’d fall for that type of lie?!”

“It’s not a lie, though.”

I pouted and muttered. I don’t lie unless it involves money, ‘kay?

To understand her predicament, I moved closer, but she flinched, drew right back, and pulled out her sword.

“What are you planning!”

Ack. I’m a delicate demon king. Wait, no I quit that, I’m a normal demon from now on. Either way, this was a senseless girl that kept

making massive slash marks on my delicate demon heart.

“No, it’s just that it’s common courtesy to talk to someone up close. Is it different for humans?”

I was still unaccustomed to the human world, nor were there any humans living nearby. As I tilted my head and asked, she shouted,

“Who do you think would be fooled by an evil demon king’s plans!”

Holy cow, she called me evil! It’s the first time (aside from my work) that I was called that!

“No, I’m not trying to trick you.”

She’s still doubting me. Hmm....

“Ah!”

I pulled out something from my pocket. The item that I’d snuck out of the demon god’s room!

“Would you believe me with this?”

“The Scales of the Chief God?”

If you know about this already, then that's that.

Our boss that created the world.

An incomparably scary being that can even fire the demon and heavenly gods that manage the giant corporations known as the heavenly and demon worlds.

“Let's talk about this. I promise I won't get up to any tricks.”

A soft light emanated from the scales. Now if I do try something, I'm done for.

“That story, I'll listen to. But if you are the demon king, I'm going to kill you.”

So she said, but she was sheathing her sword as she said it. Smiling brightly, I said,

“Then let's talk inside, shall we?”

“Very well.”

She nodded, and she was just about to enter my house.

“That reminds me, what's your name?”

“What?”

Her eyes were hard, but she still told me her name.

“Yuria. Yuria Ashrien. That is the name that will judge you.”

‘Yuria Ashrien?’

Now that she mentioned it, wasn’t the hero that drew with Destruction called Yuria Ashrien? Then, this is a legit hero? If I fight, I’m just gonna get creamed, aren’t I?

“Alright.”

But not if there is no fight. Plus, meeting a hero was one of my long-cherished dreams, a wish. But, I am a demon. I won’t be satisfied with merely seeing.

“Fufu...”

Letting out quiet laugh, I looked on at Yuria. Fufufu... I don’t care how I do it, but I’m going to make you mine!

And that was how the story began.

Side Story: A certain demon king’s dream – End

Chapter 5 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

Chapter 5-1 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

An ordinary wasteland.

In that wasteland, around a kilometre or so from the nearby village, a man and a woman were pulling weeds.

“You iiiidiiiiiiiiooooooottt!”

“Wha, why?”

The flustered woman, Yuria, asked timidly.

“Do they look like weeds to you?! Why?! Are you ignoring all the weeds and only pulling out the rice plants?!”

The man, the demon king, was shaking, clutching the back of his neck. Where his finger was pointing towards indicated the complete destruction of the rice plants he had painstakingly planted in a nice straight line.

“Were humans a species that ate weeds! Are weeds worth throwing away rice for!”

“Uuuu... They all look so similar though...”

“How does that make any sense! They’ve got absolutely nothing in common aside from being green! No, before that, how many times have I told you, the rice are the ones in a straight line!”

At the demon king’s words, Yuria shut her mouth.

“Uuuuuu....”

It had been a month since the demon king was kidnapped. In that short time, with a force of a hero, she had completely and utterly wrecked the household chores several times already.

“Huu... Let’s go eat.”

After painstakingly repairing the fields, the demon king sighed and headed for the house.

“Wuuuu....”

The depressed Yuria could only tag along behind him.

Bang!

“Hyap!”

Bang!

“I can never get used to that.”

The scowling demon king muttered, looking outside. What he was doing right now was cooking. It was already a crime to let Yuria cook, and having awakened to the fact that leaving her alone when she tried was also a sin, the demon king had never let Yuria cook from then onwards.

“Hyap!”

Bang!

And so what he had made Yuria do was cutting firewood. This was normally a man’s role, but in this household, the divisions of labour between man and woman were quite blurred.

“Haa!”

Bang!

“But what on earth do you have to do to hear explosions from axes.”

When he had first told her to cut logs for firewood, the demon king had first thought it was the remnants of that completely fearless evil organization.

Because he kept hearing explosions in the vicinity.

But when he eventually approached the source of origin, he had found Yuria, who was stacking up enough wood to build a house with.

Bang!

“Well, it’s not like there are any problems with that.”

She’s a hero anyway... With that in mind, he had done detailed checks of whether there were any cracks in the house, or if the ground was about to collapse, and other various examinations, but so far there hadn’t been any problems.

Bang!

“She even sounds like a hero.”

The demon king shrugged his shoulders and returned to the kitchen and continued cooking.

‘Today is a peaceful day as well.’

Those thoughts of the demon king, were shortly annihilated by a single presence.

“I’m full~”

With a happy smile, Yuria rubbed her belly. Looking on, the demon king sighed.

“Haaa... Hero, if you’re a woman, you should pay some attention?”

“Discrimination against women is prohibited!”

“No, I’m pretty sure exposing your stomach should be embarrassing for men and women?”

“Hmph, I’m reasonably confident...”

Yuria’s belly, or to be accurate: her abs, were completely coated in the scars of her trials... Not. Rather, it was perfectly smooth. Unlike other female swordsmen, there were few visible signs of muscles, and with a waist thin enough to be covered by a single hand, she looked more like a runaway noble’s daughter than a veteran warrior.

“Do the boys like that?”

“Hmph. I’m not some easy woman who’d expose her belly for

anyone~”

“You just did.”

At Yuria’s actions, a textbook example of hypocrisy, the demon king had to resist the urge to sigh again, before rapping her forehead with his knuckles.

“That hurts!”

“It was meant to. Anyways..”

“Wa, wait a sec!”

“Don’t change the subject.”

“No, not that, I think someone’s here?”

“Eh?”

Knock knock knock.

The demon king finally heard the sound of someone knocking on the door, and tilted his head in confusion.

‘A traveler? Or has someone lost their way?’

The demon king got up and opened the door.

“Darling!”

And a woman threw herself onto the demon king.

Chapter 5-2 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

“Yeah... So, this is Charm, one of the demon kings of the demon world. She rules over envy and jealousy... Ayariss.”

Glare.

“Ah, and here, the hero that wrecked Destruction previously, Yuria Ashrien.”

“Oh?”

At those words, Aya’s curiosity was piqued.

“Destruction?”

“Oh, there was a kid that pretended to be a high-class demon and came to the human world, got smacked around by you, and ran away crying back to the demon world. He’s actually a demon king.”

“Really?”

Yuria’s eyes widened. Well sure, weakened or not, to think that she would beat a demon king!

At those words, the demon king shrug his shoulders and said,

“I told you, I can’t beat you.”

At those words, Yuria started grinning like an idiot.

“What are you laughing for. Is being a musclehead something to be proud of?”

Glare.

But, at Aya’s condescending words, the staring match between the two resumed again.

“Uh, girls?”

“What!”

“What?”

“Nothing...”

Having utterly failed at quelling the brewing catfight, the demon king retreated to a corner with his tail between his legs.

‘Being weak is a sin...’

Both women were opponents that he couldn't beat, even with his power unbound. Actually, never mind that, the differences between him and those two were so vast, it was more likely that he'd die before he even had a chance to fight.

“Running away comes first.”

He needed to find a way to beat the two first before taking them on.

His Greed. Someone who fought not with strength, but with intellect.

Click.

As the demon king quietly went out the door, the demon king named Charm and I stared at each other.

With a height just short of 160cm, her round eyes and smooth nose went well with her figure, leading to an overall 'cute' impression.

But, the tiny smirk at the corner of her mouth indicated an odd maturity so she didn't look underage or immature, by all means.

And... What the hell was up with that! Those breasts on that body!

What on earth were those melons that were completely out of place on that slim body or that cute face!

“Heh.”

What was that laugh for! Do you find me amusing!

“Cliff side.”

You dooooo!

Don't stare at my breasts! I'm average, average!

“Humans are so small.”

With an oddly seductive smile, she started groping her own breasts.

‘Is she picking a fight? Is that it?’

I barely calmed my quivering hands. If you get angry here, you lose! I calmed myself down, and maintained my smile. You can do this, Yuria! Don't lose to something like a demon king!

There has to be something that I can win at! Surely!

“Those massive things are just cheating.”

“What?”

Looking at this self-superior smirking demon king, I made an expression likewise.

“You called yourself Aya?”

“Don’t call me by my name, human.”

“What then, Charm? Looking at what happened earlier, you called the demon king ‘darling...’ he didn’t seem to like that?”

“Hmph. So what? That man’s never shown interest in women.”

Looking at this snorting demon king called Charm, I let out one of my own. What, no interest in women?

“Ara? It seemed like he was quite excited when he first met me?”

“Heh?”

That’s good, keep those reactions coming!

“As I thought, big breasts are pointless. You know, he proposed to me when we first met, saying that he had fallen in love with me at first sight?”

Waaa, saying this with my own mouth is so embarrassing!

‘But if I can beat this big-boobs demon king, I can do anything!’

“You know, every day he goes on and on about how I’m his, his wife or ‘darling...’ You know I’m quite tired of it, right?”

Well, I missed a few steps in between there, but the truth’s the truth!

“Oh my? Are you hurting somewhere?”

At my taunting words, a vein bulged out on this demon king’s forehead! Those heavy things called breasts, who needs them~

“Ieeeeet! Even though I came onto him at least once a day, I thought he was a eunuch or gay because he never responded! That hero otaku actually found one and is drooling over her! For a fucking cliffside!”

“Says the one who only has her breasts! Who would ever want an oppai demon king like you! Breasts aren’t all a woman have!”

“Hmph! So says the cliff trying to defend herself! Fine, then, it’s a challenge!”

“Challenge?”

Hmph! Come at me!

“Yeah, a challenge!”

And thus, the fight between the hero and the demon king began.

Chapter 5-3 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

“So what you’re saying is... you want me to officiate?”

At the demon king’s words, both Yuria and Aya nodded.

“Because you’re the fairest.”

“If you judge her easily because she’s a hero, I’m not going to let you off.”

At those words, the demon king smiled... and ran for the window.

“Emergency evacuation!”

Crash!

With the sound of the window breaking, the demon king started running away at full speed.

“Get him, Blacky.”

But at Aya’s words, outside, a giant three-headed canine beast appeared. And so, the demonic beast that even high-class demons couldn’t beat, Cerberus, the gatekeeper to the Underworld, came

back with the demon king in his mouth.

“Let go! How dare a mere demonic beast hold a demon king! Let go, I don’t wanna die!”

At those words, the two women smiled and approached the demon king.

“Why.”

“Do you think you’re gong to die?”

“Aren’t you two actually really close friends?”

Aya’s fingernails, which were sharper than your average legendary sword, and Yuria’s sword, belonging to the strongest swordsmaster under the nine heavens, both threatened the demon king’s neck.

“Shut up.”

“And play the judge?”

‘You two are close friends, aren’t you!’

The demon king thought, and let out a sigh.

And thus, the first match between the hero and the demon king began. Match type: cooking.

“Hmph! I’ll show you my cooking skills!”

Aya sneered, picking up her knife with confidence.

“There are queues that form in the demon world just for my cooking!”

At those confident words, Yuria flinched.

‘Why cooking, of all things!’

The first round was a cooking showdown. Reason being that apparently, the most important role of a housewife was in her ability to cook.

“It should be alright?”

She was uneasy about this, but Yuria still faced this challenge. With the mindset that she wouldn’t lose to this oppai demon king!

Meanwhile, the demon king was comfortably (wrapped up in chains) sitting in a chair, leisurely (with Cerberus keeping watch)

waiting for the cooking (death) to come, and with a smile (absolutely saturated with fear) on his face, the demon king closed his eyes.

“Rather than lining up to eat, more like picking who to sacrifice.”

Even now, he remembered. The demons that would cling to him, sobbing. When they had first come to him, he'd thought it was something to do with the finances, and he had treated them hardheartedly. But what had come out of their mouths was nothing to do with finances or money.

“Save us.”

That was what they had said. A later investigation had discovered that Aya was experimenting with cooking to feed him with, and had used them as her test subjects.

And thus, if the human world had Yuria, the demon world, to put it simply, had Ayariss. Needless to say, her cooking skills were the absolute worst anyone could have imagined. To make matters worse, her opponent was Yuria.

“It looks like the victor is going to come down to whoever feeds me first.”

Because it seemed quite obvious that it would be impossible to eat the next one after that....

Thinking on it, the demon king had an idea, and turned to Cerberus.

“You can understand me, right?”

Cerberus’ three heads nodded. Even if he looked like this, he was still a top-tier demonic beast.

“In that case, I’m going to eat my Yuria’s dish first.”

At those words, Cerberus’ three heads tilted. Clearly asking what the demon king meant.

“My Yuria’s skills... Are about par with Aya?”

At those words, Cerberus flinched. As if he had heard Doomsday was upon them!

“Plus, aside from myself, there’s no one at home right now to be the judge. So if I collapse... You’ll probably have to eat Aya’s dish?”

At those words, that giant Cerberus broke out in a cold sweat and started shaking.

-Whimper...

-Grrr....

“There, there. You’re scared too, right? So am I. So... let’s run away.”

Shortly afterwards.

-Awooooo!

Crash!

Through the hole the demon king had made previously, the giant demonic beast Cerberus fled.

“Oy, you unfair little shit!”

Leaving the demon king behind.

“Now, complete!”

“I’m done, too!”

And thus the gates to hell beckoned from the kitchen.

Chapter 5-4 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

“What’s this?”

A black liquid, complete with steam shaped like a skull. As the demon king asked the hero of its identity, she puffed out her chest and said, as if it was perfectly obvious,

“Meat and potato [jorim](#)! The simpler things are better, after all.”

조림 (jorim), a cooking style in where meat/fish/veg/a-combination-of-the-above is boiled in soy sauce or other seasonings until there is almost no liquid left in the cooking vessel.

To think that she could make poisons that easily... That was a skill in itself.

‘Having said that, what kind of jorim has looks more like a broth than a stew?’

The demon king could only sigh, turning his attention to the red liquid on the table beside it.

“And what’s this?”

The demon king of Charm, Ayariss, also puffed out her chest like the hero and confidently said,

“Exactly what it looks like, perfectly normal fried rice!”

‘Is fried rice red nowadays? No, putting that aside, how on earth do you get so much liquid from fried rice?’

“Hmph, all the other kids that ate my cooking found it so tasty, they couldn’t say anything and only gave me a thumbs up.”

‘More like [‘I’ll be back!’](#)‘

Originally said in english. [Obvious reference is obvious?](#)

“But, do you guys ever taste your food when you cook?”

“Why would I do that?”

“Isn’t tasting something done after all the cooking is completed?”

What to try first, or rather, which would offer the most graceful death.

‘Demon god, help me. Or even the goddess of light, Raelle... If you save me now, I’ll convert to heaven’s side immediately!’

But alas, the gods had forsaken the pitiful lamb.

“Now, say ah~”

“Ah~”

Why could he see the shapes of skulls from the dish? Why could he hear the screams of the damned?

And the two foods invaded his mouth.

“Oh ho, you seem quite young, why would you be in a place like this?”

The old boatman asked the demon king, rowing the oars of his old boat.

“I don’t think it really matters anymore.”

But oddly enough, the boatman wasn’t using an ordinary oar to propel the boat, but rather, a sharp scythe. But the boat was moving smoothly forward as if he was rowing with a perfectly normal oar.

“Huhhh, but what to do... God doesn’t want you to pass this boundary just yet.”

The boatman closed his eyes and muttered, stopping the boat all of a sudden.

“What do you mean by that?”

As the demon king tilted his head in confusion, the boatman rowed the boat back to where they departed and said,

“She’s telling you to work.”

Documents started piling up before his eyes.

“Huuk...”

“Oh, he’s awake.”

“Are you alright?”

The demon king, who had broken out in a cold sweat, looked around and found the two women in front of him.

“Was that a sign telling me to not die and work?”

The demon king, who had just come short of crossing the [River Tethys](#), could not forget the stacks of paperwork he had seen at the last moment.

A [Greek aquatic goddess](#). A minor one, relatively speaking. Married her brother Oceanus, and had numerous children,

including Metis (mother of Athena), Prometheus (punished for granting fire to man), and Styx (of the River Styx fame). Unsure why the author chose her, as she is very minor in Greek mythology, and it wasn't till Roman times that she became more associated with the sea.

“So who was the winner?”

“I won, didn't I?”

Being completely unaware of the demon king's uneasy heart, both the hero and Charm pushed their faces into his with sparkling eyes. Looking on this, the demon king could only sigh.

“The two of you were both amazing (in a different meaning). I don't understand how the two of you made that incredible cooking(poison) in such a short space of time. It was so amazing I thought I'd (actually) die. [It was a taste where you wouldn't realise it if a third person was to \(actually\) die while two were eating it.](#)”

A Korean idiom, ‘wouldn't know if three were to die when two were eating it.’ It NORMALLY means something tastes so good you can't tell that a third person's snuck for the feast as well. Also carries the secondary meaning of a taste good enough to die for.

At those words, the two women's eyes lit up, and they shouted at the same time,

“So who won!”

“They were both too amazing so a draw!”

“Eh?”

“Oh, come on...”

Looking at the irritated women, the demon king swallowed down a surge of injustice.

‘Who was the person, no, the demon who nearly died!’

But reminded of the two dishes(poisons) beside him, he had no choice but to keep his mouth closed.

Looking at the demon king that had his mouth firmly closed, the two women glared at each other and shouted,

“Next round!”

“Let’s do this!”

Looking at their figures, the demon king could only shiver in fear.

‘Please don’t hurt me!’

Chapter 5-5 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

“They only look different, are the two of them doppelgangers?”

The two were both the same in that, aside from being pointlessly strong, they were both completely incompetent at absolutely everything else.

One would expect a demon king by the name of Charm to only be good at seduction, but in reality, in terms of combat ability, she was actually on par with Destruction.

When you took into consideration that Destruction was almost 2000 years older, that meant that in reality, in terms of potential alone, Aya actually trumped Dawihaslo.

In Yuria’s case, the fact that she had drawn with Dawihaslo, aka Destruction, at not even twenty years of age was impressive in itself, even after taking into account that half his strength had been sealed. Actually, by now, she could perhaps even fight him on even terms even at full power.

“Hahh... Hahhh... Impressive?”

“Hmph, not bad?”

Looking at the two women, one would have expected them to

have undergone a life-and-death duel. Actually, in a way they had, and they laughed reminiscing on their matches so far.

“Alright, so the current score is 2 wins, 2 losses, and 1 draw. Next match determines the winner!”

“Come at me!”

Looking at the two of them, the demon king leisurely sipped his tea.

‘It just doesn’t have to involve me. Just me.’

The demon king had already given up on the house a long time ago.

And he, who was casually drinking his tea, froze. Because the two women had both turned to him. And then, Aya opened her mouth.

“The objective of the last match is... The demon king that started this all...”

“The demon king?”

“Seducing him!”

‘Seducing me? Says who?’

The demon king threw himself out of the hole Cerberus had previously made and shouted,

“Second emergency escape!”

Long story short: the demon king was caught again.

The reason was because Cerberus, thinking the cooking match was over, had been coming back to the demon king's house, and had seen the demon king running away and promptly brought him right back.

“The moment I get back to the demon world, I'm create a [boshintang](#) culture.”

Boshintang(보신탕): A soup made of dog's meat. Said to be good for restoring the body's vitality.

Looking on the demon king who was gritting his teeth, Aya let out a laugh.

“Fufufu, how dare a mere demon king reject the charms of this body and choose to be a hero's pet?”

“Get it right. To be accurate, I'm the owner, so the hero's the pet.”

“So I’m a pet now?!”

The hero shouted, enraged at the demon king’s words.

“No, that was an example. By the rules of the contract, I’m the one in a higher position?”

“Urgh...”

The hero pouted, having no more to say.

‘This mouth of mine...’

Just why did she make that slavery contract, the hero regretted it slightly.

“Well, anyways! Now all I have to do is get you to fall for me!”

Aya declared confidently, creeping closer to the demon king.

“Fufufu, you don’t have to be scared. Just close your eyes and it’ll be all over.”

“Wait! What do you think you’re doing!”

At Aya's unexpected words, the hero's face turned red and she immediately put herself in between Aya and the demon king.

“What else, marking him as mine, of course.”

“Mark him AFTER you seduce him!”

At the hero's words, Aya's eyes widened.

“Hey, heeeey~ the hero's got quite the wicked side to her? If you had seduced him, would you have gone all the way?”

At those words, the demon king blushed and said,

“Hero... I need time to prepare myself...”

The hero flushed red all the way to the tips of her ears, and shouted,

“Demon king! I know you're having fun with this, so stop it! And when did I ever say it like that!”

The demon king pouted.

“Tch, I got caught.”

Aya pouted as well.

“Tch, and she was the one who said to take him.”

‘Th, this demon king combination!’

Grinding her teeth, the hero calmed herself. But her bright red of her face didn’t show any signs of fading away.

“Well, might as well settle this with something even humans can do.”

“What?”

Looking at the stoic Yuria, Aya shrugged her shoulders and said,

“Dance. It’s commonly taught to all human nobles, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

At those words, Yuria briefly looked back at her childhood.

Wake up, eat breakfast. Then sword training. Then lunch. Basic lessons in etiquette, then more sword lessons. Then dinner. The the sword again. Wash up and bed.

‘Wait, I never learnt that kind of thing!’

“Why? Lost your nerve?”

“A, as if!”

Yuria, who stubbornly refused to lose to Aya, slowly approached the demon king.

“Wh, what are you smiling for?”

“Oh, nothing.”

Aya muttered, looking at the smiling demon king. For some reason, that smile gave her a bad feeling.

“That hero otaku...”

As the hero reluctantly held out her hand towards the demon king, he took it and stood up.

“You can’t dance, right?”

“H, how did you know?”

“There’s no way my hero would know how to dance, right?”

It was true, but for some reason, it ticked her off and she grumbled,

“I had no time to learn. Why, should I just forfeit?”

“No, why would we waste such a good opportunity like this?” Smiling, the demon king pulled her towards him. “Leave your body to me. Naturally. Then, it’ll all work out.”

A gentle melody started playing.

Chapter 5-6 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

(From Yuria's point of view again)

One of the demon world's specialty magic items was a tool that could play music. A gentle melody started playing from it.

But...

“Ah”

Ahhh, this pattern... My face is gonna turn red again, isn't it? But still... this is too close!

“Focus, focus!”

The demon king whispered in my ear again. But, hearing his breath so close to my ear, I think my face turned even redder.

‘Why is this song going on for so long?’

It felt like over a minute had passed already, but the music showed no signs of ending.

“You said you just worked all your life, when did you learn to dance?”

At my whisper, the demon king smiled and said,

“I learned in secret to dance with the hero.”

“Wuuu...”

Let’s just not say anything.

With just words, how on earth would I beat a demon king that forcibly made six other demon kings submit to him.

‘That said, how much longer is this going on for!’

It’s already been a minute and thirty seconds! How much longer do I have to do this for!

As if understanding my feelings, the demon king smiled and whispered,

“A normal song is around three minutes, but this song is slightly longer, so think of it as being around five minutes long?”

“Five minutes? That long?”

“Well, it’s not that long.”

‘He picked the longest one, didn’t he.’

I sighed. Typical...

“But, do you really want to dance with me?”

“Yep.”

“Why? I actually can’t dance?”

“Because I can hold hands with my beloved hero at such a close distance?”

So that’s why he was acting so frisky? No wonder he was so close!

“Would you mind separating a bit?”

“Wow, the hero’s being cold. Too cold... Her love has faded...”

“There wasn’t any love to fade to begin with.”

At my cold retort, the demon king pouted. Hmph! Sulk, for all I care! Can you really affect me just by sulking?

“I’m not cooking.”

“Urgh...”

This was a bit of a low blow. To be honest... Even I don’t want to eat my own cooking.

“I’ll work hard, so please don’t go on strike.”

At my words, the demon king perked back up, smiled and nodded.

How much time passed from there? The song ended and I traded places with the shrew of a demon king known as Aya.

“Wait, what’s this disparity!”

“What disparity?”

That vixen yelled all of a sudden, and the demon king tilted his head in response.

“What’s with that blank expression! That’s the complete opposite of when you were with the hero!”

The demon king sighed, and with a neutral expression said,

“Haa, are you a hero?”

“This hero otaku!”

Looking on this... It's a mixed feeling. Well, sure it feels good to be liked by someone, but that someone in question is a demon king... And even though he said he'd quit, he still has the authority of the demon god and here he goes on to say he's sealed that...

“Why is this so complicated?”

I scowled for a moment but quickly loosened my face.

“Well, I just don't have to think about it.”

Well, it's not like I have to care, right?

As I was nodding at my own appraisal, I heard an irritated vixen's shriek.

“What's this!”

“What do you mean, it's a song.”

“Hold on! You picked the longest song when you were with the hero, but why are you picking the shortest one with me! This is only a minute long!”

So it was the longest song he had! Having said that, a minute? That would have been great when he was dancing with me!

“Actually, that might not be good?” (Yuria)

...Hey, wait? That’s basically admitting that I actually enjoyed dancing with the demon king!

Uuuuu.... Nope, it’s just because I was glad to have an opportunity to learn to dance. Yep, that’s it. As I nodded to myself and faced forward again, the demon king compromised and agreed to two minute songs for both of us.

“Jeez, they both look annoyed.”

Unlike with me, this time, a very fast rhythm was playing, and the two demon kings were dancing with a speed to match. No, to be accurate, saying that the shrew was dragging along a completely unwilling demon king with her would be more accurate.

But, but!

“He, hey, isn’t she sticking a little too close?”

That shrewd was pressing herself against the demon king. And with those demonic breasts leading front and center! Pressing herself like that, she whispered something into his ears, and when

they separated, she pushed herself up against him again... Uuu....

“That’s cheating...”

I’m not small... I’m slightly above the Empire’s average...
Uuuuu...

“Hmph. But, the demon king liked dancing with me better.”

Yep, it’s my win anyway!

The music finished, and I asked with sparkling eyes,

“So who’s the winner?”

At those words, the shrewd smirked and said,

“Me, of course. Right?”

Hmph! Says who!

“Yes, it’s Aya’s win.”

“Eh?”

Eh? I, did I lose?

Chapter 5-7 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

“So, this means that I win overall, right?”

The demon king nodded at Aya’s words.

“Why...”

Yuria admitted that Aya’s skills were much better than hers, but even so, she still felt bitter about it.

“So, I’m gonna borrow the demon king for a sec, kay?”

“Urgh...”

At Aya’s words, Yuria felt an emotion that she could not name.

‘Wha, what’s this?’

Taking the opportunity provided by a stunned Yuria, Aya quickly took hold of the demon king’s hand and ran outside.

“Hee hee~”

Looking on at Aya, who looked incredibly pleased with herself,

the demon king said,

“Alright, now what?”

While they were dancing, Aya had told the demon king about the current state of affairs in the demon world. And at the most important moment, she had whispered in the demon king’s ear,

‘The next part for when I win~’

The demon king could not help but to concede to Aya. It was that important.

“Even we could feel it, it goes without saying that the demon god noticed it as well.”

It was about the previous time when the demon king had briefly unsealed his power.

“So, what was the demon god’s reaction?”

“Of course there was a big fuss. But unlike the demon world, the intermediate worlds aren’t under her jurisdiction. Therefore, she can’t just go blindly searching, now can she? Thus, she went to the various other gods and lost her shit everywhere.”

Unlike heaven and the demon world, in the intermediate realms, there were several gods. However, unlike the gods of heaven and

the demon world, these gods weren't absolute supreme existences. Rather, their abilities were limited to only being able to provide some of their power, and they are unable to interfere directly in the affairs of their respective worlds. Compared to those two, they were powerless, and if the demon god decided to throw a tantrum, they had no way to deal with her.

“And so?”

“Eventually, Raelle came along to stop her. So the grand masterplan called the invasion of the human world was shelved.”

“Invasion of the human world?”

“To find you.”

Aya started snickering. To think the demon god would order an invasion just to find the demon king who had run away from home. This was hard to understand even for the demons who always had a reputation for being eccentric.

“But, did the demon god actually stop when Raelle convinced her to?”

“No, eventually Raelle lost it as well, declared an all-out war and caused even more mayhem. Ultimately, the Chief God had to come in himself and stop them.”

Speaking of which, apparently Raelle and the demon god were

siblings.

“The gods sure have a fun time of it.”

“Well, just how differently would they live compared to us?”

Aya shrugged and grinned.

“So, you’re here to look for me too?”

“Yep! But just how should I report this~?”

Aya whined and stuck herself to the demon king.

“In the rear side of the demon king’s castle that I manage, there’s a second-hand goods store called Mirran. Look for a red sword. And if the owner says anything, tell him to give it to you for free.”

“Hmmm~ So what’s in it?”

“A year’s worth of funds.”

“Really?”

Aya’s eyes widened. The fact that he had manage to save that much money was amazing in itself, but also, having such a massive amount of money was hidden in his territory was something else

entirely.

“It was an emergency system for the off-chance that something came up.”

The demon king shrugged, with an expression that seemed to imply ‘nothing much.’

It was designed in mind to be able to continue distribution even in a crisis, but to the demon king who was holding onto about five years’ worth of funds himself, that kind of small change could be recovered any time.

“Alright then, so who was here again?”

“Hm? Was there something here?”

Aya looked around, pretending she couldn’t see the demon king.

“Well, that should do.”

As the demon king finished listening to the last of the latest stories of the demon world, Aya smiled and said she was going to get a drink.

“Why isn’t she back? Is she digging a well or something?”

It was just when the demon king started to worry.

Boom!

“DIE!”

“S, so strong?”

As the demon king heard Yuria’s shriek and Aya’s shocked voice, the house collapsed.

“Let’s see...”

Aya was approaching, not water, but Yuria.

“What?”

“Are you alone?”

Now aware that the demon king wasn’t near Yuria, Aya reddened her cheeks and cupped them with her hands.

“Aiiiiiing~ So embarrassing~”

“Wha, what did you do!”

“It’s obvious what a man and woman would do together~”

Yuria’s face turned crimson in an instant.

“C, could it be?”

Even though she looked pure and innocent, on her travels, Yuria had picked up a comprehensive understanding of how the world worked. Looking at Yuria who had briefly imagined something she shouldn’t have, Aya chuckled and said,

“Heee~ Looks like you know~?”

“H, how indecent!”

Yuria shouted, but Aya shrugged her shoulders as if nothing was amiss.

“Demons have a custom of making children if they feel even the tiniest bit together.”

“Re, really?”

“No, there isn’t.”

“Iiiieeeet!”

Yuria finally blew her temper, and charged at Aya.

“Hmph, with just that... eh?”

Shhak

“Wa, wait a second!”

Aya, who had prepared to dodge expecting no more than something like a slap, suddenly felt a very real threat to her life at Yuria’s unsheathed sword.

“Wa, wait a second, can we talk about this?”

“No need, no answer!”

“You mean [further explanations are pointless!](#)”

Yuria’s line (무용무답) is a corruption of a phrase that means something along the lines of ‘No need for any more words,’ or ‘further explanations are unnecessary.’ Aya says the correct phrase (문답무용) in Korean, but the hanja (Korean equivalent of kanji) of the last two characters are different,(even though they’re pronounced the same) changing 問答無用 to 問答武勇, which an (approximate) re-translation would be something along the lines of ‘Ask questions, get military/martial strength.’ Basically, ask questions, fist meet face. According to horribl3cpu: 問答無用 = questions are useless. 問答武勇 ≈ confrontation

Aya gathered magic power in her hand and thrust forward. The legendary blade that could destroy Adamantium was-

Tink!

Broken in a single hit.

“Wh, wha!”

Her fingernails, which when filled with magic power could act like a sword, were sliced through instantly on contact with Yuria’s sword.

“Ha, hang on a second!”

Aya bolted inside the house, but that proved to be no obstacle to Yuria.

“Sword of Azure Flames, Lawless Wave of Azure Flames!”

A thread, no, scratch that, a river of sword ki swept across the house, taking Aya along with it.

“Die!”

“S, so strong?”

Boom!

The sound of an explosion accompanied the complete destruction of the house.

‘I, I may have picked on the wrong person?’

Aya broke out into a cold sweat, looking around at the trail of destruction that was once a house. To be honest, she was feeling scared. Very, very scared.

“Uh, excuse me... Hero-shi?”

“Write your will, demon king.”

Yuria leaked out a dark smile, the hero giving off an aura of a demon king rather than the hero she was. Aya gulped.

‘At times like this...’

“What’s going on!”

Shocked at the sight of the destroyed house, the demon king ran towards Aya.

“Darling~ I was so scared!”

“Have you lost it?”

Why was she like this all of a sudden, doubting Aya’s sanity, the demon king had no idea.

“Hohhh~ So the two-timing demon king has arrived.”

“H, hero?”

Just facing her glare caused a cold sweat to break out on the demon king’s back, and he involuntarily took a step back.

“Darling~ I’m scared!”

“S, stop it!”

At the word ‘darling,’ the bloodthirst in the air thickened, and realizing this, the demon king shouted at Aya, but at his words, Aya stuck to him even more.

“Hooooh, so, you might as well broadcast to the world that the two of you are like that? Then, it’s true that you two are close enough to try make children?”

Fufufu.

The hero let out a series of short laughs, before charging up her sword with energy.

“You. What did you say to her?”

“Hehehe~ Sorry.”

Aya pushed herself off the demon king and started running for her life.

“Hey!”

“Fufufufu....”

Listening to the laughs of the devil, Aya closed her eyes.

‘Sorry, Greed.’

And the hero’s blue sword ki swept across the land.

Chapter 5-8 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

“A, am I alive?”

Looking at the surroundings that had been thrown into ruin, a chilling laugh entered the demon king's ear.

“Fufufu... So, is it breasts? As expected, breasts?”

“Hero?”

“Fufufu...”

At Yuria's haunted cries, the demon king started scrambling away on all fours.

“Uh, excuse me? Calm down first...”

“Saying how he liked me so much... So breasts takes priority over heroes, is that what it means?”

Yuria closed the distance in an instant, and the demon king gulped.

‘Am I going to die?’

Ah... it was a good life, the demon king thought

‘Absolutely nooooooott!’

In the last flashes of his life, all he could see were images of him working to death, and even in the midst of his soundless screams, Yuria came right up to him.

“E, excuse me?”

Even at the demon king’s pleas, Yuria’s fist came up. The demon king closed his eyes and waited.

Thump.

“Urk?”

“Why... why...”

“A, are you crying?”

Puzzled by the lack of any solid impact, the demon king peeked out the tiniest slit of his eyes. His eyes turned to saucers when he recognized that Yuria, who was on her knees with tears streaming down her face.

“Just because you’ve got me by the Scales, just because I’ve

already been caught, you're going for other women? Do you hate me? Was it all a lie?"

Thump. Thump. Thump.

At this moment, looking at Yuria who was hitting his chest, the demon king could only love her even more.

"Is this the first time I've seen you cry?"

"How would I know!"

Thump. Thump. Thump.

At his teasing words, Yuria's glare hardened and continued to hit him

"L, let go!"

But, the demon king suddenly pulled Yuria into his embrace and finding herself crying into the demon king's chest, Yuria struggled to escape.

"I haven't strayed."

"Lies! Says the one drooling over those breasts!"

“I like my hero even if she’s small?”

“As I thought... I’m small...”

Yuria cried even more pitifully.

“It, it’s alright. That girl’s boobs are just stupidly large. I like my hero the best.”

Patting her back, the demon king soothed Yuria.

“Liar.”

Yuria glared up at the demon king.

“Even if I’m not lying?”

“Lie-uup!”

As Yuria’s tongue was about to deliver another lashing, the demon king sealed her lips with his own.

“Mm, mmmmm!”

At this sudden turn of events, Yuria frantically tried to escape, but losing out to his surprisingly overpowering strength, she had her lips stolen by the demon king.

“You, you... You!”

As their lips separated, Yuria escaped the demon king’s embrace and with a face completely dyed red, pointed her shaking finger at the demon king.

“You know, this is my first kiss?” (Demon king)

“A, and you think mine isn’t!” (Yuria)

Yuria squeaked at the demon king’s casual first kiss declaration, but looking on her, the demon king only smiled and moved in closer to again.

“Is that so? Then, can I take your second as well?”

“Wha, why are you like this? S, so sappy...”

This time, Yuria was the one retreating.

“Fufufu... I need to show my hero just how much~ I love her. You like it as well, don’t you?”

“S, says who!

“Then, do you not like me?”

“N, not like that...”

Looking at Yuria, whose lips were quivering with indecision, the demon king shouted,

“Kawaii!”

“Eh, s, stop it!”

The demon king hooked Yuria’s hip with his right hand and pulled her towards him, and Yuria found herself in the demon king’s embrace once again.

“Now, then!”

Looking at the demon king who was coming closer, Yuria closed her eyes.

‘F, fine. It’s too late to run away anyway... And it’s absolutely not because I like this!’

And JUST as the their lips were about to meet again-

Crunch.

“Ah, sorry.”

Startled at the sudden noise, Yuria snapped her head around, only to see Aya looking apologetic, while scratching the back of her head with an intense blush on her own face.

“Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

And with the fist that came with Yuria’s scream... Aya turned into a sparkle in the sky.

Author’s Note:

Was... Was I on drugs when I wrote this? My hands are cringing so hard I can’t type properly... shudder

Chapter 5-9 : What Are You Meant To Be! Me? A Demon King~♥

“So what you’re saying is. The demon god’s looking for the demon king, and you gave her that information. Is that it?”

In front of a cross-legged Yuria, the two demon kings were sitting in seiza.

“Yes...”

“Yep.”

The two [panda-marked](#) demon kings both nodded.

*implies that they have black-eyes

“And this one picked a fight with me?”

This one, aka Aya, flinched and glanced fleetingly up at her. The pressure Yuria was emitting... Even she was scared of her, and she was a demon king in her own right.

“Heh, heheh... It’s just that this dense block of wood kept coming onto you and I got jealous...”

The hero let out an odd hum at that and turned to the demon king.

‘A block of wood?’

She couldn’t even imagine that description about the demon king that she knew. This incredibly lively, villainous man – a block of wood?

“Errr... Hero?”

The demon king said to Yuria.

“Why?”

At her voice as chilling as an Arctic frost, the demon king gulped and lowered his gaze a bit.

“Um, that’s... It’s dangerous here now as well... It might be better to change our base?”

“Change our base?”

“Yep. We need to move. Otherwise the demon god’s going to come after us.”

Yuria sighed. At this rate, the next thing you know, she might really end up meeting the demon god by following the demon kings she seen so far.

“Where are we going?”

“The capital.”

“The capital?”

The capital. A place where the Emperor of the empire, as well as assorted nobles resided. As well as...

“Isn’t that where the Pope lives?”

Aya stared at the demon king as if everything coming out of the demon king’s mouth had turned to gibberish.

“That’s why I’m going. In my case, well, I’ve got no real strength, so I’m the best at hiding out of all the demon kings by a long shot. Plus, if it’s where the Pope lives, then other demon kings can’t easily approach either.”

There were twenty thousand soldiers and two squadrons of mage corps protecting the Emperor in the capital. Plus, the holy attribute magic that the Paladins and Priests, which protected the pope, used could be nothing but anathema to demons.

“Well, if we get caught, we can always run away.”

“Having that said... Do you have the money?”

The capital is expensive. Commodities are expensive, houses are expensive. As such, nearly everyone that lived in the capital were either rich or beggars and thieves.

“Money... Is something we don't have. But, we can earn it.”

“How?”

Yuria tilted her head.

“Over there.”

The demon king smirked and pointed at something with his finger. Yuria, naturally, followed that finger to what it was pointing at.

“Eh, eh?”

The direction the finger was pointed , where Aya was sitting. She looked around before eventually pointing at herself.

“You, you mean?”

The moment the demon king nodded, Yuria's face broke out in a sinister smile, and Aya blanched.

Shortly afterwards.

“Somebody help me!”

Behind a borderline-hysterical Aya, a blue sword ki erupted.

“Surrender peacefully!”

Aya, who only barely dodged the sword ki, came face to face with dark magic, in the form a dark hand that revealed itself.

“You too!”

“Fufufu, become the sacrifice for our love nest!”

The demon king raid had started.

Chapter 6 : What's Going On? We're Here To Capture A Demon King

Chapter 6-1 : What's Going On? We're Here To Capture A Demon King

“Will this be alright?”

“We bought a fairly expensive one, after all.”

After the demon raid, Yuria and the demon king had systematically looted everything of value from a certain someone, and using those, calmly purchased a house in the capital which was slightly too big for the two of them alone.

“Do you think she's alright? She looked really angry.”

Yuria was thinking about Aya, who had fled to the demon world yelling, “I'll get my revenge! Even if I have to sell my soul to the devil!” but the demon king made a flippant gesture with his free hand.

“She's a demon herself, what kind of devil would she sell her soul to? And she has at least that much jewels of her own back at her place as well.”

Even if she had that much, it was not alright.

Aya's (looted) collection had included priceless antiques made by the best of the best craftsmen, objects that were hard to get by no matter how much money you had. But the demon king that had

spent all his life behind a desk had no idea of knowing, nor Yuria who had spent all her life roaming around the wilds.

“Having said that... We even have our own honeymoon house, so now let's have an intense-”

“Yes, an intense... fight to death.”

The brightly smiling Yuria aimed a fist at the demon king.

Knock knock.

“Who's there?”

The demon king, who wanted to avoid being a panda again, very quickly answered and, poking out her tongue in annoyance, Yuria lowered her fist.

“The Pope's summons for Yuria Ashrien.”

“H, how?”

Yuria bit her lip. They'd been found out already.

‘Calm down. It's going to be alright.’

Calming herself down, Yuria faced the unopened door and asked,

“What’s the matter?”

The voice on the other side answered in a matter-of-fact way,

“We’re here to catch a demon king.”

Their very first day in the capital, and crisis had found them already.

A white carriage pulled by two white horses rolled down the street.

Inside, Yuria asked the man beside her curtly,

“So now what?”

The demon king, who was also riding the the Pope’s carriage, shrugged his shoulders and said,

“Well... it’ll resolve itself somehow.”

“Liar! In that case, there’s no way you would have come so meekly!”

Just before, Yuria had been about to draw her sword at the news that they were here to catch the demon king, but the demon king himself had grabbed her shoulder and said that he would go to the Pope's castle himself. Presently, they had nearly arrived.

“Well... If there is justice in this land, then my innocence-”

“And if there is no justice?”

“Run away.”

Yuria agonized over her choices.

<‘Should I just kill him now?’>

“Should I just kill him now?”

“Hang on, your thoughts are leaking?”

“In that case, to carry it out-”

“We have arrived.”

“Tch.”

At the coachman's words, Yuria clicked her tongue, as if she was regretting something. Looking at this, the demon king broke out

into another cold sweat.

“The Pope has been expecting you.”

Another man from a different carriage led the way, leading six paladins.

“Shall we go?”

“Haaaaaa... Ah, whatever.”

Looking at the demon king who was all smiles, Yuria sighed and followed him.

‘Twenty hidden by the gates alone...’

Sensing the presences of people hidden all around her, Yuria bit her lip.

Chapter 6-2 : What's Going On? We're Here To Capture A Demon King

Previously on Demon King & Hero:

‘Twenty hidden by the gates alone...’

Sensing hidden presences all around her, Yuria bit her lip.

“What are you doing? Let’s go.”

But, whether the demon king knew what Yuria was thinking or not, he continued to confidently stride towards, what could be his, death.

“Welcome to the Pope’s estate, Hero of the Azure Flames and Demon King of Greed.”

“Your Holiness...”

Yuria was about to say something when,

“That’s the Pope?”

“You impertinent!”

“How dare he, a demon!”

An existence that not even the Emperor of the empire could handle roughly; that was the Pope. But as if they were equals, the demon king was casually striding towards him and instantly he was surrounded by paladins on all sides.

“Oi, what are you?!”

“Leave him.”

At the demon king’s provocative actions, Yuria hurried to stop him, but before she could, the Pope held up a hand and stopped the paladins.

“Your Holiness!”

“You shouldn’t! That’s an evil demon king-”

“Did I not say to leave him!”

Thp. Thp. Thp. (Shoes on marble SFX)

As everyone else in the room waited with abated breath, all that could be heard were the demon king’s footsteps.

Thp. Thp. Thp.

The demon king was now only a metre away from the Pope.

As Yuria and the knights watched with their breaths held.

What happened then was the first of it's kind since the Chief God created the world.

(Yuria's POV)

“What's he doing...”

He was walking way too boldly. The opposition was someone not even the Emperor could do something about. No, in times of emergency, the Pope would have more authority than the emperor. Plus, there were at least fifty paladins keeping watch around him. And these were just the visible ones, let alone the hidden soldiers.

‘Is he picking a fight?’

His expression was one of utmost confidence.

That's it. No matter that this is the capital, the man in front of her was a demon king. The authority of a demon king outstripped all other magics, and even a paladin blessed by the gods would find it hard to match him.

Gulp.

‘Wh, whose side do I stand on?’

She had already gambled on the Scales of the Chief God and lost, and as such, she could be seen as a property of the demon king.

But, the other side was the Pope.

Her household, which only now had a glimmer of a chance of revival, could be completely eradicated with a single command from him.

Hurriedly swallowing the saliva cloying her mouth, she continued to watch the two.

‘H, he stopped.’

He was now only a metre away from the Pope.

And then the demon king did it.

Fwump.

“From today onwards, I offer myself as a servant to the Goddess of Love and Benevolence, Sermir.”

The room echoed with silence.

‘I, I must have heard wrong, didn’t I?’

Yuria rubbed her eyes.

‘Ah, I must have been too tense. If I open my eyes now...’

“Sermir would not forsake those who seek her.”

And in front of Yuria’s eyes was the sight of the kindly smiling Pope blessing the demon king.

Chapter 6-3 : What's Going On? We're Here To Capture A Demon King

Demon kings.

Evil incarnate.

The strongest demons that could come down to the human world.

According to legends, they were formed from the human seven deadly sins, such as greed, envy, gluttony.

And of those, the one bearing the fearful name of Greed...

“May the blessings of Sermia of Love and Benevolence be with you, always.”

Was currently being baptized by the Pope.

“This is...”

The submissive demon king, or the Pope that was accepting this, none of this which could be understood by the Yuria and paladins group. They could only stare blankly as the proceedings unfolded.

‘Blessings actually do work on demon kings as well...’

Looking on at the demon king's body pulsing with a faint light, Yuria continued to be at a loss for words.

“Ho ho... Live a clean life from here on, demon king.”

“Even if I look like this, I've lived a clean life so far. I haven't committed any crimes yet.”

“Is that so? Ho ho, then this old man has made a mistake.”

“Well, it's a mistake anyone could make?”

“Ho ho ho!”

“Ha ha ha!”

‘Wha, what is this atmosphere...’

The Pope and the Demon King.

Two existences, which when put together, would be expected to soak the land with each other's blood. But looking at the two laughing like this, Yuria felt that there was nothing left that could surprise her anymore.

Well, although that assumption would be shattered next chapter.

“What’s this chill...”

Meanwhile.

A place that was not the human world.

A place that was both the heavenly realm and the demon world at the same time.

Yet an odd place that was simultaneously neither the heavens or the demon world.

At that place, a woman was stretched out on a sofa with her eyes closed.

“Hmmmm~”

Letting out a pleased hum, various images floated through her mind.

[Aaaaarrgh! Th, there’s too much to handle!] [Where’s the demon king! Leaving rank aside, fight me!]

The chaos of the Department of Internal Affairs.

[I told you. Even that smart demon king would run off one day.]

{Haaa... And we got overtime because of that.}

Or the soldiers tasked to look for the demon king.

“That Greed’s in the human world anyway.”

No matter how much the demon realm fell into chaos, she didn’t care. No matter where he ran, he still had her blessing.

A being that ruled over all demons.

The god of all things demonic, she looked at those struggling figures and laughed.

Then.

[From today onwards, I offer myself as a servant to the Goddess of love and benevolence, Sermir.]

“Eh?”

Her head tilted for a bit.

“What was that?”

At Greed's new position of servitude, she felt like she had heard the shocking news that the goddess of light Raelle was actually her sister.

“Oh wait, that's right. We are siblings.”

They could be described as such. They were the first two gods that the Chief God Sermia had created, after all.

[Sermir would not forsake those who seek her.]

“Ha?”

And then she saw an image of a human, imbued to the brim with a god's blessing, baptizing the demon king.

“What's this?”

This conversion that hadn't occurred even once since the creation of the world, the demon god couldn't understand.

Plus.

“Eh? My blessing vanished?”

She felt her blessing that she'd placed on the demon king of Greed, the sole demon currently in the demon world, disappear.

“...Really?”

Serving her was one demon emperor and seven demon kings.

And under Raelle, goddess of light, there was one heavenly emperor and seven heavenly kings.

The seven heavenly kings were called gods in the human world.

Ergo, in terms of rank, demon kings and human gods were equal.

However.

“Not even Raelle, but under that brat Sermir?”

The demon god’s beautiful face contorted.

“Fufufu... Alright then, it’s on!”

For the first time since the creation of the world, the demon god prepared to head out for the human world.

Chapter 6-4 : What's Going On? We're Here To Capture A Demon King

And somewhere else:

“Hmmmm~”

A woman draped in a white robe was quietly sipping her tea. And before her, a graceful maiden approached.

“Ah~ Sermir. What happens to be the reason for your visit?”

At those words, Sermir, Heavenly King of Love, as well as the human Goddess of Love and Benevolence opened her mouth and reported,

“Umm... it's about my religion...”

“Hm? Ah, boasting about your believers again?”

“No... How should I put it...”

Occasionally, Sermir would come over to boast about some of her kindest followers, and having mistaken this visit for that purpose, Raelle, goddess of light, tilted her head.

“Is there a problem?”

“Th... That’s... A demon king’s converted to my faith...”

“What’d you just say, you retard?”

An insult spontaneously spouted from the mouth of the Goddess of Light, Raelle.

“Eh?”

“Does that make even a shred of sense?”

“Eh? Th, that’s...”

“Do you even think? You’d imagine that I was siblings with that brat, Nielle... Oh, wait, we were siblings.”

Having ridden the exact same train of thought as the demon god, Raelle turned back to glare at Sermir.

“Anyways! No matter how better you are than the others, a demon king! Who on earth would buy that!”

“N, no... It’s not a lie...”

“Hmph! And even if it was true, do you think Nielle wouldn’t notice? Knowing that brat, she’d head straight for the human

world... eh?"

Her mouth closed suddenly.

"Hey."

"Yes?"

"Is... that true?"

"Wh, what is..."

"About the demon king converting to you!"

"Y, yes it's true..."

Looking on to the mumbling Sermir, Raelle grit her teeth.

"Urrrghhhh.... And the demon god jumps to the human world just for that!"

"Eh, eh?"

"Nielle! She's headed for the human world right now!"

Demons, Angels, Mystical Beasts, Spirits.

Each had their own ranks in their respective elements, and of those ranks, a king was the highest that could jump to the human world.

Ranks such as a demon emperor, if not for cataclysmic events similar to wars between dimensions, wouldn't move at all, and it was the gods' role to maintain those dimensions.

Because of that, no matter how much they were nerfed in the jump to the human world, there would be no way humans would be able to stop them. No, it would be more accurate to say that that very dimension would be in danger.

“H, how...”

“What do you mean, how! If this goes on, this would become the Third Heaven/Demon War!”

Abandoning her elegant appearance, Raelle stomped on the floor with a ‘thud’ and rose.

“Everyone gather around! Prepare for war!”

“Ra, Raelle...”

“I’m off to the human world!”

That day, since the creation of the universe.

For the first time, a demon king entered a covenant with a god.

For the first time, the Demon God invaded the human realm.

For the first time, the God of Light invaded the human realm.

End of Chapter 6

Author's Note:

The human world right on the cusp of utter pandemonium.

Quick breakdown on the ranks of the deities:

Demon God(dess) (Nielle) -> Demon Emperor -> 7 Demon Kings
(incl. Greed)

God(dess) of Light (Raelle) -> Heavenly Emperor -> 7 Heavenly
Kings (incl. Sermir)

Chief God (Sermia) -> Nielle & Raelle -> as explained above

Chapter 7 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

Chapter 7-1 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

“ ... ”

Yuria was still confused.

If the demon king had fought the Pope, she wouldn't be this confused.

If the demon king had turned the capital into cinders, she wouldn't be this confused.

If the demon king had declared all of humanity his enemy and declared war, she still wouldn't be as confused as she was now.

And.

“Ho ho, to think that I would be the first guest of the honeymoon house of the greatest hero in the continent and the greatest demon king of the demon world, it's an honour.”

“No, no, it's an honour for us to be able to receive Your Holiness' blessing.”

If the demon king and the Pope weren't sitting and laughing together in the same carriage, she wouldn't be anywhere near as confused as she was now.

‘What on..? Maybe, when I first invaded the demon king’s house, I was hit by a mental attack? Or this is some random dream? If I wake up right now, I’ll be in my own bed in my family’s house?’

It would be great if it was true, but unfortunately, Yuria’s imagination wasn’t good enough to be able to conjure up a scenario as completely and utterly outrageous as this.

As her emotions kept on churning within her, she lifted her head, which she had kept lowered all this time.

“Hahaha, to get such a beauty, you must have some sick skills!”

“I do my best! Having said that, I heard that Your Holiness was quite the popular man back in the day?”

“Hohoho!”

“Hahaha!”

Listening to this conversation, Yuria’s killing intent erupted.

‘Should I just kill them both?’

“Hup...”

“Huk...”

At the sudden bloodthirst, both men flinched.

“We have arrived.”

“Tch.”

“Whew...”

“Whew...”

But very luckily, the carriage arrived with excellent timing, and thanks to that, the two men could prolong their lives.

‘Yeah... There can’t be anything else to be surprised about? Yep. That’s all.’

She had just gotten a grip on her emotions and unlocked the door when.

“Huh?”

She had definitely not sensed the presence of anyone.

No matter how lost in thoughts she were, she was still a swordsmaster.

Her being able to notice the presences of even veteran assassins, the fact she couldn't even detect a single hint of their presence meant that her opponent was even more skilled than she was!

‘But... tea?’

The intruders were three women.

With beauty comparable to the woman who brought upon the downfall of a country, no, these three women had such grace and elegance, that even if the continent were to fall into ruin, men would still seek to make them theirs.

Two women were glaring at each other, while the other one was quivering and pouring tea into their cups.

‘Who are they?’

Just as she was thinking this, the demon king and Pope pushed past her and knelt in front of the table the women were sitting at.

“This humble servant looks upon the Goddess of Love and Benevolence, Sermir, and her mother Raelle the Goddess of Light.”

“This humble servant looks upon the Goddess of Love and Benevolence, Sermir, and the ruler of all things demonic, Demon Goddess, Nielle.”

“...”

1 second.

Yuria.exe has stopped working.

2 seconds.

“You wanna die?”

“You wanna die?”

The responses from the two elegantly positioned goddesses.

3 seconds.

“Eh?”

Yuria rebooted herself and finally took stock of what had been said up till now.

4 seconds.

Yuria’s eyes took in the three women, no, goddesses.

5 seconds.

“EEEEEEHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH?”

That was how long it took for Yuria’s scream to make its presence known.

Author’s Note:

Trolling of our heroine Yuria at its finest.

Chapter 7-2 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

(Note: This chapter takes place a short while before the events of 7-1)

“Grrr... Now, how do I find them?”

The Demon God, who had actually arrived in the human world, grit her teeth while looking out over the plains of the wasteland.

Normally, she had information to do with anything and everything relating to demon kind, from the lowest minion to the demon emperor. But when the Demon King abandoned her blessing and accepted one from another god, she could no longer track him.

“Of all the countless years I’ve been a god, something as ridiculous as this, is a first...”

Thinking about that Demon King, an endless rage surged through her again, but her anger quickly turned to curiosity.

“Playing around with a hero, does [things like this happen](#) when heros meet demon kings?”

Yep. Note: % of romance seems higher with demon kings/lords of economy.

Thousands? Tens of thousands?

She couldn't even remember how long she'd lived.

The only really special thing that had happened in her life was the Heaven-Demon wars after all. But even among the multiple wars, she had never been shocked to the extent she was now.

“It was the capital of some empire... Urgh...”

Because she could see anyone with her blessing, the times where she remembered something exactly was rare.

It was then.

“Oi, you crazy bitch!”

With a flash of light, the Goddess of Light, Raelle, appeared and started yelling at her.

“Hmph. I knew you'd show up if I did.”

Looking on her enraged counterpart, the demon goddess simply made a neutral expression as if nothing was wrong at all.

“Are you insane? The Demon God coming over to the human world?”

Just as Raelle spat those words out, from another light identical to the one she had come out of herself, the Sermir, Goddess of Love and Benevolence, appeared.

“Perfect timing!”

The Demon God, who cared not one whit about Raelle’s words, rushed over upon seeing Sermir appear.

“Oh, hello-kyak!”

Our innocent Sermir politely greeted the Demon God, knowing she was of a superior rank... And the Demon God promptly grabbed her head and shook her about.

“This bitch! You dare lay a hand on my demon king!”

“Kyak! It hurts, it hurts!”

It looked like just a catfight with one side being shaken around by the hair, but it was important to note that one of those involved was the Demon God.

“Oi, what are you doing to my daughter!”

“Daughter! If that’s how you want it, then your daughter was the one that wagged her tail at my son!”

Looking on at Sermir taking a beating, Raelle also grabbed a fistful of the Demon God's hair, and at that, the demon god let go of Sermir to concentrate on the new foe and grabbed Raelle's hair in turn.

“Let go!”

“Says the one that grabbed first!”

“Iiieet?!”

“Fight me!”

As the two highest goddesses in this world began their incredible combat(?) Sermir managed to speak, holding onto her still-hurting head.

“Um, um,”

“Shut up! I need to trample this thing first!”

“Hmph! It's your funeral!”

And then, Sermir saw.

The incredible shockwaves emanating from the two goddesses' fight.

And the world about to be destroyed.

And the Chief God descending.

= = =

Masculine, yet feminine.

Childlike, but also mature.

Noble, yet plain.

Looking on the Chief God's figure, Sermir marvelled.

'Tha, that's the Chief God!'

And when the Chief God opened his mouth, Sermir understood.

"You wanna die?"

Just where the two sisters' disgusting personalities came from.

"No."

“Sorry...”

Looking at the two goddesses forced to sit in seiza under the incredible force exerted by the Chief God, Sermir couldn't help but think,

‘This world... Is it alright like this?’

Having heard the reason why the two were fighting, the Chief God also thought,

“What is this, this hilarious setting?”

The Demon King had entered a covenant. Furthermore, not even to the Goddess of Light, but her daughter.

“Isn't this too much! A demon king is my direct follower as well as someone like my own son! But, that little vixen stole him away!!!”

“Hauuuuuu....”

At the Demon God's rage-filled glare, Sermir could do nothing but shut her mouth and make a face like she was about to cry.

“Don't you dare act cute!”

But apparently, even that pitiful position was one liable to incite the Demon God's wrath.

“Yeah, that's pathetic!”

“Sob...”

Sermir was genuinely sad. Sure, she understood why the Demon God would be mad, but to think that the Goddess of Light, Raelle, who called her a daughter, would also be angry!

“Sob... Lady Raelle... Lady Raelle too... If you're a mother, you should help your daughter!”

At Sermir's words, Raelle averted her gaze ever so slightly and muttered,

“Don't call me mother...”

“Why?!”

“I'm not your mother...”

“You are! You told me to call you ‘mother’ yourself!”

“No, you're... Slightly awkward. More mature than me.”

“Hnnnnng!”

Looking on Sermir who was about to cry and Raelle who was trying to avoid her, the Chief God thought,

‘Just how did the gods become such a [bean flour family](#)?’

Korean phrase ‘bean powder family’ which roughly means a completely messed up/broken family. It’s hard to crumple powder up into a ball, so it refers to a family that can’t be in harmony. (NAVER)

The most senior god, according to the geneology, said he couldn’t understand where this bean flour had come from and clicked his tongue.

“Anyways. Don’t you just have to follow that demon king?”

“But my blessing’s been undone so I can’t find him!”

“In that case, wouldn’t that child know?”

Looking at Sermir, who the Chief God had pointed at, the Demon God yelled,

“Find them right now!”

The end result.

“EEEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH?”

Yuria’s mental collapse had begun.

Chapter 7-3 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

“Wh-wh-what are you on about!”

At Yuria's shocked words, the Demon King candidly replied,

“But the Chief God aside, they're the two greatest beings, wouldn't it be right to show them respect?”

“This here is our goddess. She's still the Goddess our empire believes in, so wouldn't it be right to show her due respect?”

Yuria was dumbfounded. The Demon King, sure, since he did this all the time, but was this sly old man really the overbearing Pope that had given her the order to capture the demon king at the very beginning? Maybe, just maybe, when he and the demon king were together, some other group had replaced him with a fake substitute? Was what she was thinking, when Sermir, who had been pouring tea, showed a bitter smile and said,

“Unfortunately, that is the Pope who has the responsibility for conveying my words to the humans.”

“Ho ho, unfortunately, what a choice of words! To I, the Goddess' loyal servant!”

“What, you mean you're the one that laid on that blessing?”

With instantaneous killing intent the Demon God glared at the Pope. But, his response was swift and effective.

“Everything is according to the goddess.”

As he brought his two hands together and mumbled in a reverent voice, the Demon God’s bloodthirst turned to Sermir.

“Hwiiiiing...” (Whining SFX)

Facing that gaze, Sermir could only turn to the Pope with a resentful look, only for him to avoid her gaze.

‘H, he sold her out?’

Yuria could feel her mentality crumbling even further. But, her trials were nowhere near over.

“Ho, and you’d be the one who charmed my Demon King?”

“Eh, eh?”

The Demon God’s frigid gaze turned from Sermir to Yuria, and she shivered a little in the face of her killing intent. Trying to appease her, the Demon King said,

“Hm, hm... She’s my wife.”

“So, it was you!”

Nope, scratch that. Just pouring oil onto the flames.

“Wh, who’s your wife!”

“We bought this love nest together!”

“Wha, what love nest!”

“So, the hero is a tsundere...”

“What do you mean, tsundere!”

“Going all tsuntsun... Then again, normally being tsuntsun, makes the deredere even cuter.”

“I have no idea what you’re sayiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnnnnnnnngg!”

Looking on at those two, Raelle muttered to the Demon God,

“What’s with that Demon King... he’s scary somehow...”

“I dunno, but same here.”

Normally, by now Yuria would have long since pulled out her sword and gone berserk, but in the face of a God, let alone superior gods who could even annihilate other gods, all her titles of ‘best warrior in the empire,’ ‘genius of the sword’ were all meaningless.

“We more or less get it. So, hero girl. What did you do to attract my Demon King.”

Having finally ceased the seemingly endless argument, with a cold smile, she sipped the tea that Sermir had poured.

“Ow hot! Oi, I told you I wanted mine cold!”

The Demon God that could annihilate the human world released her power through the house, for no other reason than the tea was hot, not cold.

“Ah, s, sorry...”

“Hey, hold on a second...”

Raelle leered at the Demon God with a chilling expression.

‘Ah, Lady Raelle! As expected, my mother is on my side?’

Sermir trusted her parent.

“I’m pretty sure I wanted mine cold as well?”

But, those expectations were shattered instantly.

“Don’t you think that’s enough, Demon God?”

But the one that rose to quell the Demon God’s rage was no other than the Demon King.

“Ho, so just because you entered her covenant, you’re on her side now?”

Sermir held hope. He did enter a covenant, so surely the Demon King would side with her.

“Eh, no, I don’t care whether you shit on Sermir or not, but we can’t have this house destroyed right now. After all, it’s only been a day since we moved in.”

But unsurprisingly, Sermir was the local punching bag.

“Hweeeee...”

‘...Poor Goddess...’

Looking at Sermir, Yuria sighed.

Sold out by the Pope, abandoned by the Demon King in her covenant, now shat on by the creator Goddess of Light. Was there someone more pitiful than her?

‘Wait a second, there is, isn’t there?’

Now that she thought about it, there was. And that person was no other than herself.

Sworn on the wrong end of the Scales of the Chief God, and dragged(?) along by the Demon King ever since, fought against evil organizations, fought a major battle(?) with the Demon King of Charm, dragged along to the Pope and now she was stuck in the middle of a fight between Gods.

‘Th, this is all the Demon King’s fault!’

“Eh?”

When Yuria stared at the Demon King with eyes loaded with several emotions, the Demon King avoided her gaze ever so slightly.

“Lookee here, now they can communicate with their eyes alone?”

The Demon God that could make ice cubes float in a hot cup of tea with a glance reaimed her glare at their original target, the hero.

“Hiiiiing... Even knowing that she can make it cold herself...”

Let’s ignore a certain goddess’ mutterings.

“Wha, it feels like even the world’s will is ignoring me!”

You’ve already had enough screentime. Sorry.

“Hero girl. Why did you wag your tail at my demon king and make him enter a covenant with that useless Goddess!”

“I, I’m not useless! I’m still the one the Empire believes in!”

“That’s true. She’s not useless.”

And the Pope put out a helping hand to Sermir.

‘A, as expected of my first servant!’

“But, she’s poor.”

“Sob...”

Sermir thought this. There truly was no one you could trust in the world.

“Hm hm... Sorry. Let me amend that. Why did you wag your tail at my demon king and make him enter a covenant with that poor Goddess!”

“We, well to begin with, I’m actually the inferior in this relationship...”

Yuria explained about how she had lost her bet with the Demon King, and was tied to him with a contract sworn on the Scales of the Chief God.

And the Demon God’s reaction was simple.

“Then break it!”

“Something sworn on the Scales can’t be broken even if it’s by the name of the two goddesses...”

Yuria frowned. The Scales of the Chief God was a relic of the Creator. An unbreakable promise.

“The Scales of the Chief God, a relic of the Creator, an unbreakable promise? Hmph, do you think Dad’s got the time for that? Scales of the Chief God? Don’t give me that! Sure, Dad did make them, but he said he couldn’t be bothered maintaining them, so he gave us the authority to deal with it? So break it! I don’t even care if you do! I’m not going to punish you!”

At the Demon god's words, Sermir exchanged eye contact with Raelle.

‘It's a lie, isn't it? Surely the Chief God wouldn't be so...’

‘You know the truth. That our family is pure bean flour.’

Completely shocked, Sermir faced Raelle.

‘T, to think that mother's family was such a mess...’

‘Oi, it's your family as well.’

With an expression of complete despair, Sermir's body shivered, clutching the table.

“To think that I was a person, no, a goddess of such a family...”

At those words, even the Demon King looked as if he couldn't believe it.

“Really?”

“Hmph. Have you ever seen me scam someone?”

At the Demon God's words, the Demon King nodded.

She was, as per her title, the god of all things demonic and a goddess of tyrannical force. She did not lie. If she wanted something, she would just beat someone up and take it.

“...Then really?”

With a somewhat hesitant expression, Yuria faced the Demon God.

“How about it, do you want me to break it for you?”

The Demon God looked at Yuria with a seductive smile.

‘What should I do...’

To put it nicely, she was under contract, but to put it bluntly, she was no more than the demon king’s minion. That was what she had thought at first.

‘Then, why am I hesitating?’

But, now she didn’t know. Why she still had doubts left in her heart. Pouting, Yuria made an expression as if she was agonizing over a decision.

‘I hadn’t expected this...’

And looking on at Yuria, the Demon King scowled and faced the Demon God.

‘Do you really have to wreck someone else’s relationship?’

‘Who told you to quit being a Demon King and form a covenant with that bitch so you could play with that hero? You wanna die?’

Towards that Demon King, the Demon God let out an aura of rage.

‘Although it feels a bit early for this...’

Although he didn’t have the initiative at present, if he let this go on, he was risking the possibility of having his woman stolen away. Rising from his kneeling posture, with confident steps, he approached the Demon God.

“Why, you mad? Is something the matter?”

Grinning, the Demon God loosened her fist.

Alright then. The current assumptions seem to be holding. In that case.

“Lady Demon God, shall we make a trade?”

The Demon King offered negotiations with the Demon God.

Chapter 7-4 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

The Demon King had thought from the start.

As long as he had the Demon God's blessing, there was no way he could ever defeat her.

Receiving a blessing meant that he would obtain strength and power, but at the same time, he would become the God's subordinate.

A subordinate whose mind could be read and location known at any time.

So the Demon King had used Sermir as the sacrifice, obtained her blessing and discarded the Demon God's.

“Wha, what do you mean, sacrifice!”

Naturally, having read that thought, Sermir looked at the Demon King, about to cry yet again.

“Ah, sorry. Tribute.”

“Waaaaaaahh!”

As Sermir finally let the waterworks flow, Raelle, who wasn't the most pleased with the Demon King to begin with, scowled and

shouted,

“Don’t make my daughter cry!”

“M, mom...”

Yes, no matter what happens, Mom’s the best! Was what she thought.

“Do you know how annoying it is when she’s whining!”

Well, although this was a result everyone but, Sermir, had expected.

“A trade...”

Feeling a fresh wave of irritation, she stared evenly at the Demon King.

“Greed, you’re amazing, you know that? Wow, in my entire divine life, all my most interesting things have all happened recently. A demon king quits and runs off to play house with a hero, to not even Raelle, but a God of the same status, and now making deal with the Demon God... You really know how to get on people’s nerves.”

“Although I’ll admit to playing around, but the reason why I quit being a Demon King is different. You know, don’t you? That office

hell. After being summoned to the human world, I started to regret living that life.”

Even in the face of the Demon God’s oppressive killing intent, the Demon King only smiled.

“Well, the covenant I can assume was to prevent me from reading your mind... Well, I’ll, at least, listen. But, prepare yourself... It better be good.”

In that brief instant, even though everyone else flinched at the bloodthirst the Demon God emitted, the Demon King still only smiled.

“Ho, you’re that confident, is that it? Very well, what do you want?”

“Hmm... Letting Demon King start a family as they want? And for once, actually following labour laws?”

“If you want a deal, you need something to bargain with? What are you offering?”

As the Demon God smirked with a corner of her mouth curling up, the Demon King likewise showed a similar smirk on his own face.

“The terms... shall I offer you the Demon World?”

In an instant, the smile on the Demon God's face vanished.

Chapter 7-5 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

-The Demon King's selling off the Demon World!

In that instant, the Goddess of Light, the pushover Goddess, the Pope and the hero all had the same thought.

“What do you mean a pushoverrrr!”

Someone raged for a second there, but let's ignore that.

“The Demon World... The Demon World...”

The Demon God's face was also contorted in an odd expression.

“How about it? This much seems big enough for negotiations, isn't it?”

As the Demon King smiled brightly, the Demon God eyeballed him with a gaze of pure anger.

“Yes... Although it is sufficient... The Demon World... Coming from a demon king that threw it aside?”

The Demon God was angry. The Demon World was her territory, a part of her.

Keeping the balance of the dimension the Demon World resided in, and fighting off the heavens to expand its territory, that was all she had done in her entire godly life.

But this Demon King, dared! And not even that, one that formed a covenant with that blasted Goddess of Light's pushover daughter, he dared to put the Demon World on the negotiating table!

"I'm not a pushover goddess!"

It seemed like a heartfelt cry was heard from somewhere but of course, everyone ignored it.

"Hmm... Before I quit, I was a Demon King that governed the Demon World."

"Rather than govern, weren't you more of an office worker pushing pencils and paper?"

At those words, the Demon King smirked.

"The human world has this saying. You govern, but do not rule."

"Is that so?"

So what? Was the message written out on the Demon God's face, but the Demon King's face only curved in a sinister smile befitting

the Demon King that he was.

“But the Demon World is the other way round. You rule, but don’t govern. That’s exactly you, isn’t it, Demon God?”

“Hmmmm~ Well, that’s right.”

“But as you said before, not even gods can create something out of nothing.”

“Well, even we have our own rules to foll... You don’t mean?!”

“Ah, Ahhh!”

As the Demon God’s expression crumpled, at the same time, Sermir’s eyes widened, having just read the Demon King’s mind.

“Yep, that’s right. Maybe about a month from now? After that...”

The Demon God’s face contorted at Sermir’s horrified expressions. The Demon King looked at these with a smile fitting of his good looks, but to those whom it was aimed at, it was the face of pure evil.

“The Demon World’s finances would collapse.”

Govern, not rule.

Lead the people to create a better environment, but do not rule over them. A scholar's words of an ideal monarchy. However, the Demon World was the complete opposite.

The demon kings rule over the demons, but they do not govern.

And by the strength supremacy ideology that the demons followed, this was their ideal environment.

But for gods, that meaning becomes slightly different.

They rule over their servants, but they cannot help them directly.

For example, in the case of heroes, gods can give them their blessings, but that doesn't mean that they will always emerge superior over evil.

That was why they started off from weak minions and gradually worked their way up to the final boss.

God's blessings and providence or not, there would simply be no way they would be able to beat the final boss at level one.

When it came to those that managed dimensions, the restrictions

became even more severe. Because of that, the Demon God could only employ her subordinates, the Demon Emperor and the Demon Kings, and direct them to rule the Demon World as she wanted.

“But, it looks like I’ve been stabbed right in the back?”

She couldn’t read his thoughts, but the demon God knew very well that the Demon King’s words were not a bluff.

“No wonder. Even though Internal Affairs was in a state of emergency when you were gone, the Demon World went far too smoothly for these past few months.”

“But, that has it’s limits.”

“Was this planned as well?”

At the Demon God’s words, the Demon King tilted his head slightly.

“I told you. The humans summoned me. Well, in a nutshell, forced AWOL? The current system was made in case I collapsed from overwork. Of course, it would have its breaking point.”

Even the Demon World has the concept of currency. There were the odd demons that would rob someone in a back alley somewhere, but demons were intelligent beings as well, so there was more than ample economic activity generated in the Demon World.

“Hmmm... Say I was to refuse your offer?”

“Then, the current Demon World might return to primitive times?”

The Primitive Demon World.

The age where they suffered the most from the heavenly beings, where the concept of currency didn't exist, and everything was settled by strength. Because of that, the demons had to struggle ferociously for their very existence, and the heavenly beings could comfortably pick off the destabilized demons.

“Oh, that sounds pretty good?”

At those words, Raelle smirked and the Demon God's expression turned rotten.

Let it be said again, these two were siblings. But their relationship was disgustingly bad, and the superior of the two would receive the title of unni, and the Demon God who was being continually pressured by Raelle at the time was forced to call her unni, and that age was the Demon God's most disgraceful period of her history.

She actually even did the study of the human world she never did and created the concept of currency!

“So how about it, do we have a deal?”

Even in the face of the Demon God’s rotten expression, the Demon King only smiled and was grinding salt into the Demon God’s wounds.

‘Ahhh... Just what was I thinking when I made this pipsqueak into a demon king...’

This was bullshit. She just stuck on the mark of a demon king on some random out of sheer laziness, but to think that demon king would run away from home and now threatening her!”

“Grrrrr...”

“Fufufu...”

As the Demon God ground her teeth, the Demon King made a face of victory, and leaked out an unpleasant smile.

“Deal...”

When the word ‘deal’ came from the Demon God’s mouth, the Demon King turned to the hero with a very satisfied smile.

‘How’s that, did I do good?’

‘I don’t think I’ll live to my natural lifespan because of you...’

Looking at the Demon King’s ‘praise me’ face, the hero could only sigh. But, the Demon King had forgotten something.

Just how unruly, how short-tempered the Demon God was. And that was shown through actions.

“Deal... Is to be nothing of the sort!”

Flipping table, the Demon God yelled, and everyone’s eyes widened.

“Wha, what did you say?”

“There will be nothing like a deal! What, negotiations! The finances of the Demon World will collapse? Return to the times of the Primeval Demon World?”

With an expression that screamed ‘no quarter,’ she yelled down to the Demon King.

“Well then, let it collapse! Let it return to primeval times! So I’m worse off? So what do I care!”

The Demon God raised a white, delicate finger and pointed it at the Demon King.

“I think it would be much more fun to abandon the Demon World and screw you over?”

Having issued a f*ck you twice over at the flustered Demon King, the Demon God let out a bleak, chilling smile.

‘What should I do?’

‘You’re asking me!’

The flustered Demon King looked at the hero but would she have a solution just because she’s a hero?

“Then, are you prepared?”

Looking at the smiling Demon God who was limbering up her hands, the Demon King started creeping away with an awkward smile.

“Uh, ‘scuse me? Lady Demon God, can we talk about this?”

“Very funny.”

“Do you really not care about the Demon World?”

“Yep. It’s mine anyway, so what’s the matter?”

“Thoughts on the necessity of maintaining the dimension as a god?”

“Feed it to the dogs.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

After a moment of silence, the Demon King grinned and shouted,

“O Hero, fell this god of evil!”

“Why are you calling me!”

“Ho... That reminds me, you were the cause of all this, weren't you?”

At the Demon King's one sentence, the shitstorm flew Yuria's way, and the gears in the unknowingly corrupted hero's head started rolling.

“Ou, our Goddess of Love and Benevolence! We have Sermir's blessings! You first need to face with Sermir's first servant of His Holiness the Pope!”

“Hey, hey! What are you doing!”

“True. Thinking about it, the one that sent that hero girl to the Demon King, the one who took my Demon King in... That was all your doing?!”

Having made the new target of the Demon God’s wrath in an instant, the Pope, startled, looked to Yuria, but the hero had already learned a lot of good(?) things. With an expression as if wondering just what was wrong, she looked to the Pope and only tilted her head.

“Everything happens according to the goddess! To get to me, you must first overcome Sermir!”

But the Pope wasn’t Pope for nothing! In an instant, he looked every bit the pious believer towards Sermir.

“Wha, what are you saying!”

Although it only meant the Demon God’s wrath had moved to Sermir.

“That’s right. You were the cause of all this evil, weren’t you?!”

“Hiii, Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!”

Being called the source of evil from the Goddess of Demons and Evil, Sermir looked to the Pope with eyes full of tears, but it was

useless.

“Eh, everything according to mother’s will! My mother beside me, the origin of light! As long as Raelle is here, things won’t go your way, Lady Demon God!”

“Eh?!”

Raelle had been leisurely watching the pandemonium, but receiving all the Demon God’s resentment in an instant, she turned to the cause, Sermir, in panic.

“Oi, did you sell out your mother?”

“My first servant betrayed me, my blessed hero betrayed me, the Demon King in a covenant with me betrayed me as well!”

“What’s that got to do with me!”

“Mom hasn’t sided with me even once today!”

Looking at Sermir’s resentful eyes, Raelle scowled a bit.

“You, you’ve grown?”

“Hmph, I’ve just gone through so much today.”

Sermir went back over the day's events.

The Demon King formed a covenant with her, she told that to Raelle and got scolded by the bucket, followed the Demon God over to the human world, met the Chief God and learned her family was pure bean flour, was abandoned by everyone, and finally passed over the Demon God's resentment to her mother.

"I... will no longer only be on the receiving end!"

Whether or not a goddess decided to turn over a new leaf in her life, the Demon God only turned her bloodthirsty smile towards Raelle.

"That's right. Which reminds me... We need to settle it out, don't we?"

At the Demon God's chilling laugh, the startled Raelle took a step back.

"Hey, watch your tone in front of your big sister?"

"Ah, one more reason. Since we're on a similar level now, I don't have to call you unni. Now, let's hear you call me unni from you now, shall we?"

At the Demon God's one step forward, Raelle took a step back.

“I, I’m a pacifist!”

Raelle and the Demon God’s strengths were about equal. That was what was known, but against the Demon God, Raelle was slightly weaker. In a straight 1v1...

“Eh?”

Raelle looked around at her surroundings.

One goddess, albeit a non-combatant. A demon king, albeit another non-combatant. Plus there was a Pope, and a combat specialist hero in the mix.

And everyone else read the message in those eyes, and thought,

‘Hang on a second... This is the human world?’

‘We have the Goddess of Light here?’

‘Those two are equal...’

‘So if we enter the fray as well’

[We can win this?!]

“Eh?”

Noticing the sudden change in the mood, the Demon God looked around.

“Wha, you lot... Wha, what are you doing!”

“Hehehehe... Once the big sister, always the big sister.”

“So you should have taken the offer when I offered nicely.”

“The Demon God put me under so much trouble! And I’m on the opposite side!”

“Well, it’s my duty as a hero...”

“To fight against evil, that is the role of the Pope.”

“Eh, Eh? Ahh!”

Feeling that something was definitely wrong, the Demon God broke out in a cold sweat and took a step backwards.

“Can we... talk about this?”

Looking at the Demon God’s innocent smile, everyone shouted.

[It's too late!]

Chapter 7-6 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

“Hmmff!”

The Demon God hurriedly ducked, and a blue sword arc swept over her head.

Normally, she would have just taken it while laughing, but at the moment of impact, a god's blessing had been bestowed upon it, allowing it to potentially do critical damage.

“Light Spear!”

“Ah, that bastard!”

But no sooner than she dodged, she was immediately thrown into a new dangerous situation by the Light Spear, and she glared at the Pope.

“What kind of old Pope is this strong!”

For someone selling out his god at his own leisure, he was stupidly strong. Each and every one of his attacks was also loaded with the Goddess' blessings.

“Do you have no pride! Giving that strength to this kind of man!”

At the Demon God's words, Sermir had a bitter expression.

“Unlike the Demon God, according the will of the Chief God, our power and abilities depend on the number of believers we have.”

“What’s that got to do with this!”

“I happen to be the most worshipped God among the humans... And he’s the Pope.”

“Well I know that you lot are the strongest among the gods! So why the hell is that old man so overpowered as well!”

Even at the continuous attacks, the Demon God felt as if she was about to go mad with curiosity. Sermir only had a forlorn expression as she explained.

“...It’s an automatic allocation! They automatically get part of my powers with proportional to their belief!”

“That fellow’s belief is that great?!”

“Hoho, My faith in Sermir is higher than the skies and more vast than the oceans.”

“...If he thinks that he has the capability to really believe it...”

The Demon God had heard this before, of people who are able to control even their own minds and beliefs at will.

“What, you mean to say this Pope is a fraudsteeerrrrrrrrrr!”

Whether the Demon God screamed or not, their attacks continued.

“That’s good! You’re doing great!”

“You fight as well!”

Having blocked a portion of the Demon God’s rage, Yuria yelled at the Demon King who was cheering from the backline.

“Oh ho, but still my old master! Although we now meet as enemies...”

“Bullshit! Whose fault do you think all this is!”

The Demon God yelled in her rage, but with an expression that said ‘is a dog barking somewhere?’ the Demon King only raised his right hand to pick his earhole.

“Grrrrrr...”

How did this happen. In the Demon World, he was still kinda cute, but how had he fallen so. The Demon God would never have been able to imagine that this was all due to overwork-related stress.

“Fufufu... Now become this unni’s cute little sister!”

“Yeah right!”

The Demon King, who was watching the Goddess of Light + Hero + Pope + Goddess vs Demon God fight, had an evil smile creeping across his face.

‘Now then...’

He had been unable to anticipate the Demon God’s decision to abandon the Demon World, but that was alright.

He was shocked, true, but there were still opportunities.

‘A little bit more... Just a little bit more!’

The Demon God, as expected was a Demon God.

She was still holding out against the combined attacks of the least battle-hardened but strongest Sermir, the fraudster Pope that could draw on Sermir’s power at will, and the combat specialist hero that would never fall short of the Pope.

‘But even she has her limits!’

If this had been the Demon World, no, even the heavens, then she wouldn't have even needed to fear the attacks of the hero and the Pope, but this was the human world.

No matter how much she was nerfed, she was the Demon God that could obliterate the human world, but because she was so strong, her power reduction was also massive. Because of that, even the Pope-leeches goddess could, although not critically, still deal damage!

Added to that, was the hero, Yuria's Sword Arts was testament to her willpower.

According to the ancient records, there were stories of knights fighting freely even with broken legs, by sheer force of willpower. A strength that was the pure manifestation of willpower, Yuria's sword ki infused Sword Arts could even inflict mental damage, and if a god's strength was stacked on top of that, even the legendary Demon God would suffer massive damage.

Although both the hero and the Pope were hesitating at first of attacking a god, having realized that their attacks were effective, they continually launched offensive after offensive, and because of that, the Demon God was gradually losing ground.

‘Just a bit more...’

Just a bit more. Then, the right timing would appear. With those thoughts, the Demon King shouted,

“Go my hero!”

“Who’s your hero!”

“Who else?”

Having only barely dodged one of the Demon God’s attacks with Sermir’s help, Yuria yelled, closing in near the Demon King.

“Hero.”

“What!”

Yuria snapped at the Demon King’s quiet reply, but to the Demon King’s next whispers, she, too, lowered her voice.

‘Take it easy.’

‘Now what?’

‘We’re...’

‘We’re?’

‘We’re sticking with the Demon God.’

‘Why? We’re winning right now.’

‘The enemy is the Demon God! One of the greatest gods in existence. She’s only like that right now because she feels like she can take it, but when she feels truly pissed off and starts rampaging, all of us will probably die except for the Goddess of Light?’

‘Isn’t your mind going to be completely read?’

‘Heh, even if it looks like this, Sermir and I are equals. This is all calculated, you know?’

‘This evil man...’

“Heh, you know that’s a compliment to a Demon King, right?”

Looking at the smirking Demon King’s face, Yuria sighed.

“To think that I’d be tangled up with this evil thing...”

But, Yuria didn’t notice. The evil smile on her own lips. Herself, that was already steeped in darkness.

Chapter 7-7 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

“Hah, hah, ha...”

“Fufufu, go on, call me big sister.”

“Shut up! Someone like you!”

The Demon God closed her eyes, spitting out those words with venom.

“After all, you called me big sister before, didn't you? Fufu... It'll be easier if you just give up.”

Grit.

Gnashing her teeth, the Demon God faced forward.

Of course, her target was the Demon King.

“You little brat! How much have I doted on you, how much have I protected you!”

The Demon King calmly replied,

“Indeed. You doted on me. You protected me. That's a matter of course. I worked that much, and you didn't even pay me?”

“That should be natural for a Demon King! You ruled with the powers of a demon king because of that!”

“Ruled, my ass! While the other demon kings were out having fun, I was the only one sitting in a corner of a room like a pain in the ass, sorting out the finances!”

“I gave you a massive living block, minions, free food and lodging! How about that!”

“That so called massive house I never had time to go in, and I never had time for food or sleep because I was working! Combine all the work the other demon kings do, see if they can even come close to mine!”

“Kuk... So this is what they mean when they say raising kids is a thankless effort...”

“Why are you playing heaven? We’re not a familial society like the heavens. Our society, one of distinctly stratified statuses, built on the bitterness of reality.”

“Then, accept your stratified position and get work!”

“I handed in my resignation so I don’t care!”

“I never received your resignation!”

“Now, now, enough with the comedy routine.”

Raelle, who had a smile that looked evil to whoever you asked, shouted

“Now return to your big sister’s embrace, Nielle!”

“Urgh...”

With a face of despair, the Demon God mumbled,

“I’m screwed...”

“You still have a chance...”

The Demon King muttered beside the Demon God.

“Chance?”

“How about it?”

“Betrayal!”

At the Demon King’s unexpected words, Raelle shouted in a panic, but the Demon King continued to talk.

“Hm... Recognize the relationship between the hero and I, grant me justified compensation for the work I do, a guaranteed knock-off time and a five day working week! If you can do this, then I can make you Raelle’s big sister.”

“Hmm...”

“N, no! Eek! Get that Demon King!”

At this unexpected twist, Raelle looked behind her and shouted.

But...

“Hoho, helping the weak is the will of the goddess. How could I attack an injured woman?”

The Pope, who had been conquered by Yuria’s sword at his throat, said as much with a solemn voice completely unbecoming of his situation.

“Ha, has the hero betrayed me, the Goddess of Light!”

But unlike what his expression suggested, the Pope knew very well that lies and betrayal happened as easily as eating rice. But how did the hero, who had both her blessing and her daughter’s, betray her!

“Sorry. Scales of the Chief God and all...”

“I told you I can break that?”

“Then, please do so.”

“Urgh... Right now that’s...”

After she said that, looking at Yuria who had her mouth shut, she realized that she was in an extremely poor position, and looked to her only hope.

“Da, daughter!”

With a peaceful expression, Sermir looked down on Raelle who was earnestly calling her name and said,

“Like my follower has spoken, how could I attack the injured? Gods must lead by example and are existences that must follow their own scripture!”

“Be, betrayal! Your mother didn’t raise you like this!”

“You totally did!”

In the instantaneously turned scenario, with a look as if she was selling her soul to the devil, she turned to the Demon King.

“So, does that mean I become the big sister?”

“Of course. Deal?”

The Demon God closed her eyes for a brief moment.

‘Losing means going to the dogs anyway... And it’s not like I pay the others a wage either? Hm... If this Demon King brat doesn’t come over, there’s no one that will work anyway, so even five days a week...’

Having sorted out her thoughts, her eyes snapped open and she yelled,

“Deal!”

“Iieeet! Do you think you’ll win so easily!”

At Raelle’s bitter shriek, the Demon God laughed and said,

“Fufufu... Naturally not. If we keep going like this, we’ll end up going at each other for real, then even we stand to lose a lot.”

“Oi, you know it and still laugh like that disgustingly?”

“But... what if the Chief God took an interest in this?”

“Lord!”

“Chief!”

“God!”

“N, no!”

At Yuria and the Pope’s actions, as well as the Demon God and Raelle’s actions, Sermir sweatdropped and mumbled,

“Um... Isn’t that already past it’s fad period...”

But as if he didn’t even care, the Demon King raised the Scales from somewhere and shouted,

“Lord. Chief. God. Summon!”

At that moment, the world froze.

Chapter 7-8 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

Masculine, yet feminine.

Childish, yet mature.

Sophisticated, yet plain.

That Chief God stared at the Demon King and spoke.

“What kind of idiotic pose is that.”

“...Well I was calling the Chief God, so I need to look my best.”

“Eh? What are you saying? Nielle was the one that called for me.”

At those words, all eyes turned to the Demon God.

“D-dad. It's true that I was the one that called, but the one pretending to have called is that kid.”

“D, didn't you call him with the Scales of the Chief God?”

At Sermir's words, both the hero and the Pope nodded and looked up at the Chief God. But, his next words shocked them both.

“Ha? What’s the Scales of the Chief God?”

“Hmmm... So Dad, the initial setting was [an oath sworn on the Scales of the Chief God must be kept, if not, then the Chief God would see to it himself that the oath was kept, a legendary item that even the two greatest gods the Divine God and Demon God couldn’t escape.] That sort of thing.”

“Hm.... Did I make that?”

“Un. Just that you said you couldn’t be bothered with it and handed the rights over to us.”

At the Chief God and Demon God’s conversation, the Pope, Sermir, the hero and Demon King all exchanged eye contact.

‘Goddess, this is...’

‘You know. Our house is pure bean flour...’

‘...Oi, so I didn’t have to keep it to begin with? I’ve been had?’

‘Oi, oi... The setting, at least, is real, you know?? Just that the Chief God forgot about it.’

‘The fff...’

Whether the Chief God knew of this conversation or not, with a stern expression, he faced them all again.

“Hm... Yes, I think there was that sort of thing. I think I made a few of those things out of boredom? Things like a sword cursed with evil, a necklace to make you popular with women, or a god-slaying weapon that could even kill the Demon God or God of Light.”

“Wait, wasn’t there a weapon just now that could threaten us?”

“Oh, it’s okay. One of the usage requirements is that you need to possess the [Mystic Eyes of ***** Perception](#).”

Presumably, the Mystical Eyes of Death Perception from the Nasuverse. No clue if it’s right or not.

“”Hang on, isn’t the person that fits that description dangerous on their own?””

“Then again, even you lot, against [Shi**](#)...”

From the comments of the raws, I have reason to hypothesize that this refers to Shiki Tohno, the main character of Tsukihime (Nasuverse again).

“”Stop! That declaration is even more dangerous!””

At the Gods’ comments that even crossed dimensions(?), the others just kept minding their own business and continued to exchange looks.

‘What’s this Mystic Eyes of ***** Perception?’

‘I don’t know. I don’t want to know. It feels scary for some reason.’

‘Ah... Our family’s ruined... Even the Chief God’s the same...’

‘...A necklace that can make you popular with women?!’

‘Wait, aren’t you the Pope?!’

‘Even the Pope is a man!’

‘I absolutely forbid marriage!’

‘Ho ho... Just because the Goddess doesn’t have a lover, doesn’t mean their followers shouldn’t too...’

‘Gods don’t marry to begin with!’

‘Eh, we do in the Demon World.’

‘Ho ho... A new covenant right now seems...’

‘C, conversion! The Pope is converting! His belief is too weak!’

With an empty expression, the hero turned her head around.

“It’s alright. What, it won’t break into any more than 17 pieces, now can it?”

“It is a big problem!”

She could see the creators of the world still arguing over that Mystic **** of **** Perception or whatever, seventeen fragments or something.

“.....”

As she turned her head the other way with her blank expression.

‘Goddess, at this opportunity, surely we should open ourselves to the culture of the Demon World...’

‘No, if the heavens accept the Demon World’s culture, we’re all going to fall! We’re going to get dragged off to the courts!’

‘What’s wrong with our culture? It’s fair, it’s practical!’

And on that side, the greatest influences of their respective worlds, the Demon King, the Goddess, and the leader of the greatest human religion were holding an intense debate with their eyes alone.

“..... Just what happened to make everything like this?”

The hero turned her dead eyes up to the sky and muttered.

‘What, was it the converted Demon King? The Pope that carried it out? No, was it because I originally went to find him? No... This world was a mess to begin with.’

Having finally reached enlightenment, the hero took a glance back at the tofu-firm family, and from her lips came out the world’s truth, unknown to the world’s most prominent philosophers.

“Everything’s fucked up.”

Chapter 7-9 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

Thirty minutes after Yuria had become enlightened to the mysteries of the world, the Chief God finally came round to the topic at hand.

“So that... Why’d you call me?”

“Hm... So. Lady Demon God and Raelle were picking a scrap with each other, and Raelle was losing.”

“Who was losing!”

Raelle yelled in response to the Demon King’s words, but the Chief God only made an indifferent face.

“Looked to me like Nielle was getting the worst of it?”

Unlike the Demon God that had been shaken up for a longer time, Raelle had yet to be properly targeted. So on the surface, it looked like the Demon God’s loss.

“We were [all picking on her](#) until just now.”

Original raws used a slang which literally abbreviated to ‘digging holes together’ – i.e. ganging up on her.

“Ho, so you openly admit to picking on her in front of her father?”

“Think of it as children’s insolence, grandfather.”

“Hm... Wasn’t the Demon World a highly stratified realistic social structure? In that case, I’m not your grandfather?”

“Hm, then think of it as a picketing union, President.”

At those words, the Chief God grinned and said,

“You little brat, I like you.”

“Thank you for thinking well of me, President.”

“Hm... Very good. What would be good for the company name?”

“What about Chief God Enterprises Limited?”

“A listed company from the start?”

“Hm... How would we distribute the shares?”

“””””Hang on! What are you on about!(saying?!)”””””

At the remainder’s mass protest, the Chief God and Demon King muttered,

“”Tch. To think they wouldn’t understand this.””

“””””What do you mean, muttered! We can all still hear you!”””””

Maybe it was because their retorts had an effect, the Chief God and the Demon King both became serious.

“Alright then, so what?”

“Of course, it goes without saying that Raelle should hold Nielle as the big sister.”

He casually skipped the middle bits and went straight to the conclusion.

“””””Don’t skip out the reasoning! No one can understand what’s going on! How are you so easily skipping straight over this?!”””””

“Oh, Raelle’s kid. Sermir, was it? I’m still your granddad, you talking smack?”

“I know right, but even before that, the Pope and the hero was talking rudely right from the start?”

“Tch. I’m still the creator.”

“Please understand, kids nowadays...”

“””””Don’t turn back to pointless stuff! Before that, you two make the least sense out of all of us?!”””””

“Hm, but it looks like Raelle hasn’t admitted defeat?”

“By pure strength, she’s equal, but in terms of combat sense, the Demon God takes overwhelming victory. Plus, the one with similar power to the Demon God in the human world, her strength almost equal to a Demon Emperor, Sermir, as well as the Pope that can use a portion of her strength. Adding to that, the indomitable hero. All together, there’s no way Raelle can win.”

At the extremely natural countenance of the Demon King and Chief God’s serious expressions and words, all five muttered.

“””””I give up...”””””

The five were in despair. Even the living example of treachery, the Pope was in despair, they had no answer.

“What, over already?”

“Their mentality seems weak.”

At the Demon King’s last lines, all five felt something snap within

their minds.

“Eh? I’m getting chills all of a sudden?”

“Huh? Why’s the Pope taken out the Divine Scepter? Sermir the Divine One’s Spear? Is Armageddon on or something?”

“Eh, Raelle, Nielle. Even if it’s a fight to determine the elder sibling, isn’t that the Spear of Light and [Tethys](#)’ Scythe. Is the human world at risk of ruin?”

Tethys: Titan daughter of Uranus and Gaia, eventual wife of her brother Oceanus and by him the mother of the river gods and the Oceanids. Nothing to with death or scythes.

“Eh? Hero? What’s that? That’s not sword ki or a sword aura. Kinda opaque...”

“Oh, that. Heart Blade. Wow, I only ever saw that in the next neighbourhood. It looks like our place’s finally got someone that can use Heart Blade as well?”

“Is it that strong?”

“Yep. Very. It goes beyond willpower and cuts with the strength of the heart. That hurts even if I’m hit by it, you know? If that’s trained a bit further, you get kids going around that can even dice up creator gods.”

“It’s just our imagination in thinking that that Heart Blade’s aimed at us, isn’t it?”

“Hm? Now that I’m looking at it, aren’t the other kids’ weapons all aimed at us as well?”

“Hmm.... It’s just us, isn’t it?”

“Hmm... Surely, right?”

The awkwardly smiling Demon King and Chief God gradually stepped back, cold sweat running down their backs.

“””””Fu. Fu. Fu.”””””

At the same time, an evil, yet identical set of smiles formed on the faces of the three gods and two humans, and the same words came out of their mouths.

“””””You’re dead.”””””

That day, the Demon King received a grim reminder.

The terror brought about by the one always known as the pushover, Sermir, and her strength that could even face off against a Demon Emperor.

That day, the Chief God also received a grim reminder.

The terror of the Heart Blade, which even cleaved apart the next neighbourhood's Demon God. The pain brought about by that lethal sword from the single desire to kill.

That day of 74824 Years Since Creation. The Chief God dubbed that day, Ragnarok.

Chapter 7-10 : Haaaah... I Don't Even Know

“”...We're sorry.””

At the sounds of the Chief God and demon king, both of them on their knees and hands in the air, the sanity of the three gods and two people came back.

“Like I said, even if you're Dad! I'll get angry if you keep picking on me?”

“Yeah. And demon king, what did you say? Weak mentality?”

“G, grandfather's in the wrong!”

“Demon king, I think you've been taking me way too lightly of late.”

“Hohoho... All by the grace of Sermir.”

All of them had something to say, except for one. As the Pope made a solemn expression, the three gods' and the hero's lines of sight turned to the Pope.

‘What, why are you like this?’

‘You mad?’

‘You plotting something?’

‘So scary, why are you looking at me like that.’

The ultimate technique of communication by eye contact, usable only depending on the situation and by those whose hearts were linked, came into play again. As glares of reprimand flew towards the Pope, he only made a serious expression.

‘Who did we just mess with just now?’

‘That, Dad, of course...’

‘Eh?’

‘Ah!’

‘...The demon king and... Eh?’

That was it.

Losing their reason due to rage, the ones they had brought to their knees with their ultimate weapons were the demon king and the Chief God. As for the demon king, whatever, but the Chief God was the Creator.

Right now, swept away by the mood, he was currently on his knees with his hands up, but in the face of reasoning, he was an incredibly scary figure to have to take responsibility for.

‘Now that I think of it...’

‘Uh....’

‘.....’

While the three goddesses were all flustered, the already well-experienced hero made a solemn expression and said to the Chief God.

“The demon king as well, but Lord Chief God! To one who gave me the [Blessing,] and the role of the hero, you went too overboard to Sermir!”

‘F, fast!’

‘A, as expected of a hero? Such shrewdly pinning responsibility to my daughter!’

‘Th, the hero, too!’

“Yeah, Dad! How dare my excellent subordinate demon king make his covenant goddess angry like that!”

“As her mother, I couldn’t do anything less!”

“A, are you really going to do this?!”

Sermir looked like she was about to cry again, but the source of all this was already firmly established to be Sermir.

‘It couldn’t be helped.’

‘I’m a hero. I still have much to do.’

‘Hm... Sacrifice yourself for us all.’

‘Right, Zero... No, Sermir requiem. You’re going out bearing the sins of the world. As expected, my best daughter!’

At the intense looks of the demon god and the god of light, as well as the hero and the Pope, Sermir lowered her head. Then.

‘Fufufufu!’

””Wh, what?””

Even surprising the demon god, emitting an incredibly depressing aura, Sermir smirked.

‘Fufufu... You all took me too lightly.’

‘Wh, what?’

‘I don’t know, is she mad?’

‘...I might have to convert religions after this.’

‘Wha, what is this bad feeling?’

As they looked at Sermir with uncertain gazes, as if nothing had happened, with a bright smile, Sermir moved to face the Chief God.

“Eh whew, even if they say it was for me, they went too far! You’re still the creator of the world, and my grandfather! My little cousin was being to annoying, so I only wanted to discipline him!”

“C, cousin? Me?”

Raising the Chief God up and dusting him off, Sermir looked at the demon king and the corner of her lip curled.

“Of course! You’re my mom’s sister, Nielle’s son, so you’d be my cousin!”

“B, but the relationships within the demon world are a bit different...”

“Hmph, since you quit being a demon king and made a covenant with me, you’re a citizen of the heavens now!”

“Eh? You’re right?”

The demon king tilted his head. Now that he thought about it, he had no relations with the demon world anymore?

‘Th, that demon king’s being won over!’

‘E, even I haven’t managed that?!’

And the demon god and hero, who had watched over the demon king for a long time, were shocked.

‘M, my daughter’s changed! 70824 years since she was made, is she in puberty?’

‘Wh, who is this? This isn’t my goddess!’

And Raelle and the Pope, who had watched over Sermir for a long time, had their mouths dropped right open. Sermir sent a smirk that said [I’m a god] their way, and hugged the Chief God, crying.

“Sob... I’m sorry granddad... They say it was for me... But it’s still too far, how could they hit granddad? No matter how angry I was, I still couldn’t hit you.”

-!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The two gods that ruled the worlds used their mighty godly powers to instantly replay the previous situation, the Pope, leader of the greatest religious force used his memory that could remember thousands of nobles and influential figures to remember the fight just now, and the combat specialist hero reenacted the fight in her head.

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

And they were horrified.

””Sh, she really didn’t hit him even once!””

It was true.

Sermir had not, even once, attacked the Chief God. Only the demon king. Looking at their horrified faces, Sermir, who was still in the Chief God’s embrace, turned her head slightly at the two humans and two gods that were facing her, and made a smug face.

‘Idiots.’

Looking at the horrified beings before him, the Chief God closed his eyes.

In reality, he didn’t read the minds of others. Because as an eternal god, he found that much too boring.

But the situation being what it was, just then, he activated his divine power, one transgressing that of Raelle and the demon god, but a power which could read any living creature short of other Creators, even crossing dimensions. His power allowed him to think and feel all.

‘So, to sum it up. These kids went insane and took a bite outta me, and when they were all saying what they had to say, the human called the Pope handed over all responsibility to the evilly smiling girl in my embrace, the hero dyed in the demon king’s colours quickly followed suit, my daughters backing her up to completely cover it up, but this girl here anticipated all that and only pretending to lose reason, attacked only the demon king and didn’t touch me at all, and as a result is showing me the face of a kind, weak and innocent girl... is what’s going on?’

How would you put it. For the first time since his birth, the Chief God finally realised what it felt to have goosebumps break out all over his skin, and he thought to himself.

‘What, these kids are scary.’

Afterwards, the Chief God would describe this situation like this:

-The world's going mad.

Of course, in his diary.

Demon King & Hero Special : Q&A

To cool my head off and take a break, I'm doing an Author Q&A.

The things you don't understand, or curious about the story, I take all comers.

The experiment to see my readers' [drip](#) skills.

Drip – Koreanised abbreviation for adlib, aka improvisation. Usually used in context of funny unplanned oneliners in modern entertainment.

Q: My question will pierce the Chief God!

A: The Chief God has 100% Drill Resistance so it won't.

Q: Why do people bother with the Chief God? He's just ordering around the Demon God, Heavenly God, or NEETing.

A: NEETing is the right answer. Because he's immortal. Nowadays he just heads to the next neighbourhood and plays LOL. Works when inspections are due.

Q: I left all my drip power in that place!

A: I told you to show me your drip skills, why'd you leave it there.

Q: Is the final objective where you turn everyone evil?

A: No, where else do you find characters as innocent and kind as mine? What do you mean, evil.

Q: ??? ??? ????? ??????? ???

A: ??? ??? ????? ????????? ???

Q: Was the hero's Heart Blade awakened by the realisation that the world was fucked?

A: No, the author gave her special powers to beat up the Chief God.

Q: What's going on? lol I have no idea how this chaos started...

A: To put it simply, the reason behind Ragnarok (the fight between gods) was because the demon king made a covenant.

Q: This is incredibly chaotic...

A: Internal Affairs was chaotic the moment the demon king quit being a demon king. That just spread out through the world.

Q: lolol This novel is so funny♥ The demon king and hero's sweetness(...?!!!!! All these spells flying around~~ If they ever fought then would we expect a mountain would be obliterated~~♥////////♥ More than anything else, I'm wondering about their second generation♥ Their personalities... lololol Ah~~I think it'd be funny enough to laugh you to tears!!!!!! Godly face and beauty as well as OP skills!!! As for her personality, not even double, but multiple lololol her normal faace would be "beautiful, elegant, one you'd protect... etc." but in reality... lolololol

A: A mountain will not vanish if the two of them fight. The demon king simply gets wrecked. I don't know if it'll appear in the story, but if the next generation is born then it'll probably end up

enslaving dragons.

Q: Chaos destruction wrec... k!

A: Impossible to understand

Q: What about the farm

A: The hero destroyed it

Q: Why don't you do multiple releases? (If you go with the 'not telling' route I'm gonna kill you teehee~☆)

A: Because I'm a reader first then a writer. How dare you play the reader card.

Q: Carrot three sizes yy

A: What would you do with a carrot's three sizes. Having said that, where do you measure a carrot's three sizes?

Q: What is the novel

A: A story about being kidnapped into an unpaid overtime hell from birth by an evil CEO and finally quitting and saving his wife.

Q: How old's the demon king? And what's the working record of the demon king of economy.

A: Amazingly enough, younger than the hero. The reason the demon king's weak is also because he's young. To elaborate here, unlike other demons, after birth, the body becomes an adult within 6 months. Then he goes and works according to his inherent skills. But unfortunately for him, because he was most

suited to working with the economy, he entered that overtime hell from just six months after his birth. As for his work records, from when he was born to when he quit, he's had a total of 12 days off. Worked the rest. Overtime is a given, no such things as the weekend.

Q: What drugstore do you go to? Also, what drugs do you take?

A: Treatment for my Achilles tendon at my local drugstore. Not that kind of drug.

Q: How do gods and people punish the Chief God?

A: Because they received a power greater than the Chief God's, that is, the author's.

Q: The hero's screentime's been getting less lately. When's the ♥♥ coming? (Recent memory's kinda)

A: I'm a [mosol](#) so not likely. Sometimes when I read manwha or novels with overflowing romance I sometimes use that, but after I write and post it up, looking at it my hands and feet cringe so hard I don't write it that often

Short for 'motesolo' which is a corrupted homonym for a term that translates to 'solo because couldn't (get a lover)' Funnily enough, I went with this username for a while until I called myself Eevee again – note this doesn't mean my status is any different.

Q: What's the sudden ruckus for

A: The demon king made a covenant.

Q: What's this I'm thinking this is perfectly fine... Am I weird

A: Nope, because of my perfect scenario you don't think this is weird

Q: I thought this was a planned publication, when did author-nim start taking drugs?

A: It still is.

Q: They're not farming and just playing around, where does their money come from

A: Rereading again ㄱㄱ. Looting the demon king (Charm, aka Aya)

Q: The author is supreme

A: The author is supreme. The computer holy.

Q: How much are the other demon kings' lights?

A: M'god, [light](#) to the leader of demons and king of darkness the demon king. The other demon kings aren't going to convert.

The author punning over a single character mistake – the raw question asked for 빛 (light) instead of 빚 (debt) – the author being the good citizen of the internet he is, takes it and shows no mercy.

Q: Go Asrada! To the realm of dimensions!

A: What's this, I don't know.

Q: How's the Pope that strong with that mentality?

A: Even if he looks like that, at the base, he does believe and follow Sermir a lot. + Knows how to manipulate his own mind. He

can be very holy when he wants to be.

Q: Why's the Chief God's mentality so weak?

A: Because he's played a lot of LOL lately.

Q: Why.

A: What?

Q: This novel is scary

A: Novel: I don't bite.

Q: Do you have any plans to try a 10 consecutive release? If so when? If not why?

A: If you want I could always do 10 consecutive 1KB releases.

Q: What's stronger, the author's release speed or my immaturity?

A: Incomparable objects. In terms of immaturity, it's measuring speed, whereas my release speed is measured in terms of slowness.

Q: Can all the OP items be retrieved? Or the god-killing weapon?

A: Nope. To collect them you'd have to fight the scary enemy known as copyright.

Q: Do you have any thoughts about taking this story seriously? Even though it's ridiculous, do you think of it like that? This story's funny, but do you think it is?

A: Serious? What is that, is it tasty? And what do you mean, ridiculous, such a detailed story! And funny is funny.

Q: Delete the teaser!... Like this?

A: Heh, I'm a man that don't care about no teaser. Considering my content matter, it's probably better if I don't.

Q: Where's the next main chapter lolol Hurry please I'm getting withdrawal symptoms

A: Hoho, withdrawal symptoms. If you can't read because you're sick... Next main chapter sometime next week. My parents are on holiday. I can't write if there's someone else in the house.

Q: There's nothing I don't really get but the bean flour's just kinda...

A: If there's nothing you don't understand, then you understand the bean flour as well. Something like that.

Q: When are you going to continue this big bro?

A: Eh? I'm the big bro?

Q: Gimme your personal details. Your three sizes and personal info...(is a joke... not)

A: Age 21. Three sizes, not a girl, so didn't measure so don't know. 2nd year uni. Sometimes writes on joara. But more active as a reader.

Q: I'm interested in the demon king's name

A: Originlly thought of something like Demon King Kim or some 72 character name

Q: The demon king trolling the demon god. More please

A: World destruction. Now time to troll the hero.

Hero: How are you going to troll me any further!

Demon king: It's for the sake of the world. Plus the hero's at her best when being teased.

Author: Look forward to next chapter.

Hero: No!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Q: Are the hero and demon king getting married soon? Love that transcends race♥

A: Soon. Although I don't know when in the story.

Q: How many can the demon king accept?

A: Not a prison, so not happening. To put it another way, the hero's present and he cheats? Rip.

Q: No, I quit asking you questions?

A: What is this, this tsundere-like answer. But you'd get stoned if you're a man.

Q: I'm having fun rereading all the chapters

A: yy

Q: Author! I have ceased asking you questions!

A: Wrong words. If you stopped asking, you'd need to ask a question first, but you never have.

The Behind Story.

1) Quick people might have known (but don't think anyone has) But a name was quickchanged.

That would be Raelle. When we were in the God's Tower, wrote Raelle as Rahell. Mistake but couldn't be bothered fixing it. No one noticed.

2) If you look hard enough, you could find the epilogue for this.

I originally submitted this as a oneshot on another site, but fell off the shortlist. But the critique I got was that this would be better as a multi-chapter. So seeing this,

Ooh, this might be good, I thought and started writing on an impulse.

Ergo, this oneshot was the prologue, and was about the things the demon king got up to after he quit, so it was really short.

3) Amazingly enough, aside from the start, everything else I wrote on the fly the moment I booted up Korean 2002. Especially the side chapters was really fun to write. It wrote itself pretty smoothly.

4) This is nearly done. In terms of book length, this would be about a single volume's worth.

Author's Notes:

PS. This is suprisingly hard. It's rivals my longest chapter in terms of kb!

PS2. I like comments, likes and other growth items. You can give me a lot of those.

Chapter 8 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

Chapter 8-1 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

After everyone passed their period of shock and horror, everyone resumed acting as if that time had never existed, looked at the Chief God and shouted,

“So, who’s the big sister?”

“Of course it’s me, you little bitch. Right, Dad?”

Looking at Raelle and the demon god who were taking pains to deliberately avoid looking at Sermir, the Chief God let them off by the grace of God.

“Hm... (Quick look at Sermir) Since they took Nielle’s side... Raelle would probably lose?”

“N-no way! No, seriously, I’m still the goddess of light? The hero’s on my side! And... (Quick look at Sermir) Hmm... My, my daughter’s... on my side as well?”

At the look in Sermir’s eyes, who was happily smiling in her direction, Raelle turned her head around and stammered her last lines.

‘I’m not going to get sassy with her from now on.’

‘...Scary.’

‘...This isn’t? What’s..? I think I chose the wrong faith.’

The Pope, hero and demon king that were looking on all reflected on their previous actions.

‘Dad, you’re scared, right? Sermir made you lose your nerve!’

‘No, it’s the first time in my life that I learned what goosebumps were. What is she, she’s scary. Be honest, Nielle, weren’t you scared as well?’

‘Hm... The kid I knew wasn’t like that... Even though she was strong as a heavenly emperor she was so damn innocent that she was only a mid-tier heavenly king... It’s all because that bitch Raelle didn’t raise her properly!’

‘What? If you’re putting it like that, it’s because you raised your kid wrong that everything went to chaos!’

‘We’re not family! He’s not my child! Have you ever seen a child threaten his parents? If that little shit’s at a disadvantage, he’d even sell me out!’

‘Manage your staff properly!’

‘He’s under your management now! You try!’

At this mood which was about to dissolve back to bean flour again, the Chief God used his last resort.

[Open, GOD TALK!]

[Chief God L●lbba has joined the channel.]

[Chief God L●lbba] Someone pls help

[Chief God Kim] I'm busy. Watching the kids go on with their Ragnarok.

[I'm a God] Dafuq, still not over?

[Chief God Kim] yy. The humans siding with the demon god made a chimera and took the advantage again. It's fun.

[I'm a God] Waow, at our place a single hero just swept through everything so it ended quickly.

[Now a Patient] Ah, f-don't talk to me about heroes right now. The one in my place tried to cut me as well. Nearly got rekt.

[Chief God Kim] Oh, I heard you got the hero with max level Heart Blade? Then again, for not having magic, your place is the best with swords. If a few of your murim kids came over, our local swordsmasters would probably get wrecked right down to their souls.

[Chief God L●lbba] Oh f-Help me guys. Don't go off on a tangent.

[Now a Patient] What, did your place get a Heart Blade user? Have fun.

[Chief God L●lbba] No, I have one, but that's not the problem.

[Chief God Kim] But your place has the clergy on top. But a Heart Blade user as well?

[Chief God L•lbba] yy. The hero got pissed so used Heart Blade. Early stages so I didn't die but it hurt.

[Now a Patient] So what's the problem?

[Chief God L•lbba] You know I've got two daughters.

[Chief God Kim] Eh? Wasn't it one boy one girl?

[Chief God L•lbba] The one that's the demon god decided to go back to being a woman. But started fighting again about who's the big sister.

[Dramalover has joined the channel.] [Dramalover] What's going on?

[Chief God Kim] Lolbba broke his back in his daughters' fight.

[Chief God L•lbba] No, my daughters are the same as ever so I don't really care, but the others are scary. Really scary. The world's going crazy.

[Now a Patient] The one going mad is my place. The Chief God got knifed by a human and nearly died, you know?

[Dramalover] Oi, make sure that thing can't cross dimensions. I've got no one in my place that can handle that.

[Chief God Kim] yy. Plus, my place is in the middle of Ragnarok. Absolutely mustn't crossover. That's a balance breaker.

[Chief God L•lbba] Oh, for-don't stray off again. Long story short, the money-counting demon king got summoned to the human world, but this lil' shit decided to quit being a demon king and decided to be a farmer. So the hero came along, but the demon king is a hero lover so fell in love at first sight. You all know Raelle, right? My daughter that's responsible for being the god of light. She's got a kid called Sermir, and that demon king made a covenant with her.

[Chief God Kim] Dafuq lolololololol hory shet. Better than Ragnarok.

[Dramalover] lololololololololololololol Not even my place's soap operas are on that level lolololol

[Now a Patient] Damn it, if it wasn't for this damn hero I'd so go over to watch

[Chief God L●lbba] But that kid made a covenant so my daughters flipped. Both came to the human world. But twists after twists. I don't even, it's scary. Why is the world I made like this. The mind games are unreal.

[Chief God Kim] So why's it hell? What do you need help with?

[Chief God L•lbba] Come over to my place and decide who the big sister is. I'm scared.

[Now a Patient] soz. Need to look out for the hero.

[Chief God Kim] nono from me as well. In the middle of Ragnarok.

[Chief God L●lbba] Guys pls.

[Dramalover] Eh? Want me to come? If it's Raelle and Nielle and not some other kids.

[Chief God L●lbba] Pls come. Save me.

[Dramalover] Hiiing, you've only got me, right?

[Chief God L●lbba] yy. Help me sis. When we go over, let's go together and play some Lol.

[Dramalover] Ha? You didn't know? Lol's under maintenance.

[Chief God L●lbba] Oh wow....

[Dramalover] Haha. I'm heading over now.

[Dramalover has left the channel.]

[Chief God L●lbba has left the channel.]

The Chief God looked at the people staring blankly at him, or to be accurate, the space behind him, and smiled.

“Oh, you arrived?”

“yy arrived.”

Said the woman behind him, looking as if she contained the entire beauty of the world.

“Wh, who are you?”

And to the question of the hero who represented everyone’s uncertainty, the woman poked her tongue out slightly and cutely said,

“Me? The goddess from the next neighbourhood.”

Author’s Note:

The judge has arrived.

Chapter 8-2 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

‘What’s this?’

At that moment, the hero knew she was weird.

When she first saw the demon king, she was so tense her breath caught in her throat.

When the demon king said he quit, she wondered if such things could actually happen.

When the demon king was kidnapped, when that boobed demon king called Aya came up, when the demon king made a covenant, she was horrified.

And when the figures unknown to the commons, the real owner of the worlds, the demon god and god of light met with her, she thought everything had come to a peak! But now.

‘Oh, that’s the case then. She’s the Chief God of the next neighbourhood.’

Just that. The woman in front of her was just, the Chief Goddess that lived in the next neighbourhood. Creating the heavens and life? And the worship that it afforded?

‘... I think I’m not going to be able to believe in gods.’

Thinking as such, the hero nodded.

“... Look at that hero’s mentality.”

“Damn. A. Ma. Zing. She just denied gods in front of the Chief God.”

As the two Chief Gods made a blank face on reading the hero’s thoughts, the demon god and Raelle, whose faces were also equally blank until then, shouted,

“Wait what do you mean, next neighbourhood! That’s another dimension entirely!”

“Yeah! If we want to go to the human world, you put all sorts of restrictions on us, but you’re allowed to come and go between dimensions?”

At their yells, the Chief God calmly replied,

“Yep, we can.”

“.....”

“.....”

“I’m the Chief God. I’m a Creator, you know? And besides, I’m going over to her place every day to have fun.”

“.....”

“.....”

“Well, if you have any problems, you be a Chief God.”

Raelle and Nielle’s faces turned blank again. As the two of them turned to the goddess, she smiled and said,

“Oh, it’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

“B-been a while?”

“Have we met before?”

Looking at Raelle and the demon gods who had their heads slightly tilted, the goddess smiled and said,

“Yep! Of course, because I’m your mother.”

“Wh, whaaaaat!”

“Hiiiiieeeeeet?!”

Interrupting the horrified two goddesses, the Chief God looked at the goddess and said,

“Hold up, let’s decide on proper titles. I’m the Chief God so that’s out; they’re both female-type gods, so you’re all goddesses.”

“”Why are you deciding on titles all of a sudden after that bomb?””

“What should it be... God’s will?”

“”What do you mean, God’s will?! No, there’s more gods than humans here right now, you know?!””

“Hmmm... Then what should I do... The world’s will, the author’s thoughts...”

“”World’s will?! Wait, shelf that last one for your own brain!””

At Raelle and the demon god’s tackle, the goddess made a serious expression and nodded.

“What should it be? The pure and innocent woman? The flawless beauty under the heavens?”

“No, that’s too long... Think about the person that has to type that all out every time it’s said.”

“Hm... But you can just chew through the [kbs](#) then. Might actually like that?”

On Joara, where this was originally published, rather than word count, chapters are basically measured by the number of kilobites (kb) that it takes up. For comparison, 1 character takes up 1kb in a file. So a 10kb chapter would be approximately 10000 characters, give or take. Actually, I don’t know whether they measure it in kilobites or kilobytes (kB)

“”Is this the time to be worrying about that?! No, that back part! Something’s dangerous!””

Okay then, simply the goddess of drama, Goddess Kim for short.

“No! For that matter, what’s the goddess of drama have anything to do with Goddess Kim!”

“Who are you talking to?”

“”The God’s will! Evil incarnate, the source of all evil!””

As these nonsensical declarations were being exchanged back and forth, two humans, one god, and one demon king were quietly whispering in a corner.

“What’s this? It’s scary.”

“... I wanna go back to heaven.”

“Hero, let’s gap it.”

“Ok, on the count of three, run for the window.”

Looking at the scrapping Supreme Gods and the creators above them, the four nodded. How would you put it? It felt like if they stayed any longer, something truly fiendish would appear. Thinking that, they charged at the windows.

“”””Emergency escape!””””

-Shatter!

With the sounds of breaking glass, the four... Came back inside the room.

“Fufufu... Trying to run.”

“What do you think I came all this way for? Fufufufu.”

The two smirking creators said together.

“You can enter freely.”

“But not necessarily exit the same.”

Of the four that were quivering in fear, the hero and demon king yelled at the same time.

“”This is our house! You’re the one that came in on your own!””

And so the story went to its conclusion.

-How?!

Let’s ignore everyone else.

Author’s Notes

Transcending the reader, the author that interacts with characters.

The author’s favourite is comments.

But everything’s been reorganised so what’s what...

Warning, your hands and feet may be at risk from this point onwards.

Chapter 8-3 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

“The trial shall now commence!”

At the goddess’ words, Raelle, Sermir and the Pope who were sitting on her left, as well as the hero and the demon king on her right all stood up and yelled,

“What’s with this development all of a sudden!”

At those words, the Chief God beside the goddess made an expression as if he didn’t fully understand what was going on either, and said,

“I know, right? What’s this? Prosecutor? Defendant?”

“Fufufu, this is something that’s been popular in my neighbourhood lately. The famous line being ‘[If you talk, you die, and everyone that’s listened to you will die.](#)’”

Reference to the famous line of the villain from the K-drama “I can hear your voice.” Aired in 2013.

“Ah, I think I’ve heard that one. But with this combination, I think anything beyond a 1v1 will probably be a loss, killing everyone that heard you, isn’t that impossible?”

“Let’s not sweat over the fine details.”

Shrugging her shoulders the goddess looked over everyone and confidently shouted,

“Now, let the trial commence! The first one to explain themselves will be.”

At those words Raelle and the demon god yelled at the same time.

“”You!””

“Eh?”

And thus in the first trial, the defendant was the goddess.

“I’m innocent! I’ve done nothing!”

As the goddess yelled with an aggrieved expression from the defendant’s seat, Raelle yelled,

“Guilty or not, explain yourself! How are you our mother?!”

“Yeah, how is another dimension’s Chief God our mother?! Explain yourself!”

At Raelle and the demon god's words, with an "Ah!" the goddess punched her palm and said,

"Oh, nothing much. I was watching from the side when you were born."

"Was that the reason!"

"Hm... To be exact, since I was the one that created you, that would make me your mother..."

"That's disgusting!"

The Chief God was about to say something when his two daughters' words stabbed him in the heart, and he retreated to a corner and started drawing circles, muttering,

"Sob... My daughters are scary... They're in puberty now... They weren't like that in the past..."

Looking on at such a Chief God, the demon king in the spectator seats said,

"The demon god was always like that though."

"Before that, the Chief God's mentality seems to be a bit weak."

“No, it’s just that the hero’s mentality’s too strong. Well, although I hear that kind of thing from Mom every day.”

“Hoho, but why are we watching from the side lines?”

“That aside, I think we’re drifting off from our roles as main characters. The title’s Demon King & Hero, but to think that the demon king and hero are spectators.”

“Tell me about it. The gods are throwing tantrums, gods are throwing one-liners everywhere. What is the title, God & God or something?”

Ignoring those spectators.

“”Don’t ignore us!””

Meanwhile, the demon god and Raelle were questioning the goddess.

“”We were skipped, ignored!””

The goddess had a grim expression on her face.

“That was the case... I wasn’t the mother.”

“What, is it really that surprising?”

“Surely you have gods beneath you as well.”

At Raelle and the demon god’s words, the goddess let out a bitter laugh and said,

“No, our world doesn’t have separate gods.”

“Ah...”

“Oh my...”

Looking at the goddess’ face that carried hints of isolation and loneliness, Raelle and the demon god thought.

If what their Dad said was right, then that goddess had existed for several times the length of their own dimension.

Meaning that she’s spent at least a few hundred thousand years living by herself. Even for a god that was...

“I’m sorry...”

“Sorry...”

The goddess drew her arms around the solemn Raelle and demon god and said,

“No, it’s alright.”

“”Goddess...””

A sweet atmosphere. Looking on at such a mood, the hero said,

“There’s no way that’s going to stay sweet.”

“Yep.”

As soon as the demon king’s mouth closed, the goddess opened hers.

“Yes, I... I’m your father!”

“”Was that it!””

“Yes, I was watching your birth with gleaming eyes. Yes, I’m the dad! Namely I’m your father!”

“No, what about things like a god’s isolation, or loneliness?”

“Hm? Why would I feel such things? It’s such a fun world, especially with computers and smartphones. Gates and Jobs, if they were gods, they’d probably better than me at it.”

“Even so! What about before those things were invented!”

“I hung out next door. Started things like Ragnarok out of boredom.”

“”Don’t throw other worlds into dimensional wars!””

“Then this trial ends with the conclusion that I’m your father...”

“Don’t end it there!”

Their discussion only ended after another thirty whole minutes.

Author’s Note:

Trial Round 1 end. Everyone’s hands and feet will make their exit in round three.

Chapter 8-4 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

“The second case of the trial shall now begin!”

Leaving the mother case unconcluded, the Goddess looked over to Raelle and asked,

“Any rebuttals?”

“What do you mean, rebuttals! Why do I have to call her big sister!”

The Demon God, sitting in the prosecutor’s chair, snorted and said,

“Hmph, I won?”

“Bullshit! I was winning!”

Listening to Raelle and the Demon God’s shouts, the Goddess smirked.

“Attaboy, now this is a trial!”

“Oi, don’t be so happy watching someone else’s daughters fight.”

She had already admitted that she had started Ragnarok in other neighbourhoods, so the Chief God couldn't rest at ease. Sure, looking at other places' chaos was fun, but not when it happening to his own!

“Then I can't play [XOL](#)!”

League of Legends

A single great game was stopping the gods from going to war.

Meanwhile, in the witness' seat, the Demon King stood up and said,

“Raelle is right. But that was because we ganged up on her, and it was Raelle's turn to get ganked.”

“Don't make me laugh! My daughter would... never?”

Maybe if it was a normal day, but looking on her daughter who had changed so much over this single day alone, Raelle couldn't help but trail off at the end.

“Hm... I can't pretend I don't know my mom...”

“R, right?”

Sermir looked at Raelle, smiling brightly, and said,

“That's the case, but of course, looking after my believers...”

“D, don't, my daughter! God or not, you don't need to look after that!”

Looking on at the flustered flailing Raelle, the Chief God said,

“Look at my daughter’s mentality. The God of Light just told the god of the greatest religion to not look after her believers...”

“Damn. A. Ma. Zing. She just denied the duty of a god in front of the Chief God.”

The Demon King looked on at Raelle, who was all jittering, and the corner of his mouth rose up.

“As Sermir’s devout follower, it is a matter of fact that I receive her protection.”

“Don’t make me laugh, my daughter... Sermir... Is on my side!”

Looking on at Raelle who shouted pitifully while shivering in her shoes, Sermir’s expression hardened, and leered at the demon king.

“That’s true, I’m still Mom’s...”

“Sob.. My daughter...”

Crying a bit, Raelle looked on her daughter. Yes, her daughter was truly on her side!

‘Mom’s going to be good to you. From now on, I won’t yell at you, I’ll treat you well!’

It was just when Raelle was making that resolution.

“Deal?”

At the Demon King’s words, Sermir’s face did a complete 180 and she said,

“What’s the terms?”

“D, daughter?”

“How about I send a Demon King over to the human world and stir up a show? After all the strong ones fall, Sermir is going to be a hero who beautifully finishes it off!”

“Send who?”

“Destruction? Strife? After I send one over, I can always unsummon him once the show plays out.”

“Deal!”

“Objection!”

Looking on at Sermir and the Demon King's deal, Raelle thumped the table and stood up.

“They are negotiating with each other in the sacred court of law! Your Honour!”

Looking on at Raelle's desperate face, the Goddess replied,

“Then, you just need to make a counter-offer?”

“Dad!”

“Sorry, even I find them scary. Just do something for them.”

“Iiieet!”

Ignoring the ranks of gods, looking on at the figures below her, and the disgusting smug smiles of the Demon King and the Demon God beside him. Raelle grit her teeth, but she couldn't do anything about it.

“Th, then I shall directly bless your...”

“You can't do that, you know we can't directly interfere with the human world?”

“Th, then... Ah! I'll declare you my oldest daughter!”

“I’m the oldest to begin with.”

“Th, then!”

Raelle thought. And she realized.

‘What would my daughter like the most!’

Raelle pointed at the one beside the one beside Raelle herself, i.e. the one beside Sermir, the Pope, and said,

“Him, I can get rid of for you.”

“Huk!”

Having been thrown into the fire all of a sudden, the Pope looked up at Raelle with a shocked expression.

“Wh, what’s this! I, I, as Sermir’s believer...”

“Ha! As my daughter’s believer, you’re blocking her path!”

“What are you saying! Where would you find a believer like me! Praying for ten minutes every hour, spreading her teachings to the masses!”

At the Pope's dignified words, Sermir sighed and said,

“Every ten minutes, whining about why the Pope can't marry and whether I can't load him up with blessings. Sure, he's the one backing me as the biggest follower, but like that hero over there, with a simple threat, backstabbing and betrayal...”

“So my daughter's biggest problem was you! In the name of justice, you shall not be forgiven!”

At those confident words, the Pope looked around him, shocked.

“Hm... If it's that, then it just might...”

At the hero's calm words and Sermir's cold gaze, the Pope turned sheet-white and yelled,

“L, Lady Sermir! Will you abandon your believers!”

“Sometimes, you have to make some sacrifices for the better good.”

“Wh, what's the sacrifice and what's the better good!”

“Of course, I'm the better good. The Pope's the sacrifice.”

“K, keeping your believers safe is one of the gods' duties...”

“If my mom tells me otherwise, that duty can be probably be rescinded?”

At Sermir’s progressively more serene words, the Pope’s expression became worse and worse. Then.

Thump!

“Lady Sermir!”

“Oh ho!”

With a fire in his eyes, the Demon King turned to Sermir, and at his determined expression, the Pope held on to one last strand of hope and looked to the Demon King.

And the Demon King said,

“Threats, plots, murder, and evidence destruction is a specialist of demons! I can deal with it much more cleanly and simply than Raelle!”

“Wuuuuoooooooo! The first thing I will order when I get back is a Demon King hunt!”

The Pope & Demon alliance which was held together by some odd relationship finally shattered!

As if there was nothing more to be said, the Demon King ignored the Pope and continued,

“Send over a Demon King and invade the middle worlds! After that, the Pope makes a valiant sacrifice to stop the revival of the Demon King, and saddened by her follower’s death, Sermir bestows her power onto a hero, slays the Demon King, and praises you to the high heavens! Lady Sermir gets rid of an annoyance, the hero does her job as a hero, and the Demon King sent to the human world gets to lessen his debt! I get to play around thanks to the hero! The Demon God gets to be the big sister! This is truly five for the price of one! You’ll never find a better deal than this!”

At the Demon King’s words, Sermir’s eyes brightened and she yelled,

“That’s it!”

“Not it!”

“That’s not iiiit!”

Raelle and the Pope hastily shouted, but as the Demon King of Economy, the Demon King had only uttered the truth of the world.

“Majority rules! The opinions of the minority shall be ignored!”

“Respect the opinions of the minorities!”

“Ignored anyway, there’s no need to respect it!”

“Respect it!”

“Then, respected and overruled!”

“Bullshit!”

Looking at Raelle and the Demon King’s exhaustive grand argument, the Goddess muttered,

“This trial, as well, chaos.”

“The results was going to be a mess anyway.”

The Goddess let out a deep sigh and hammered the gavel.

Bang! Bang!

“Stop! I shall conclude this here!”

Making an aggrieved face, Raelle faced the Goddess.

“Mom!”

“You said I wasn’t your mom earlier!”

The Goddess yelled, but Raelle was stubborn.

“I’ll admit you’re my mom so help me!”

“Hm...”

When the Demon God saw the Goddess was actually considering it, she quickly yelled,

“Mom! Then, I’m not going to see you ever again! I’m going to run away from home! I’m gonna be delinquent!”

At those words, the Chief God made a surprised expression and said,

“Hold on a sec, I made you, and the Creator of this world is me? And I never married this girl to begin with?”

But the response was icy.

“You can shut up!”

“Sob... You, they say... My kids have changed... Calling your father ‘you’...”

Depressed Chief God again. But the Goddess looked at the Chief God pitifully, cleared her throat and said,

“Hm hm... Deciding who is the bigger and younger sister is a difficult task. So the verdict is...”

The Goddess looked at Raelle and the Demon God’s fiery eyes, and turned her attention to the hero.

“...?”

The hero that had been quietly watching this fucked up trial suddenly found herself the centre of attention, and she tilted her head.

‘What’s this?’

What do you mean, what, I said this in the Q&A as well.

‘What?’

We’re trolling you.

As if she had heard something that shouldn’t have, the hero’s face turned white, and the goddess’ lips curled upwards.

“Fufufu... And thus the source of all this madness... This shall be decided with the case of the Hero and Demon King!”

And thus the last trial began.

Author’s Notes:

A simple chart showing the changes in power. (TLN: Where > means greater than)

Beginning: Chief God >>>> Unpassable wall >>> Raelle, Demon God >>>> Demon King, Pope, hero >>>> Sermir

Beginning 2: Chief God >>>> Unpassable wall >>>> Raelle, Demon God >>>> Demon King, Pope, hero >>>> Unpassable wall >>>> easybeat god

Beginning 3: Chief God >>>> Unpassable wall >>>> Demon God >>>> Raelle >>>> Demon King, Pope, hero >>>> Unpassable wall >>>> easybeat god

Midgame 1: Chief God >>>> Unpassable wall >>>> Raelle/DK/Pope/Hero/Sermir alliance >>>> Demon God

Midgame 2: Chief God >>>> Unpassable wall >>>> Demon God >>>> DK/Pope/Hero/Sermir alliance >>>> Raelle

Midgame 3: Chief God, Demon king >>> everyone else

Endgame: Everyone else >>>> unpassable wall >>>> Chief God,
Demon King

=====Sermir's Retaliation=====

Endgame	2:	Sermir
>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>		Unpassable wall
>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>	Chief God >>>>	Everyone else

```
Endgame                                3:                                Sermir
>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>> Unpassable wall
>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>> Goddess >>>> Everyone else
>>>>>>>>> Chief God
```

Also. Oi kids. In the story's time, not even a single day's passed. The gods stopped time. yy. Still the first day since they arrived in the capital.

Chapter 8-5 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

“I’m innocent!” The hero yelled, making a truly aggrieved expression.

In the seat that had a Creator and a Supreme God, it was now currently being occupied by the human world’s strongest hero.

“That is one hell of a defendant’s seat.”

And beside it, looking at the Demon King who was curiously looking around the front of the defendant’s seat, the hero yelled,

“What the hell are you looking at!”

“Before you, Raelle, and before her, a Creator’s sat in that chair? That seat is even more impressive than the thrones of the Empire or the Papacy, you know?”

“This is a criminal’s seat!”

Opening her eyes wide, the hero looked like she was ready to cry.

“I didn’t commit crimes while I lived my life!”

But, the prosecutors opposing the hero merely looked on at the

hero and said the following in turn:

“Firstly, your mission was to subjugate the Demon King, but you ended up creating a household with him.”

“Th, thats!”

The Demon King was about to say something to the Pope, but Sermir interrupted him.

“Second, didn’t report the Demon King even though you brought him to the capital.”

“Th, that’s...”

Looking at the hero that was gradually shrinking in on herself, the Demon God grinned maniacally.

“Thirdly, a hero dared to rescue a Demon King.”

“Th, that was to save the world...”

The hero thought that that much at least would have been justifiable, but Raelle snorted.

“Fourthly, the hero didn’t stand with me even though she’s a hero.”

Everyone's gazes turned to Raelle for a moment, but she nonchalantly said,

“Therefore, you're a criminal! Then, everything ends!”

“My life will end as well!”

As the hero yelled, close to tears, the Demon King put a hand on her shoulders shook his head.

“Hero, everything's easier if you just give up.”

“This is all your faaaaaauuuuuuuuulllllllllitt!”

The hero shook the Demon King by the lapels, but the Demon King just laughed.

Bang! Bang!

“Quiet, quiet! The defendant may choose to defend herself as she wishes. Although, you're going to die anyway.”

“What, death confirmed? No, even before that, when not a single one of the trials so far have actually come to a verdict, why am I the only one getting the death penalty!”

“Why, it’s because they’re gods, of course. How do you kill a god?”

The Goddess shrugged her shoulders, as if it couldn’t be helped, and the hero swayed, clutching the back of her neck while pointing at the demon king.

“Then, him!”

“I’m clean?”

Looking on at the very innocent-looking Demon King, the prosecutors nodded.

“Wait, why are you discriminating against humans! Your Holiness! That’s a Demon King! That’s evil! He made a household with me!”

“Humans cannot create households with demons, but there’s no law against demons making households with humans.”

“That’s the same thing!”

“Human and demon law is different so not guilty!”

“Then! Then Lady Sermir! He’s a Demon King but he came into the Holy City!”

“Oh, that was to make a covenant with me? So not guilty!”

“Lady Demon God? Aren’t Demon Kings not allowed to be rescued by heroes?”

“No, they can? One of the basic principles of demons is to live by any means. So not guilty.”

The hero turned to her last hope, Raelle and said,

“Lady Raelle! He wasn’t on your side either! No, he beat the crap out of you!”

The hero pleaded to her last hope, the light the hero stood for, and the origin of that light, the God of Light Raelle.

But the God forsook the hero.

“If I side with you, I think he’ll beat me up even more. So not guilty.”

“The world is rotten!”

The hero is in despaired. The world was a mess to begin with, and now, it was rotten. It was irredeemable. Nothing could be done.

“Hey, the world I made isn’t rotten! How dare you say the world is rotten in front of the Chief God!”

“Then, can you side with me?”

The Chief God looked around the court briefly before nodding his head.

“Nope. Sorry. Let’s just say it is rotten.”

“Oi, you’re still the Chief God, how can you abandon your world like that?”

“I can just go over to your place and play LoL.”

And after the historical moment of a dimension being abandoned by a god passed, the hero made a serene face.

“Yes, so I’m a criminal. So... what.”

Demon King & Hero Special : Q&A 2

Doing another Q&A.

Ask me anything. Will answer everything.

Length of time I'm doing this for is until I have nothing left to write about.

My latent talent in even being able to make the reader my emergency filler.

Your comments are my feedstock!

Q: No one seems to care about the demon king's age.

A: I tried caring about the reader responses, but no dice.

Q: The start was the hero and demon king's sweet romance but they say it's turning crap.

A: I have never written romance before. What's dating, is it something to eat.

Q: What do I do if I want to see romance.

A: You must tell me to. On the rare occasions when I do make and advancements on the sweetness I read romantic novels or manga. Don't mock shoujo for what it is. Bloody good. Discard the thought that girls mustn't read shounen and boys musn't read shoujo. (Note: shoujo manga tend to have a longer time between serials.)

Q: There are rumours that you're taking drugs.

A: Other than the ones for treatment, I don't even take vitamins. It's a misunderstanding.

Q: There are some readers every now and then who call you a genius.

A: Pay me my due wages... no, not that, I think I am a bit of a genius. God talk. Lol.

Q: The gods are too weak. Why are gods being pushed around by humans.

A: Read some modern fantasy. Demon kings for a matter of course, even gods are diced. Bear in mind the fact that they can save the world equally means they can completely screw it over.

Q: Are you really going to go on a 2 year hiatus once you enter the army. There are holidays, so can't you write then.

A: I've said this before, but I'm a reader first before a writer. When I'm on holiday, I must read. I can write once I'm done reading, but it seems like the holidays will be over before then.

Q: When are you writing Butler.

A: No clue. I've thought of initial plans beyond the prologue for the time being, when I first thought of it I did plan on completing it but nothing beyond that so it might be hard.

Q: Say you got a publishing offer. There are lots of people who want it to happen, why haven't you done it.

A: As for Butler, I will not be publishing that ever. If I did, I'd probably have to start everything from scratch. No, before that, I

will never have anything to do with hard copy publishers. Looking at authors' blogs, depending on the sales, the publishers even axe the series with premature endings and I don't want that. The internet, where I can control the length and content is awesome. Plus there is nothing that I've written so far that's worth money. There are a few that I thought might be worth being paid to write but even the storyline's incomplete for those. I'd planned for at least two years in planning but it's still not done. I think that might be a lifelong project.

Q: You say there's nothing worth paying money to see but you have a few on [Novelan](#).

Section on Joara which is basically a freemium(?) based service, where readers can either save up free points or buy them with IRL cash to read chapters.

A: I collect points there and read on Novelan. Press the buttons every now and then. The Novelan prices have gone up lately so it's been hard reading them. I need to collect mana for 75 days. And it's still only worth one day. Damn it.

Q: Do you care about the number of views or likes.

A: Rather than views or likes, I care more about comments. I want to have a hundred comments on mine too. Lol. Or not.

Q: There are no more questions.

A: Looks like it.

Note: The reason the author's writing a side story is totally not because the author can't deal with the hero. Really.

Chapter 8-6 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

And so the historical moment of a dimension being abandoned by a god passed, and the hero made a serene face.

The hero emptied her mind. Similar to her trance-like state when she was practicing her sword skills, with eyes akin to a priest with no worldly desires, she faced her prosecutors.

“Hey, don’t you turn to X when you poke kids with that expression?”

“Yes, maybe... The proof’s right in front.”

“Eh? What are you talking about?”

“N, nothing.”

Raelle and the Demon God had messed with a God that had made that very same expression before and had certainly paid the price for it.

The Pope and Sermir thought for a long time, before looking on the Supreme God and said,

“Hm... But... What can we do.”

“How should we do this?”

Then the Demon King stood up and said,

[“I dare, to love her.”](#)

Lyrics to the song ‘Gohae’ (Confessions) by Im Jae-Bom.

At the demon king’s unexpected words, the surroundings went quiet. After a long period of silence, the Goddess looked at the Demon King pathetically.

“Oi, if a man sings that, then that song’s ruined for the girl afterwards.”

“Eh? When did I sing...”

“Or was it not a single song but a choral piece? Singing that song by parts...”

The Demon King couldn’t understand the Goddess’ words.

‘Wait, before that, why did I say those words?’

Not having reached the world’s enlightenment yet, the Demon King blushed and looked at the hero.

But.

“So what.”

“Urk...”

The hero's eyes were still like a monk's and her face was expressionless.

“Sob... The hero's changed... What happened to my lovable hero!”

“My previous self is dead. After the gods came out, no, when the [drips](#) started flying around!”

From Q&A 1: Drip – Koreanised abbreviation for adlib, aka improvisation. Usually used in context of funny unplanned oneliners in modern entertainment.

“How... how can love change like that!”

“Love? What's that?”

At the hero's frigid word, the Goddess was frantic.

“Hahhh... What's this, this is exciting! A drama's unfolding out before my eyes! A real drama!”

“Oi... you’re a Chief God as well, so what’s with the ‘hahh, hahh.’”

“You pant when you play LoL as well, you know? Kyaa! Hero-nim is so cool! [Love? What’s that?] We have a cold city girl descended!”

“You, just go.”

Leaving the Chief God whose eyes started to turn saint-ish like the hero’s, clenching sweaty hands, the Goddess said,

“Demon King! Get her! If you leave her annoyed like that, it’s the end! Get her back and kiss her!”

Agreeing with the words that the hero shouldn’t be left as she was, the Demon King grabbed her, and when he did.

“You dare!”

Pivoting, the hero’s feet broke the Demon King’s stance, and at the same time, grabbed and twisted the hand on her shoulders.

“Eh?”

At the same time, the Demon King felt his world turning upside down.

“Pervert extermination!”

And he was nailed in his abdomen by the hero's back kick and flew far away.

“Kwaoooo?”

Having received an incomprehensible attack, the Demon King's thoughts shut down.

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

Looking at the Demon King that had taken less than two seconds to be dealt with, Raelle looked at the Demon God.

‘Oi, he's still a demon king, isn't he too weak?’

‘No, he's just twenty, so he's weak. Plus he specialized in book keeping.’

‘But still, a Demon King's too weak! What's this civilian slaughter?!’

‘No, he’s still a top-tier demon king! Just slightly weaker than a combat-dedicated duke! You know what happens if even non-combatant dukes come out into the human world!’

‘What happens my ass, of course, it’d get diced into alchemic ingredients by that monster!’

Maybe she sensed the two Supreme Gods’ attention on her. However, with eyes of a saint, no, a beast, the hero eyed Raelle and the Demon God, and the two felt fear creeping through them once again.

‘This...’

‘We’re screwed, aren’t we?’

Bang!

As Raelle and the Demon God felt a sense of deja vu, Sermir thumped the stand, stood up and shouted,

“It is wrong!”

The eyes that were leering at Raelle and the Demon God turned to Sermir.

“What.”

In Sermir's innocent-looking eyes, tears had begun to form.

"I'm the Goddess of Love and Benevolence, but to think I'd declare all demons evil and immediately order subjugation orders..."

Looking at Sermir who was leaking tears, Raelle and the Demon God shuddered.

"So?"

"From here on, as the Goddess of Love and Benevolence, I shall embrace demons as well and set them on the right path with love and benevolence!"

At those words, the Pope that was sitting beside her started crying a waterfall and went down on his knees.

"Ohhhh! Not so, my goddess! It is all my fault. To declare demons to be executed on sight, declaring those who would summon demons criminals. It is us who chose to use your unspoken words as the human measuring sticks..."

"Sob... No. It, it's all my fault that I lack so much..."

The image of the Pope repenting, and Sermir with her bright smile streaked with tears was a beautiful one you might expect in holy scripture.

However.

“Therefore!”

“The hero is not guilty!”

As if they hadn't been crying just now, the two yelled from the dock. Raelle and the Demon God thought,

‘We might have...’

‘Ruled the world badly.’

The two gods had their confidence to rule the world completely and utterly shot. No, they were scared of simply ruling the heavens and demon world by this point.

And to those two gods, the hero's indifferent gaze fell on them again.

“...Is what they're saying.” the hero said.

Calming herself, Raelle faced the hero's emotionless eyes dead on.

‘Yep, I'm a god! The God of Light! Aside from Dad, the Chief God,

I'm the strongest! I can't fall back to a human hero!

It was when Raelle had just resolved herself as a God.

Bang!

“You might have saved a Demon King, but it was for the sake of the world! If the Demon King had remained captive then, the children, as well as the empire and the surrounding nations would have perished! War between the two nations could have broken out as well!”

“Do you have no pride as a supreme
Goooooooooooooooooooooddd!!!!”

The Demon God ignored Raelle's heartfelt scream. No, Sermir and the Pope in the dock were actually beckoning their new comrade to join them.

“And thus the hero is hereby not guilty! No, she needs to be rewarded for saving the world!”

“The Demon God shouldn't reward the hero for saving the world! Wait, before that, it was the dark mages that summoned the Demon King in the first place!”

“As expected, dark magic is dark and evil! Just spouting black demonic power everywhere. You can dice them up as many times as you want!”

“Apologize to dark mages! No, before that, as the Demon God, apologize to all the lifeforms that use demonic magic!”

“Sorry.”

“And you actually do iiiiiiiiiiittt!”

But, the Demon God had already taken the seat beside Sermir and the Pope.

Wanting to say something, Raelle opened her mouth but the hero cut in first.

“Then now...”

“Gulp...”

The hero’s emotionless gaze went to Raelle. She gulped despite herself and could only giggle while looking on the hero.

“Hm... You said you’d take my side.”

“You said you didn’t want me to.”

“No, can’t... you?”

“I can’t.”

“Hee hee... That’s the case? You’re not going to, are you?”

“Then I’m guilty?”

“N, no. You’re not. There’s no one on my side, anyway? Even if you don’t...”

“You said I was not guilty earlier.”

The hero’ indifferent eyes drew ever closer.

‘Help me!’

As she looked at the defendant’s seat with pleading eyes.

I’ll remember you.

Sermir mouthed.

Rub rub.

Making a cross with his hands, and making gestures of prayer for a good afterlife, was the Pope.

Slit.

And slitting her throat with her fingers, ‘hurry up and die,’ was the Demon God.

And far over in the corner, the Demon King with the famous swirly eyes.

‘Hm... Then...’

Raelle finished taking in her surroundings and smiled.

“...Spare me. Hee hee.”

At that ridiculous figure, the hero laughed the same and replied.

“...I don’t want to. Hee hee.”

And in that instant, the Heart Blade that threatened the Chief God blazed through the court with it’s shimmering blue light.

Author’s Note:

Ah, no thoughts of kissing the demon king. Soz and rip.

Side Story 2 : D, Do You Swing That Way?
No!

Side Story 2-1 : D, Do You Swing That Way? No!

I'm strong. Really strong.

What's this transparent fella muttering about, you say?

Because I'm a dragon. Oh, I'm not actually transparent, by the way. Just your average black dragon.

But, why am I muttering 'I'm strong, really strong' all of a sudden?

Well, let's see.

“Uuu. Urghhh...”

I can see a boy quivering in front of me. Well, being the heir of a kingdom, this kid, who was pretty self-righteous before, was shaking on seeing my human form.

“C, could it be...”

When his kid who carried himself with such confidence even when I was a dragon started shivering all of a sudden, my curiosity was piqued. What was this? As I stared at the heir lad curiously, the boy, shaking in his boots, carefully opened his mouth.

“C, could it be...”

“What.”

“D, do you swing that way?”

That way. What...

I thought for a second.

Right now my appearance was that of a slightly scary man with a short head of black hair... Ah, that reminded me, every now and then a male dragon would kidnap a princess and would [censored] ...

Eh?

[Censored]?

“.....”

“.....”

After a moment of heavy silence.

“Noooooooooooooooooooo!!!!”

I don't have those particular preferences, yet why did I kidnap the kingdom's heir, that would be... It was a certain morning. Like your average dragon, I was napping in my lair, yawning peacefully.

I thought it would be the same as your average, normal day... But, destruction came in an instant.

“Is this where the evil dragon lives!”

She looked to be in about her mid-late teens or so? A girl with short red hair drew her sword and yelled in front of me.

‘...What?’

You could say dragons have a tendency to overdo things, but I haven't. Let alone other dragons, I was a situational pacifist that hadn't even bothered other sentient creatures.

Ah, as for a situational pacifist, that would refer to someone that desires peace, but would let loose if someone bothered me. Well, although that's a term I made up myself.

-I'm sleepy, go away.

That was the case. If it were other dragons, they would have swallowed up this nonsensical kid in a single gulp, some despicable ones used her for their experiments, but I wanted peace. No, before that, I was sleepy.

But, even my generosity was thrown away by this human.

“Hmph! Hand over the neighbouring country’s prince!”

-What are you on about?

I said it before, but I was a pacifist. What would I kidnap the neighbouring country’s prince and make all sorts of troubles for myself for?

I was getting angry, but I suppressed it. Yep, they say good fortune will come if you endure three times.

-I don’t have a prince. I’m sleepy. Go away.

“Hand. Over. The. Prince.”

Oh for-I said I didn’t have him... Irritated, I used one of a dragon’s skills, Fear, and imbued it into my words.

-Get. Lost.

At the same time.

“How dare this evil dragon think to lie!”

At this point, even I, who was extremely patient, exploded. Evil dragon! To compare me who was good enough to be a holy dragon to an evil dragon!

-Kuuuuuooohhh!

I roared. I'd take this human that dared shatter my pacifism and hang her upside down in front of my lair. Ah, I still wouldn't kill her. If I did, starting from her family, friends, acquaintances, ~and everyone else who heard the story might send heroes over and irritate me.

Raising my giant dragon body I faced my opponent... eh?

Something wasn't right. The numbers didn't add up. There had definitely been only one presence, but there were another three beside her. As well as that, one of them was familiar.

(R, Rhode?)

The blonde beauty beside the human girl made a bitter smile and said,

(Raon.)

(Rhode! What on earth is this! Is this my coming-of-age ceremony? No, wait, my coming-of-age was a hundred years ago!)

The coming of age ceremony of dragons, that consisted of trolling the living daylights of the newly adult dragons, was actually even more lenient than this. Hold up, before that!

(Isn't that the Demon King of Destruction beside you! We're neutral! No, before that, what's that kid over there that's loaded with Sermir's blessings!)

(Oh, he's a Pope candidate. To be accurate, the next Pope.)

(Why is a Pope candidate with a Demon King and a dragon! Is there a new world calamity that I don't know about.)

(Yep, there is.)

I was surprised. Surely with that amount of firepower... Wait, but.

(So if this is that important, why's she kicking up a fuss over the neighbouring prince?)

(No, the world is the world...)

With another bitter smile, Rhode said apologetically,

(But, it's your world.)

(Eh?)

Tilting my head, I tried to make heads or tails of what was going on... But before that a girl's cry rung out first.

“Get that evil dragon!”

At the same time.

“Sorry.”

One of the greatest fighters in the Demon World, the ferocious looking Demon King of Destruction let loose a flying knee to my face....

(Why...)

With that single word, I blacked out.

Side Story 2-2 : D, Do You Swing That Way? No!

-Uuuu...

My face hurts. It hurts. It really hurts. Why...

-Ah...

Making a pitiful face, I looked at the four men and women in front of me.

The red-haired girl said,

“Evil dragon, human mode.”

(Oi, use Polymorph.)

So Rhode says at the girl's words. If they wreck you, get wrecked, I suppose.

“Hohhh...”

But looking at my human form, the red-haired girl made a sound of appreciation.

“I... quite like this?”

Shiver.

I stepped back two paces in an instant. To think that a dragon would feel fear from a human!

(Wh, what is this. Human!)

Instinct calls. The innocently smiling girl in front of me is a demon. A grand demon! The most evil demon of them all!

(Hmm... To talk about this kid...)

After a short silence, the Demon King of Destruction said calmly,

(My employer.)

(D, do you mean to say you were summoned? World domination?)

(Nope, like I said, my employer. I’m getting paid to do this.)

(Eh? Has the Demon World’s economy finally collapsed? Is it that bad that a Demon King needs a part-time job?)

My jaw dropped in disbelief. The girl beside us grumbled “what

are you talking about by yourselves” but ignoring her, I stared at the Demon King.

As I did the Demon King went ‘ah...’ for a brief second.

(Oh, and for ten thousand gold a day.)

(An amazing deeeeeaaaalllll!)

What, only ten thousand gold a day! Sure, it’s a lot of money, but it’s only a couple of months income for a kingdom. No, by saving up, it was a sum that could be mustered up in a month.

So all you needed to do was diligently save up for a year and world domination was a possibility!

(No, don’t get me wrong. The Demon World’s economy is fine... It’s just that my own finances are poor... Sob... I have a mortgagee sale sticker on my house...)

Looking at the suddenly tearing up Demon King of Destruction, I was horrified again.

(A, are there loan sharks in the Demon World too?! No, before that, who would dare put a mortgage sticker on a Demon King’s house!)

At my cries, the Demon King of Destruction pointed to the girl

with teary eyes.

(Her dad.)

(.....)

I looked at the happily smiling girl again. No, what kind of family does she belong to that can force a Demon King to a mortgage sale! No, even before that!

(C, could it be that Rhode, you too...)

“N, no!”

Turning crimson, Rhode accidentally shouted out loud.

“Hmm~ What’s not?”

At the girl’s words, Rhode coughed, said “nothing” and smirking as if she knew everything, the girl nodded and turned to me with her smile again.

(So what. No, before that, take this human away. Something about her scares me.)

(Hm... I’m acting as her magic teacher for now... Sorry, I can’t handle the aftermath for you.)

Out of politeness for Rhode who seemed to have choked up all of a sudden, I left her be and said to the Pope candidate.

(Are you capable of telepathy?)

(Yes, black one.)

(Alright, then why are you here?)

At my words the Pope candidate scrunched up his handsome face and said,

(That is... Suddenly, suddenly...)

As he was choking up again as well, making sounds that seemed to have come from the depths of his soul, he calmed himself down and rearranging his face into a serene expression, he carefully said,

(Wh, when I came to the altar, His Hol-no that fucking Pope just gave me up! The Goddess, the Goddess gave me a divine order to accompany her!... Just what did I do in my past life, my goddess!)

That serene facade was pure bullshit. With his level of agitation, it was amazing that he didn't yell those words out loud. Looking on at the successor to the greatest religion, I rubbed my eyes.

Ah, I'm tearing up.

But to me, Lord Destruction, Rhode, and the Pope candidate all turned to me and said,

(Having said that...)

(Welcome.)

(Comrade...)

...Eh?

Side Story 2-3 : D, Do You Swing That Way? No!

(Having said that...)

(Welcome.)

(Comrade...)

...Eh?

(Wh, what are you saying?)

(.....)

(.....)

(.....)

(R, Rhode?)

(.....)

(L, Lord Demon King?)

(.....)

(H, human?)

(.....)

What's this. This is scary. This heavy and scary silence! My instincts are screaming! Run!

-Uwoooooo!

I quickly transformed. Run! Run for your life! Even if I get scolded by Rhode later, running takes priority!

I spread my wings wide!

“Your big sister’s neck hurts.”

In the air... Waaaggk!

Something’s pressing down on me. In the end, my plans of fleeing through the skies ended with me with my face in the dirt. And the source of that...

(Rhghooooooooodddeeee! What on earth is this! Is this actually human! How on earth does a human break through a dragon’s magic power and make it crawl on the ground like a lizard with gravity magic!)

(Oh, she's a demon mixed-blood...)

(Wuuuoooo! As expected of the evil demon's bloodline!)

(...As a demon, I really should be angry, but the blood that flows in her veins is so evil I can't say anything against that.)

At Lord Destruction's words I flinched, but at the words that came after, I quivered in fear. Blood that a Demon King, origin of all things demonic says is evil, what kind of blood is that!

The girl with the demon king-certified blood smiled and squatted in front of my face, looked my in the eyes, and said,

“Your big sister's neck hurts. You know what I'm saying, right?”

I hurriedly Polymorphed again and nodded with my head that couldn't move. As I did, she stroked my head like she would a good boy...

(Rhoooooddddeeee! I, I'm still an adult! I'm over a thousand years old! How old is she that she can treat me like a kid!)

(...If it's that much, it's alright. A kid is better... I'm what, the number 1 spinster...)

Rhode's sad. Eh, sh, she's crying? Rh, Rhode! You weren't this

kind of character!

“Tch tch, making a woman cry, you’re surprisingly a bad boy type?”

Wuoooooooo! Whose fault do you think this is! Before that, how did that icy frost maiden Rhode turn into a feeble girl!

To my eyes containing my horror and distrust, the girl released her gravity magic, plopped herself down beside, and drew her arm around my shoulder.

“You know, right. The kingdom beside your place?”

“Agrizen Kingdom...”

“Yep. But you know, they say that place’s prince’s pre~tty decent.”

They say if you know the enemy and yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. Although as a pacifist, I didn’t have any enemies, but since I could be under some hidden threat, I took to heart the gossip of the local monsters and spirits.

So I eventually came to hear of the prince nearby, who was apparently really handsome, had a good personality, and was rich enough that everyone in the country had their eyes on... Huh?

“Hohh~ As expected of a dragon! Understanding without me even needing to say a word!”

“You mean... Surely...”

“Yep, it’s that.”

“... No, I haven’t even said anything yet...”

“But, what you’re thinking of is the right one. Yep, it’s that.”

What I’m thinking of is right? Really? Really?(1)

(Rh, Rhode... Surely not?)

Rhode didn’t meet my eyes.

(L, Lord Demon King. This sort of thing should be done by you!)

The Demon King didn’t meet my eyes either.

(H, human! Th, the Order should be the one to stop an evil dragon running rampant! No, please do it!)

(...The goddess says she knows nothing about it.)

Oh, f-! No, what is this, aaaaaargh!

I looked at the girl with pleading eyes. Please. Anything but...

But even at my pleading eyes, the girl just smiled and tightening her grip on my shoulders, whispered into my ear.

“Now, I’ll say it again! Evil. Dragon! Hand. Over. The. Prince~”

...And thus I became an evil dragon.

Author’s Note

The specs of the protagonist girl of the side story.

Hero’s stamina + Hero’s talent + Hero’s abilities + Hero’s beauty +
Demon king’s personality

...Madness.

Side Story 2-4 : D, Do You Swing That Way? No!

Guuuooohhhh!

“D, dragon!”

“Th, the black dragon comparable to that ill-tempered Red!”

“Waaaahhh!”

Guuuooohhhh! Ill-tempered my ass! No, why is a kind black dragon like me have to be compared to that scumbag-incarnate Red to begin with!

Flying in the sky, I let out a breath and looked at the chaos in the capital that I had created, no, caused simply by my appearance.

Ah, I feel like crying for some reason. Sob.

How long was it, the knights and the mages have started to make an appearance.

“Th, this evil dragon! This is the king’s... Wah!”

“Take this you foul dragon! Burn with... Aaah!”

They talk too much. To wait for them to stop talking is courtesy between true heroes and villains, but since I am neither, I just attack when they talk.

Unfair? Deal with it. To begin with, a dragon being pummeled around by a (self-proclaimed) hero and causing a racket like this doesn't make sense either.

Ah, I think I'm drooling from my eyes again. They aren't tears. A dragon won't cry because of just... Oh wait, Rhode did.

As I tried to erase my bleak thoughts from my head, I looked to the king's chambers in the castle and said,

-To quell my rage, hand over the heir.

"N, not the prince... Argh!"

"S, stop him!"

"Haaaap!"

Sword ki was flying everywhere. Spells were being thrown everywhere. But, I'm a dragon. Even if I do get hit, it won't even leave a scratch.

-Do you take me lightly!

Fuuuuuuuuuuahhhh!

A strong Breath swept across the sky.

“B, Breath!”

“Th, that powerful thing is a breath...”

“C, can’t win...”

Everyone was shaking in fear. Sorry, but this is also human karma. I did feel kinda sorry for them, but if I didn’t do this, then I’m the one at risk.

-I shall say it one more time. Hand over the heir. Then nothing more will happen.

“Is that true!”

Looking over to see a human man striding towards me with a dignified gait, I quickly scanned him over. Let’s see, blonde, handsome, body looks pretty good. Seems to have a fair bit of mana as well. Looks like the heir?

I nodded sagely. The sole ray of hope to save me from the demon king-approved true devil was this kid. If things went well, I was even thinking of taking out a few of my rares as compensation.

As I nodded, after hesitating for a second, he strode out confidently and shouted,

“I shall go!”

“Y, Your Highness!”

“Y, you can’t!”

-I guarantee it. No harm will come to him.

Sorry, no guarantees. But I don’t have a choice. Ah, to think that I, who for a thousand years didn’t lie aside from things like saying Rhode had a good personality, was kind, things like that, would lie in this instant!

“Then... Take me away!”

Oh. This kid’s impressive. But thinking about it, it’s because of this kind of appearance that I’m in this position, isn’t it? Ah, perhaps this feeling that this handsome face, dignified bearing is completely bullshit is just because of my mood right now.

-Then I shall be taking him.

With sleep magic, I put the heir to sleep, and raising him in the air above my head, I told the man that looked like the king,

-I'll be borrowing him.

At my words, his eyes shook, but maybe it was because he was a king, he very quickly recovered his composure, and nodded calmly.

“We shall trust you.”

Sorry, don't trust me.

Nodding, I set coordinates for my lair.

-Teleport.

Ah, now that my job's done... Will I have my freedom?

...Meanwhile.

“W, will it be alright?”

At the queen's words, the king nodded.

There have been occasions where dragons have created successive generations with humans.

That was true. It wasn't common, but it wasn't non-existent. No, there were many cases where through these descendants, the

kingdom had prospered and in truth, there were legends that quite a number of countries' royal bloodlines originated from dragons.

“This could even be a good thing for the prince.”

“Oh! This is a cause to celebrate!”

The surrounding nobles also thought that this was a potential opportunity, but only the Royal Mage turned blue and started shaking.

“Wh, what's the matter?”

As the uneasy king said that, with shaking lips, the Royal Mage carefully said,

“Y, Your Majesty... While it's a pleasure to speak... The black dragon living in this area...”

“Black dragon?”

As everyone looked at the Royal Mage curiously, the Royal Mage made an expression as if the world was ending, and finished his sentence.

“Is a male.”

“.....”

“.....?”

“.....!”

Shortly afterwards.

-Aaaaaaaaaarrrrrgh!

The Royal Court created a team for a dragon subjugation.

Side Story 2-5 : D, Do You Swing That Way? No!

TLN: Some character notes:

Rhode: Dragon (♀) (currently in human form, blonde hair when human)

Destruction: Demon king of Destruction (♂), currently working part-time as a hero's sidekick.

Pope Candidate: Nameless human (♂), sacrificed sent on a quest by the Pope and Sermir.

Raon: Black dragon (♂). Currently being whipped into shape by a certain red haired hero.

Nameless red haired girl: (♀) If you haven't figured out who she is by now, please take a course in deductive reasoning or read the side stories again.

The world's rotten. It's fucked. It could come to ruin at any time and it wouldn't even be odd.

I realized that three days after I kidnapped the heir.

“Hand over the prince!”

“You pervert dragon!”

Many adventurers came invading in.

“Haaaaap!”

“Hand over the prince! [Angdragon!](#)”

A slang word to signify anything gay, especially male. Supposedly originated as the signature ‘sound’ made by gay porn star Billy Herrington and subsequently turned into a meme in Korea.

Countless female warriors came charging in.

“All units, kill that dragon!”

“Maximum mana! Stake it all on one hit!”

The knight and mage brigade also came charging in.

-Kuuuoooooh! How dare you charge into this one’s lair!

While uttering lines completely befitting a third-rate villain, I knocked them over without a scratch.

That aside, when the hero saw the prince she made noises of “hm...,” “hoohhh~”, told me to keep him for a week, took her party and vanished.

After that, starting from the royals, all sorts of humans invaded my lair, all charging in while calling me various names like pervert dragon, angdragon, gay dragon and so on.

... Can I cry?

As soon as the tiniest tear leaked out, the humans let out a wild cry!

“The dragon is crying!”

“Everyone attack! The end is near!”

Nope, it's over already. Angdragon, they say. To be precise, an ang!dragon. What is this, I don't even know what it means and I'm still scared. A word which inspires fear in dragons, humans are fearsome creatures.

-Gravity

One word.

All that was needed to make thousands of knights and mages

collapse. Ah, I'm this strong. Really strong! Why! Why! Do I have to do this!

My eyes are fogging up again. Ah, for, when is this evil demon's offspring calling herself a hero gonna show up!

“Stop there, evil dragon!”

Just then, the self-proclaimed hero's voice sounded out.

-Kuoooooooooh!

I let out a roar of joy. I'm free! I'm moving as soon as this is over! Yes, elves! I'm living peacefully with the quiet elves!

In order to move residences as fast as possible I eyeballed the hero... eh?

-Rhode, what on earth is that?

No, there could be children watching this! What is with that sheer cloth that barely covers the breasts, not only that, those soft frilly shorts that you couldn't even tell if they were clothes or underwear!

-Have you awakened to some new...

-No!

Ah, Rhode is crying again. When I first saw that, I felt sorry for her, but not anymore. My instincts are speaking. If I can't escape that thing called a hero then that's my fate as well.

-Sob... Waaaahhhh... I, I don't like this either! It's not pretty, or even comfy! I don't like this, this lewd outfit! Waaahhhh!

So she yells with tearful eyes. Plus, you could directly imply that it was the hero who made her wear it. Well, what can I say, the defense of female party members are inversely proportional to their exposure? The logic that the more exposed they were, the higher their defences.

On that note, the Demon King was in the typical knight attire. In one word, clad head to toe in sturdy armour. And the human kid called the Pope candidate was holding a book of scripture in one hand, and wearing a silver bracelet of the clergy on the other.

-... So everyone's normal aside from Rhode. (Black Dragon)

-... And according to 'normal,' you're going to get wrecked. (Rhode)

Well, she'll keep me alive at least. Surely... she wouldn't kill me?

Looking at my blank expression, the self-proclaimed hero scowled, and avoiding everyone else's gaze, looked right at me and

drew a finger over her throat. Shit, if I screw this up I really am going to die.

-Foolish human.

Making myself as grand as possible, I looked at the self-proclaimed hero and said according to the script,

-If you want the prince, you'll have to get through me!

Guuuuooooohhhh!

A shot of Breath aimed at nothing but air!

Throwing around the biggest, flashiest spells was my role! As well as getting rid of any possible interference.

“Aaah! Run away!”

“It's Breath!”

While I was spouting lines straight from a minion textbook, the humans ran away, and in front of them, including Rhode, the self-proclaimed hero's party appeared while using barrier magic.

“Evil dragon! Cease thy slaughter!”

“This evil dragon!”

“Die, angdragon!”

“O holy blessings...”

Wait a second.

-Lord Demon King, what do you mean, angdragon!

-That’s what everyone else is calling you!

-So would you like it if I starting putting ang in front of your name as well?

-... Sorry.

Some things need to be set right. While running through my magic formulas, I attacked the hero party with the flashiest skills I had. Ah, I had no real intention behind them. Trust me. You don’t believe me, don’t you. Even I wouldn’t believe that.

My strongest Hellfire was easily blocked by Rhode’s hands. And ignoring the flames the Demon King broke through, the hero charging right behind.

“Hyyap!”

Now I'd suitably take that... Holy!

I dodged by a margin of only a single sheet of paper. Wh, what's this!

-Why are you dodging!

-Rhode! Dragons or not, getting hit with a sword aura is dangerous!

No, what's this monster. How old is this brat what can already use sword auras! How is she a swordsmaster at this age!

She's charging full on. Ah, at this rate, this won't be a just a performance, I'm actually fucked.

“Sword of Azure Flames, Seventh Style Wings of Azure Flames!”

A sword aura shaped like wings made of of blue flames raced towards my body. Oh f-, that's going to hurt. Plus the feather-like formations surrounding the wings have small amounts of sword aura and death racing with it. If I get hit with that, that's going to leave a hell of a mark.

I'm not going to die, but it's going to hurt like I am!

-Kuuuuooooohhh!

I set up a shield with magic and retreated as far as possible. And at the same time I set up barrier magic, summoned a water elemental, collected water near my stomach and opened up a pocket dimension, used alchemy to turn the water red and sticky like blood.

-Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrgghhh!

As soon as the shield broke, so did my barrier magic. Dammit, that hurts! It hurts like hell!

“How is it, foul dragon!”

It hurts. I hurt. It hurts like hell.

-It's my loss.

That only slightly dinged my scales, but any more and I could have really died. Looking at my collapsing form, the humans cheered.

“The dragon is down!”

“Rescue the prince!”

“Hooray for the hero!”

I opened my eyes a crack and looked at the self-proclaimed hero's party. The prince is thanking the self-proclaimed hero. The hero is gracefully accepting it.

-Well done.

-Well done.

Rhode and the Demon King breathed a sigh of relief and praised me. The Pope candidate made a holy gesture and lowered his head to me. Ah, it's finally over. Looking at the humans that made to approach me, thinking I was dead, I shouted my last lines.

-Guuooohhhh! Although I retreat this time, the next time will not be like this!

Under the gazes of the shocked humans I quickly teleported. So long, hope to never see you again. I'm going to empty my lair entirely and spend at least the next hundred years somewhere else in seclusion.

And so, I finally got my long-desired freedom. Wahahahahahaha!

“Hwaa... Sob. Wamuahhhh...”

A black-haired youth cried. Beside him who was making an expression like it was the end of the world, a giant man patted his shoulder beside him.

“Sorry. But, the hero says she needs a villain.”

“Th, there are plenty of villains all around! You know how greedy humans are!”

“We need a big antagonist.”

“Where are all the human villains! World conquest, demon king summons! There were lots of those kids!”

At the despairing screams, a boy wearing a mantle shook his head and said,

“The hero’s mom got them all.”

“Why, why! Why didn’t she leave some for her daughter!”

As the black-haired youth started crying again, the blond girl made a bitter smile.

“The prince was a bit weak.”

“Weak! No, that level of magic at that age, being knighted with

his skills alone, how is that weak!”

“Her dad said, from ages ago, that she needs to grab someone stronger than her. By the way, his wife is way stronger than him.”

“Guooohhh! This evil demonic bloodline! No, Lord Demon King! Can’t you do something about this kid!”

Looking at this youth whining and dripping tears and snot, the giant man could only smile bitterly.

“Sorry. If I go against her, I get cleaned out. My entire household gets cleaned out. My soldiers get cleaned out. Mortgage and debt sales come into play.”

“Hwwwoooooooo”

When even the giant shook his head, the black-haired youth started beating the ground and crying again.

“No, what is this. Sword aura with one hand, shooting off Hellfires with the other, that human that’s stronger than monsters. What is that, a demon king? Or some beast from another dimension?”

A red-haired girl walked up beside the despairing youth, put a hand on his shoulder and said,

“That country’s duke seems usable. Now, fetch! Evil dragon!”

“Hwooooo.”

And so the world’s most villainous evil dragon, the angdragon that only kidnapped men declared war on that country.

Author’s Notes

A certain girl’s specs episode 2.

Sword skills. Handles sword auras easily. Reaching the pinnacle of all swordsmasters.

Magic. Doesn’t like to memorize chants. Only bothers writing down the usable ones in a notebook in her pocket. The only ones that she does memorize are crazy ones like Hellfire. A mage so skilled that she can create her own spells.

Wealth. Three accounts. Holder of a human account (Pope candidate), dragon account (Rhode), and a demon account (demon king). Looking for opportunities to make a heavenly account sometime soon. (Spirit and elemental worlds have no material value and therefore aren’t worth her attention.)

Chapter 8 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

Chapter 8-7 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

“Looks like the trial’s over?”

Looking at the brightly smiling hero, the Chief God turned his head to the right.

“.....”

In the midst of the broken wall, the Demon King was visible.

“[Huk.... Hukkk...](#)”

(TLN: Crying sfx)

Turning his head to the left, now he could see the one who managed the world and was the most affectionate, the god he treated like his daughter, the God of Light Raelle, weeping in a corner with her hair completely dishevelled.

“Hm...”

The Chief God closed his eyes for a second, pressing down on them with his hands, and turned to the other creator god beside him.

“Oi, this thing called a trial, was it always the strongest that won

it?”

“Hm? Well... It was easy to win if you had a lot of money, maybe being strong's the same?”

“No, that's not right, is it? No, before that, you and the readers wanted something sweet!”

“I dunno, maybe the will of the world rejected such sweetness.”

Looking on at the goddess tossing her hair around, the Chief God leaked out some noiseless murmurs and faced the hero.

“What?”

Her words were short. Considering the fact that he was a Chief God and all. But, if he tangled with her now, he didn't feel like he'd win.

“No, nothing.”

There was a thing called the flow. If he went against it, he could end up like his daughter, who was currently squatting and crying over there in the corner.

“Then, this trial is now ov..”

“W, wait!”

The brightly smiling (and immersing everyone else in fear) hero was about to declare the end of the trial, but a certain someone cut her off.

“Ohhhh!”

“A h, hero!”

“Th, this trial isn’t over yet!”

“I think it is!”

The hero’s Heart Blade started shining more brightly.

“Wow! At this rate she’s going to master that.”

“N, nooo! Then I’m going to get sliced up like the neighbours?!”

To the two creator gods’ surprise, the demon king stood up confidently and said,

“Not yet, my... No, our trial hasn’t yet ended!”

A demonic aura started to surround the demon king. The strength of ruler of evil, the master of darkness!

“What... You wanna go?”

The hero's blade turned towards the demon king, but the demon king only laughed.

“Oh... A, a hero!”

“A, amazing...”

“So brave...”

Everyone at that place saw.

The unrelenting hero(demon king) even in the face of the wrath of the strongest demon king(hero)!

“Devour...”

A black abyss appeared in the middle of the court. Having seen this once already, the hero gripped her sword, and let out a cry.

“Haaap!”

“Greed!”

At the same time, a black hand appeared, took on the Heart Blade that threatened the Chief God and. Blocked. It.

“Wh, what!”

Even if she was going easy, Heart Blade was still Heart Blade. Normally, she was just going to cut the black hand called Greed and smack the demon king around with the flat of her sword, but at this unexpected twist, the hero gritted her teeth.

“So even then... You’re a demon king after all!”

With another shout, the blade slowly forced the black hand back, and the demon king clenched his teeth and let out an even stronger demonic aura.

“I... Cannot lose!”

The demon king’s demonic ki exploded outwards. In response, another black hand appeared out of the abyss.

“Wh, what’s that!”

“Eh? That...”

“Ruler of ten thousand evils, the owner of endless greed demands you! Follow my commands, vanquish the foe! The demon king of Greed, Endless!(endless!)”

-Kuuoooooooooh!

The darkness appearing from the abyss, no, escaping from it, eventually took on the shape of a human and roared.

“Urgh! So what!”

Having already forced the Supreme Gods and even the Chief God into submission, to think that she’d be blocked by the weakest demon king right here!

Looking on her, the demon king clenched his teeth.

“Supreme Gods? Chief God? Will of the world?”

The hand of darkness, no, Endless that was struggling just now started pushing back the hero’s sword.

“So what! To me...!”

The skill that overcame the limits of willpower, that could cut anything as long as you desired it, the Heart Blade gradually lost its luster.

And the demon king shouted,

“There is plenty of will that wants sweet romance between you and meeeeeeee!”

And finally, Endless’s hand broke the hero’s sword.

Author’s Note

Th, the assignments are flooding in! I, I can’t hold on much longer!

Chapter 8-8 : Who Are You? Me? A Goddess From The Next Neighbourhood

“The world’s will?” (Yuria)

The demon king(hero) stuck in Endless’s hand shivered. At the same time, a sinister aura enveloped Endless.

“Wh, what’s that! That aura!” (Demon god)

Erupting with an incredibly dark energy that even shocked the demon god, the hero cut Endless just like that.

“Wh, what!” (Demon king)

Looking on at the startled hero(demon king) the most heinous demon king(hero) smiled evilly and yelled,

“Ha? Abundant will desiring sweetness? Bullshit! I... have the strength of the solo brigade!” (Yuria)

And her sword shone brightly. With the will... of countless singles!

.....Well, not really...

The above is just pure crap. It's plain madness.

Everyone held their breaths. What, while yelling something incomprehensible, the demon king defeated the hero.

And the end result.

‘What can I say...’ (Goddess)

‘Chaos again.’ (Chief God)

The two creator gods thought the world that they had made was truly amazing, and at the same time, feared it too.

“Uu, uuuu...” (Yuria)

The hero groaned, her face curled into a scowl, as if she couldn't believe she had lost. At the same time, Sermir, eyes wide, turned to Raelle and shouted,

“Mom, what's that?” (Sermir)

“Demon Seed. Unlike us, who continually reincarnate, demon

kings use demon seeds, ergo, the one who bears the seed of demons becomes a demon king. In a nutshell, that was Endless, the Demon Seed of Greed. Greed incarnate, an insatiable desire.” (Raelle)

“W, we didn’t see that in the heaven/demon war!” (Sermir)

“Of course! If that comes out, we’re screwed. No, unless you resign yourself to annihilation to block it, there’s no way you can win against that!”(Raelle)

“Scary... Mom, from now on, I’m not going to any more heaven/demon wars!” (Sermir)

“Th, this brat!” (Raelle)

At the non-appearance declaration of the strongest god, Raelle scowled, but Sermir could launch another counter if she took it any further, so she turned to the slightly easier target, the demon god, and yelled,

“Oi, you bitch! Why’s that here! That’s not supposed to come out normally!” (Raelle)

“Don’t ask me bitch, I’m more surprised than you are.” (Demon god)

The demon god’s words were correct. Demon Seeds were something she made herself. The day that was broken was the day that the demon king named Greed would cease to exist, and at the

same time, she'd have to spend all her energy to make a new one. Which meant that the strength of the demon world would fall in the meantime.

Ergo.

“That crazy thing knew he was going to get totalled.” (Demon god)

The fact that he had summoned the Demon Seed, meant that if that had been destroyed, so was his soul obliterated as well. Ergo, he really had put his life on the line fighting the hero.

“Why couldn't he put in that effort in the heaven/demon wars...” (Demon God)

Even in the mutterings of the surroundings, the demon king had eyes only for the hero.

“What...” (Yuria)

At that intense gaze, even the hero turned red without her knowing it.

‘Ah, and it looks like I've lost again...’ (Yuria)

Before she had lost by words, but now she was pushed back on strength as well. Now it really was time to surrender her mind and

body to the demon king...

“Was absolutely not what I was thinking!” (Yuria)

Tch.

“What’s wrong?” (Demon king)

The demon king asked in response to the hero suddenly shouting towards the sky. The hero sighed and muttered,

“Nothing... You can say I felt something like the world’s rebellious movements...” (Yuria)

Having ignored the will of the world, the hero turned back towards the demon king.

“You, said you were weak.” (Yuria)

“Don’t you know the balance is broken already? Coming from the one who trampled over gods.” (Demon king)

Looking at the smiling demon king, the hero said,

“But, what are you going to do if this trial doesn’t come to a close?” (Hero)

The demon king had definitely yelled, reeking of a hero's aura,
“No, my... no, our trial isn't over yet!”

And now that the demon king thought it over...

“Y, you're right?” (Demon king)

“Excuse me?” (Yuria)

He let out some really irresponsible words.

“What made you think the trial wasn't over!” (Yuria)

“That... the world's will?” (Demon king)

“Yiiiiiiiik!” (Yuria)

Having noticed the flicker of rage that passed over the hero's face, the demon king very quickly turned to the goddess for help.

“Your Honour! Th, the verdict!” (Demon king)

“Hm....” (Goddess)

The goddess closed her eyes and thought.

‘How do I make this more fun?’ (Goddess)

She liked all the mortal world’s dramas (her favourite types being the ridiculous ones) and novels (likes web novels and OP MCs). While thinking about all the anime and webtoons (as expected, preference for OP MCs. Also likes romance.) a satisfied smile crept across her lips and she said,

“The verdict is as follows. I’m not sure because this is another world, but to sum up what they say are crimes, made a household with a demon king, brought him to capital but didn’t report him, saved the demon king even as a hero. Well, throw out the one about not siding with me.” (Goddess)

“D, don’t throw it out!” (Raelle)

Let’s ignore a certain Supreme God’s words.

“Why am I being treated like the old Sermir!” (Raelle)

The goddess continued,

“But the hero was already contracted under the Scales of the Chief God, and thus had no other options.” (Goddess)

“Y, yes!” (Yuria)

As the hero nodded her head fervently, the goddess smirked and

continued,

“But crimes are still crimes! And thus the easiest method to resolve it...” (Goddess)

“Resolve it?” (Yuria)

As the hero tilted her head, the goddess smiled sinisterly, and gave the final verdict.

“I pronouce [the two of you should just marry].” (Goddess)

Chapter 9 : Demon King & Hero

Chapter 9-1 : Demon King & Hero

“I pronouce [the two of you should just marry].”

At the declaration of the judge, no, the Creator God of another world, everyone was suddenly hit by petrification magic.

“Good! As expected of the best judge!”

Ah, except for the demon king.

Looking at the demon king with sparking eyes and his thumb raised high, likewise, the sight of her raising her own thumb, poking her tongue out and winking was an incomparably cute sight, but in the hero's head, looking on at the two of them, only one thought was running through her head.

‘Creator or not do I just cut her?’

“Creator or not do I just cut her?”

“Wa, wait! Your thoughts and words are leaking at the same time!”

At the instantaneous lethal killing intent, the goddess flinched, dry coughed “ahem!” a few times, looked at the hero and solemnly said,

“The hero’s crimes can’t be helped, but crimes are crimes! But what if the two of you are husband and wife? A married couple creating a new household is a given, you don’t have to report your husband to the clergy, and what kind of crime is it to save your husband? So naturally, all clear! The hero is cleared of all charges, the demon king solves the contract as sworn on the Scales of the Chief God, and the other kids don’t have to fight with the hero! And so you two should marry! Happy ending!”

With her naturally nodding her head like that, so did the demon king.

“You’re right! If the hero marries me, everything’s a happy ending!”

As the demon king proudly shouted, moved by the goddess’s reasoning, he turned to the hero with an expression akin to a puppy abandoned on a rainy day, and said,

“Or, or does the hero not like me?”

In her state still bound by Endless’s hand, the hero closed her eyes.

Their first meeting. Their everyday life. Her ruining the household chores and the demon king cleaning up behind her, grumbling all the while. The festival they went together. The demon king that was captured by criminals and herself who rescued him.

The various unexpected sides of the demon king. And... countless other events. Yes, as expected...

The hero thought through of all the things since she met the demon king, and said with a clear voice,

“No.”

“Hooooold uuuuuuupp! That answer’s way too different to what you were thinking above?!”

As if he had never made that abandoned puppy face, with a completely shocked face he retorted with all his might. The hero momentarily though that she’d done something wrong, and corrected herself,

“Absolutely not!”

“Why is the final answer not chhaannngiingg!”

The demon king yelled/whined. At the same time, Endless vanished, the hero gracefully landed, propped her chin up with one hand, thought about it and said,

“Firstly, slavery contract as you pleased!”

“Th, that...”

“And yelling at me because I couldn’t do household chores. I’ve never even done those before.”

“Th, that’s why I...”

“Oh, and Aya, was it? Sided with Aya that time as well.”

“N, no, that contract was...”

“Hm... And on top of that, since coming to the capital, caused my mind to self-destruct numerous times.”

“C, cough...”

Running out of ways to justify himself, the demon king looked like he was about to cough up blood, clutched his chest and swayed.

“H, hold on demon king!”

“Don’t fall!”

“The brave one gets the girl in the end!”

The spectators around the demon king cheered him on. Yeah! I’m a demon king! The leader of ten thousand evils! I’m not going to fall with just this!

With his two feet he stood firmly on the mess of trial. His current appearance was like the moment before he summoned Endless, like the confident, dignified hero! And!

“Ah, that reminds me, Endless? Summoning something with a weird name, pushed me down by force and said ‘let’s marry.’ What’s this? A total turn-off~☆”

“CRITICAAAAAALLL!”

The hero’s parting shot hit the demon king! It’s super effective!

The demon king coughed and crawled on the ground. He turned gradually greyer. Vanishing. Becoming ash...

“N, no!”

The shocked goddess yelled but the demon king was already beyond the point of no return. It was an attack that even had ☆ attached to it. It was a fearsome attack that couldn’t be defended against.

“Oi, Lolbba! What do I do about the demon king!”

“I don’t know either... Oi, Nielle, do demons turn to ash when they die? No, before that, can they receive critical damage like that with a single sentence?”

“Hm... If it’s the highest-tier holy magic then they can be damaged by words, and vanish to ash...”

Looking at the remains of the demon king that were beginning to transcend dimensions, Sermir nodded.

“Is it ☆? It’s ☆! From now on, all holy magic will end in ☆!”

“Understood, my goddess! It was ☆! This world is ours!”

It felt like some weird cult was going to form, but they were ignored by the surroundings. They were treated like Raelle’s lines, that is, non-existent.

“No, why am I taking on Sermir’s old role!”

Ignore her.

“Don’t ignore me!”

Meanwhile, the hero poked at the ashes that were the demon king with her sheathed sword, and sighed, while making a face like someone that was suddenly deprived of her fun.

“Aywhew... Just how did I...”

Come to love this...

“Totally not!”

Tch.

“...But that doesn’t mean I dislike him, either.”

The hero turned her head from the skies, and closed her eyes.

She didn’t dislike him. No, you could say that she had good feelings toward him.

From when she was young, she swung her sword and defeated villains. She had many people she called comrades and many enemies. But as for the men that she could say that made her totally comfortable and free, it could be said that this man called a demon king would be the only one.

‘Besides...’

He had pretty good specs. Firstly, he was a king. Demon king, administering Internal Affairs, but in the end, that he meant he was rich and had plenty of authority. He was also so handsome that even she had wavered slightly. Aside from that fact that he was a demon, you could say that he was number one husband material.

‘But...’

“Not marriage.”

Yep, just that. Just someone with good feelings. Well, more than friends, less than lovers? It was just then when the hero thought she had her thoughts in order.

Flare.

“I...”

The demon king who seemed about to disappear with the ashes flared up again. As the final embers rekindled, the demon king’s eyes also started to blaze.

“I was not joking!”

“Oohhhhhhh!”

“Wow...”

As the two Creator Gods were feeling the wonders of the world at that amazing sight, the demon king pointed at the hero and shouted.

“And so... I swear on the Scales of the Chief God, this is a fight!”

Raising the Scales of the Chief God high in the air, the origin of the misadventures of the hero and demon king, with a charismatic smile, he shouted towards the hero.

“If the hero wins, then the previous contract is null! But if I win... The hero is well. And. Truly. Mine!”

At that shout accompanied by a confident smile unbefitting a demon king, with a somewhat surprised face, the hero replied,

“No, I don’t want to?”

Chapter 9-2 : Demon King & Hero

Silence descended upon the room.

The demon king and the hero, the Pope and the Creator Gods. How long did they pass in mutual silence? Looking up at the sky, the demon king shouted in his heart,

‘Oi, author! Why are you doing this to me?’

Why’re you asking me? And enough of those cross-dimensional declarations.

Scowling furiously, the demon king looked to the hero.

“What?”

Looking at the hero that had an expression of the most comfortably curious expression, the demon king closed his eyes.

How would you put it... He felt uneasy. A feeling like he was watching Sermir’s character development all over again settled down on the demon king.

“Um... Why don’t you want to?”

The demon king’s words were shaking slightly, but as if it meant nothing, the hero shrugged her shoulders and said,

“No, I lost just now. As soon as you brought out Endless, you creamed me? And what, ‘if you lose the hero’s well and truly mine?’”

The hero looked at the demon king with an unamused expression, shook her head.

“Am I an idiot? Staking everything on a fight that I’m guaranteed to lose.”

“N, no... You’re a hero. In that case...”

“Hm... But if I don’t marry you, then my crimes are set? Then, I have to quit being a hero. When have you seen a criminal hero?”

“.....”

The demon king shut his mouth. What could he do, the hero was completely steamrolling through right now. Having already beaten the crap out of gods, you’d have thought she’d have shown the utmost limits of just how far anyone could run rampant, but no.

The demon king looked at the hero uneasily and said,

“I, if I don’t use Endless will you fight me?”

“Hm? No, I’m scared something else will pop up.”

“Th, then what do I have to do to make you fight me?”

Looking at the demon king that seemed about to cry, the hero smiled brightly.

“If you cut off all your arms and legs, destroy your mana source, and get rid of that Endless or whatever then I’ll give you a crack.”

“That’s just telling me to diiiiiieeeeeee!”

The demon king finally lost it. His sanity, his tears, and his mentality all went kapow!

The demon king’s knees hit the ground in his despair. Watching the demon king hold the classic OTL position, the demon god shouted,

“S, stop it! Don’t hurt my follower anymore!”

“I never touched him? I just said I didn’t want to fight.”

“Th, then just fight him!”

“It’s not my hobby to get into losing fights.”

At the hero’s casual words, the demon god pointed at the demon

king.

“Fight him already! Look at him! Don’t you feel the tiniest bit sorry for him? If even the demon god’s taking pity on him, what are you going to do about it!”

Looking on the ashen-white figure in the corner murmuring “Burned... Burned to nothing but ashes...” even if Sermir wasn’t the goddess of love and benevolence, she’d still have felt sorry for him.

Looking down from above, the Chief God told the goddess,

“Oi, do something.”

“Hey, this is your neighbourhood. Why’re you doing this to me?”

“It’s turned to this cause you threw some half-assed comments everywhere!”

“No, what’s your problem! Everything’s gone to the everyone’s preferred scenario! And if this was an ordinary story, when the demon king challenges the hero with his magnificent visage, isn’t it normal for the hero’s heart to go doki doki and accept him?”

“Ha? I told you over God Talk! Normal is a thing of the past! Everything went to custard the moment my daughters came over to the human world! Did you not think of that? This world has long since gone to shit!”

As one Creator to another, the goddess on at the shitstorm that the world's Creator acknowledged as one, and nodded.

“Yep, it is. And therefore I have no responsibility for this!”

“Why!”

“It was already crap to begin with! In my case, all I did was add a tiny bit more sauce to an already ruined dish... Yeah, it's like adding soy sauce to fried kimchi rice that was too spicy because too much [kimchi](#) was added to begin with!”

“That's an unfixable error! No, before that, don't make comparisons with things that the others can't eat! Our place doesn't even have kimchi!”

“Holy, no kimchi. Rural backwater.”

“Says the backwater that doesn't have magic!”

“Ha, a backwater without Lol?”

“... Fair enough. My neighbourhood's a rural backwater.”

And thus in the world acknowledged as a fucked up rural backwater by the Chief God, the hero sighed and turned back to the demon king.

“Look at that, even the gods are like that. The Creator to boot. So why on earth do I have to protect the world?”

The hero had already reached enlightenment of the world. Having once protected the country carrying justice in her heart and protecting the weak, those were now all in the past.

As the hero snorted and everyone else were staring blankly at her, the white ash in the corner that was the demon king realized something.

‘World = fucked. Hero = protects the world. If the world is fucked, there’s no reason for the hero to protect it, and the hero is no longer a hero. Then, she has no reason to fight me anymore, and any thoughts of marriage are completely off!

In that case.

With an intense light in his eyes, the demon king stood up. A degree of vigour that even the hero flinched at! And channeling his energy, the demon king aimed a sinister smile at the hero and shouted,

“From this moment onwards, I, Greed, on my name as a demon king!”

The hero had no reason to fight him.

Then, then!

“On behalf of the demons, I declare war on the human world!”

‘You just need to make a reason to fight!’

And so the human world’s greatest crisis approached.

Author’s Notes:

Human world: What did we do.

Demon world: What did we do.

Demon soldier: Wait, what. I’ve only got a month left on my service. Invasion of the human world! Emergency summons!

Author: Damn hero, I’ll acknowledge it. Just marry already. Let’s end this

Readers: What is he smoking now.

Chapter 9-3 : Demon King & Hero

No, rather, was about to.

“Oi, if you’re staking your own name, then that means you’re invading with your own forces.”

The demon god said, cocking her head. That was true. To invade while staking the demon king’s own name meant that said demon king would be using his direct followers, i.e. the soldiers under Greed’s command, to invade the human world.

“But, by your followers, aren’t they the ones running Internal Affairs?”

A ? appeared on top of everyone’s heads.

Internal Affairs.

In the human world, you’d think of a place filled some bespectacled, cocky looking things, really good at studying, that were, more likely than not, a [Mom’s friend’s son](#) type, and their strength was not something to be taken lightly. But all they held was authority, and financial weight, not military power.

Mom’s friend’s son/daughter. An archetype of IRL Mary Sues. Usually synonymous with the line(s) ‘your mom’s friend’s son/daughter’s done/is [such and such] so why are you so [optional expletive] useless/crap/other-comparisons-here.’ The type’s so good at just about everything that inevitably everyone around

them will be compared to them.

Even if they were demons, a hundred years of holding nothing but pens and documents would leave them easy pickings for mere high quality knights.

But the demon king held his confident face and shouted,

“Ha! Conquest through might is already outdated! After I bring over all my staff over and plant them here and there, I will seize the money and authority! Mere humans, compared to the history of thousands of years in Internal Affairs’ workplace hell, it’s just another day at the office! From there, we just have to turn the kingdoms and empires against each other, turn enemies of kings and nobles, ostracize the commoners and the nobles! And so, by simply throwing money around, I can destroy the world!”

For the first time in a while, the demon king evilly grinned like the demon king that he was. But the hero only sighed and said,

“No, your logic is sound. If you destroy the world, then I need to come forth... But, you forgot the most important thing...”

“What?”

“If you seize power behind the humans’ backs... You should know that I have nothing but my sword?”

The demon king tilted his head slightly. He did make an excuse to

fight. But, she said she couldn't. Outside of swords...

“Ah...”

The hero's alchemy(cooking) came to mind.

The hero's cleaning came to mind.

The hero's...

The hero's...

Reminded of the scores of past memories, the demon king despaired again.

“The hero... There's no way the hero can respond to that kind of plot!”

“Well, that's the case. That's not a job for a hero, but administrators.”

Looking at the hero shrugging her shoulders oh-so casually, the demon king despaired.

“How could it, my, my trump card!”

“All down the drain.”

At the hero's chic reply, with both hands quivering, the demon king asked,

"Th, then rather than destruction, should I conquer the world for you?"

The demon king had completely lost it. But at his utterly random reply, the hero, surprisingly, had a curious expression on her face.

"Hm... Then it might be doable? Want to start with the empire?"

"R, really? Th, the empire... Maybe in about half a year..."

"Yep, first conquer the empire, then the surrounding nations..."

Like a demon would seduce a human, the hero was seducing the demon king to conquer the world!

-The hero shouldn't tell the demon king to conquer the world!

"Ah, ah!"

"Tch."

As everyone else present shouted, the demon king finally came to his senses, and the hero clicked her teeth as if someone had [thrown](#)

[ashes into freshly cooked rice.](#)

A Korean idiom that describes something that gets ruined just before it comes to fruition.

“I, I... ‘ve been had by the hero. Th, then I just need to go about world domination, right?”

-Don’t bullshit even after coming to your senses!

No, maybe he wasn’t completely sensible again just yet.

Looking on the hero that looked genuinely sorrowful and the demon king that couldn’t stand still, the Pope was wondering whether he would have to shift the clergy’s base of operations as far away from the empire as possible or not, when an idea came to him, and he shouted,

“Demon king, there’s a perfect plan! The hero’s family! Use the Ashrien house as hostages to-guaeek!”

“You lay your hands on them, that’s it. Understand, demon king?”

Looking at the hero, smiling brightly while beating the crap out of the Pope, the demon king nodded.

“I’m not that evil, either.”

“Ah, aaah! M, my lady goddess! Y, your servant is being beaten right in front of your eyes! S, save me!”

“It will all disappear afterwards when the hero prays. It’s alright, so be beaten.”

“I, I’ll vanish before then!”

And a very long time...

“A, am I getting hit for a really long time?!”

Anyway a long time passed. Having jammed the Pope in a corner like burnable trash, the hero sighed and looked at the demon king.

“Demon king.”

“Y, yes?”

How would you put it, the hero’s suddenly mature gaze made goosebumps break out all over his flesh, but he didn’t dare say that out loud.

Looking at him, the hero smirked and said,

“I said it earlier, but I don’t like you enough to marry you.”

“Y, yes.”

Some kill-confirming statement flew his way, but the demon king’s instincts told him to stand tight.

“But you know... I don’t really hate you either.”

“Th, that means?”

As the demon king perked up at a brief glimmer of hope, the hero laughed and said,

“Yes, let’s start from [friends.]”

End of Chapter 9

Author’s Notes:

And so they end as friends.

Next chapter is the epilogue.... Eh?

Specials

Lunar New Year's Special

1) Before the demon king and hero leave for their relatives' homes.

Hero: What should we get for mother?

Demon king: What does a god need. Let's go.

Hero: But it's the good intentions, the intention.

Demon king: Good intentions for a demon god...

Hero: Why not?

Demon king: As expected, what comes back and forth is affection!

– The important thing is good intentions!

2) When the hero and demon king left for their relatives' homes.

Hero: Alright, everything's ready!

Demon king: Now then!

Hero & Demon king: Open, dimensional door!

– No traffic problems for these kids.

3) The hero and demon king arrived at their relatives' house!

Demon 1: Aaaagh! It's the hero!

Demon 2: Why is the hero in the demon woorrllld!

– Demon world in chaos.

4) The hero enters the kitchen.

Demon king: Rest up, hero!

Hero: But, at least the pancakes...

6 Demon kings: Nah, we're good. You're tired from crossing worlds and all.

Aya: Eh? Then me too! Let's cook together hero!

6 Demon kings: N, no! Th, the demon world is going to fall!

– And thus the cooking was left to the men.

5) The hero meets her mother-in-law.

Demon god: ...What's this?

Hero: A present.

Demon god: (Looking at demon king) Oi, is this a present?

Demon king:She says it's a present.

Demon god:

Hero: It's the bestselling Lunar New Year gift in the human world!

Demon god: (Looking at present) For your mother-in-law, 7 piece holy water set. (Pope approved.) Filled with Sermir's blessings!

– The balls to gift holy water to the demon god.

6) The hero's daughter met her uncles.

Hero's daughter: Uncle, uncle!

Destruction: Wahaha, what's up?

Hero's daughter: [My New Year's money!](#)

One of the Korean customs of the Lunar New Year is that children bow (kowitz) to their seniors, while the elders in turn that receive the bow returns to them words of praise, and money.

Destruction: There, there, now bow.

Hero's daughter: Gubuk* (bowing)

Destruction: Good, good, now here.

Hero's daughter: (Looks at the amount) Tch, cheapstake.

Destruction: Flinch! (He saw a certain demon king's figure in that little girl.)

– Like father, like daughter.

*Bowing sfx

7) The heaven's previous Lunar New Year.

Raelle: Oi, make me something to drink.

Sermir: Yes! Mom!

God 1: Sis, feed us!

Sermir: Yep, wait up!

God 2: Sis! This is a bit hot, is there cold water anywhere?

Sermir: Ah, where was it...

Raelle: Oi, where's my drink!

Sermir: Ah, i-, it's done!

– Little girl breadwinner Sermir.

8) Recent heaven's Lunar New Year.

Raelle: Oi, make me something to drink.

Sermir: You're a Supreme God. Create it.

God 1: Sis, feed us!

Sermir: Gods won't die because they don't eat a bit.

God 2: Sis! This is a bit hot, is there cold water anywhere?

Sermir: You have the god of ice as your underling. Use him.

Raelle: C, can't you make me one?

Sermir: Nope.

– [Chic heavenly girl Sermir](#).

A corruption of the phrase 'chic city girl.' Used to describe the calm, collected, modern image of city girls. Note that the first word is literally translated as 'cold', that is, 'cold city girl'.

Epilogue

“Then, the hero said, ‘Demon king, you are strong. But, I have friends and people to protect!’”

A woman whose features were outstanding even from a mere glance. If there was one thing to be sorry for, it was that the cute girl on her knee was her daughter.

“Hurry, hurry!”

At the encouragement of the girl on her knee, who looked around four years old or so, the woman smiled kindly and turned the page of the storybook.

“A golden light radiated from the hero’s sword. The goddess had recognized her true feelings. ‘Kuh, this strength!’ The demon king was shocked at the holy power that the evil demon king couldn’t fight against. And so the hero defeated the demon king and brought peace to the world.”

“The hero’s so cool! Mom, the hero was a woman, right?”

“Yes. But don’t say you want to be a hero. Being a hero’s a hard job.”

“Hmph! What does Mom know! I’m going to be a hero. An amazing one!”

The girl yelled and ran pitter-patter outside. Looking at her, the woman smiled and said,

“How would this work? If our kid really does become a hero, you could be in danger?”

“Nah, would she really fight her dad?”

The man that entered the room at her words smirked and said,

“Having said that, you should say something? That her mom was a hero.”

“Who would believe that a hero married a demon king?”

She said with a startled expression, before she broke out into laughter.

“Thinking about it, those were shocking events. You told the hero what would drag you out to be judged that you fell for her at first sight, or the hero that actually lived together with a demon king because of a simple promise. Having said, you lied back then, didn't you? Said you were weak... You seemed stronger than me.”

“No, that wasn't a lie. I am the weakest among the demon kings. Well what, something like living up to the title? It's amazing that we're still living like this. Getting kinda boring nowadays, too.”

At the demon king's answer, she, Yuria, pouted and said,

“Hmph, what’s boring. It’s been just over seven years since I met you, and in that time, see a demon king getting kidnapped, pick a scrap with the clergy, meet the god of light, demon god and even the Chief God beyond that. If those things all happen again, I just might run away from home.”

As she sulked, it was the demon king’s turn to become flustered.

“But because of that, the evil organizations were cleaned up completely, earned the blessings of the leader of the greatest religious sect when you married, and plus the demon god gives you a salary as well?”

The hero closed her eyes and recalled her first meetings with the demon king.

‘Was there something to be angry about when we lived together? Hm, kidnapped despite being a demon king, made a covenant with a another religion, the god invaded the human world, eh, and...’

Reminiscing of the past, the hero smiled brightly and said,

“Darling, I want a divorce.”

“Why?!?!”

At the sudden divorce demands, the demon king swayed before barely staying upright, and asked with bulging eyes,

“Why? Why? Why!”

“The mental damage I got from looking back on the past is too big.”

“From where?”

“Let’s see, from after you entered that covenant? The invasion of the Supreme Gods, the Chief God, the Chief God of another world? Or, the parts the readers couldn’t see, such as the time that I beat up the heavenly and demon emperors in front of all the demon kings and gods for the sake of the thousand-year ceasefire between the heavens and demon worlds. Or the time that you mistook the dragon Rhode for an evil dragon and I half-killed her which nearly started a human-dragon war, which I then beat the crap out of all of them to stop?”

“K, kuuhhh...”

“There was others beyond that, weren’t there? The time when I nearly had a bounty on my head when you went for the empire’s heir that had a crush on me, the demon Internal Affairs went on strike, stopping the invasion of the human world, fought the boss of the strongest legion EE, Dragonjar of the Red Ribbon, and against the author that was all ‘I object to this marriage!’”

“Wait a second, there was an odd group in the second half? And when was the last one? When did you fight that!”

“Ha, you’re saying that you can’t remember any of that?”

“No, there were even things that never happened!”

“Haa.... You’re not the demon king of old.”

As the hero sulked even more, the demon king had a serious expression on his face.

“Hm, then... I can only bring out my last resort...”

“What is it?”

“There’s this story in the East. A lumberjack hides the divine raiment of an angel that descended from heaven... If they didn’t make three kids, the angel went back to the skies.”

“Wh, what’s that meant to mean?”

“What’s that meant to mean. My dear ‘Ria, we need to make two more kids so you can’t run away!”

“Is there a limit to what you can say!”

Yuria yelled, fleeing from the demon king that ran after her.

The bustling noises that rang through the house. If anyone else saw it, they would be forgiven for thinking it a legendary battle for the ages, but the girl who looked on only closed her book, shook her head and sighed.

“My Mom and Dad gets along too well with each other. Hmph, I don’t even care.”

Author’s Notes:

Eh, hm, what?

Will be what some of you are thinking. Yes, it’s over. (What?!)

The developments that made me think I was going mad shocked me a lot as well.

When I tried to expand on what was originally a oneshot that was essentially the first part and the epilogue and everything went to the hills, I was quite surprised as well. Especially in the middle, I had something that came up, so I went on hiatus for a while and when I revisited it, I shuddered.

Made me wonder whether I really was on drugs.

The reason why this ended is simple. When I wrote the story out I thought eh? It's done? And so I ended it.

Hm... How would I put it, an open ending? It did seem kinda lacking so I did mull over it a lot, but I felt like I had some divine command telling me to stop it here, so I wrote up the epilogue.

PS1. Totally not because of military service. (Really?)

PS2. I said in the last chapter (TN: 9-3) that this was the epilogue, but no one cared... What's this pressure you speak of.

PS3. The book that the daughter was reading was [How to be the greatest hero – by Demon king]

(Day After) Christmas Special!

1) The day after Christmas.

Demon king: ...Why the day after Christmas?

Hero: ...I know right. Why the day after?

Daughter: That, of course, the author would be home alone on Christmas and was gaming at home when he finished the story today, and felt something was lacking, and yesterday being Christmas and all... Was what he thought when he wrote this, I suppose.

Demon king: He says he's being unlike other authors?

Daughter: He's bullshitting.

– O, of course not!

2) Christmas tree

Daughter:

Hero: What's wrong?

Daughter: Mom, why are you putting away the tree?

Hero: Hm? Christmas is over, we need to clean it up, don't we?

Daughter: ...Can't we leave it?

Hero: (Smiling) Why? Do you feel sad about it?

Demon king: No, it's probably because she can't be bothered making it?

Hero: ... No, what...

Daughter: My dad knows me well!

Hero: ...Sob, fine, I suck at handcrafts! (Runs out)

Demon king: D, darling!

Daughter: M, Mom!

– The hero's crafting skills are the same as ever! (The tree exploded while she was making it! [What?!])

3) Today's lunch.

Daughter: Dad~ We had this yesterday~

Demon king: It's because we bought a lot for Christmas.

Daughter: I, I want something new~

Demon king: Nah, why bother? There's a lot of tasty things? There's even the cake that my darling girl likes so much!

Daughter: Eh~ But still~

Hero: Don't worry! Your Mom will cook for you!

Daughter: When you can't be bothered cooking, leftovers are the best!

Hero: Sob... Fine, I can't cook! (Runs out)

Demon king: D, darling!

Daughter: M, Mom!

– Hero's second time running away from home!

4) The demon world's day after Christmas. (Demon god edition)

Demon god: ... Wait, what do I have to do with the birth of Christ?

– Even if I give her an appearance she can't do jack with it!

5) The demon world's day after Christmas. (Demon king edition)

Destruction: ...There's a lot of good credit items on for Christmas.

Aya: But you can't get them because you can't take loans out.

Destructionn: Kuhuuuung... (Crying SFX)

– Credit rating zero!

6) The demon world's day after Christmas. (Internal Affairs edition)

Demon 1: Wh, when's the demon king coming back...

Demon 2: ... I need to play with my daughter...

Demon 3: [D, don't tell of my death to the papers...](#)

Original quote: 'Do not tell the enemy of my death.' A parody of the death quote of general Lee Sun-Shin, (most) famous for

repelling the Japanese armada of 333 ships with just 12 ships of his own, sinking 131 enemy ships with no loss of his own vessels.

Demon 2: Hap! Resurrection!

Demon 3: K, kill me! Kill me already!

– Christmas? Internal Affairs are always overtime hell! No such thing here!

7) The heaven's day after Christmas.

Raelle: How'd you spend your Christmas?

God 1: I spent it with my followers!

God 2: I slept?

God 3: Overtime because I was bestowing blessings.

Sermir: Of course, I took donations with my Pope!

Raelle:

God 1:

God 2:

God 3:

Sermir: The holidays are great for business?!

– P, poor believers...

Afterword

Don't finish it, don't retcon it, write side stories!

But after the last special, now it's really over!

But I'm not retconning things though. Yep, yep, now it's over, it'll go in the completed index.

It'll probably be under the complete section from next Monday onwards.

To all of the readers, thanks for reading this story which didn't ever give out the name of the male lead. (Eh?!)

I posted up the one-shot I wrote ages ago.

Mm, but for those of you who are curious of my next project, I might try my hand at some of my other ideas. (But unposted are the majority.)

For example,

When I woke up (female protagonist), the heroine is my friend and other crazy beautifuls were surrounding me. (Was what I wanted to write but '[Rules of Web Novels](#)' are a thing.) But, in front of the female protagonist's eyes a game screen is visible, and the male protags all like her? N n, real fem protag friend. So much

for hopes and dreams...

A web novel by Yoo Han-Ryuh that first started on Joara, and was later published as an actual book.

Or something like that.

Or an ordinary hero story (was what it was meant to be, but [I Don't Want This Kind of Hero](#) came up. Dafuq?) would also work.

A webtoon by samchon (Uncle). Official title is I Hate This Kind of Hero, but the one mentioned in the passage is the one that manga leechers have it by.

There might be people who've seen this earlier, but a story where a crow and a snake come charging in (this is original!)

Or something like that.

I'm a demon king, but I reincarnated so many times so everyone else is even stronger and such a story of a demon king whose life is in danger (Was what I was going to write, but why did a [seed novel](#) come up!)

A Korean light novel publishing brand, a subsidiary of D&C Media. Noteworthy for publishing what is effectively Japanese light novels in content and form, only written by Koreans.

Or something like that.

Ah, writing is hard. What if I have ideas, I've got like over 30

ideas and around 10 are written by someone else even before I write it, another 15 are incomplete, and another 5 are just too much.

My willpower = nothing to do x funny novels, but a lot of my favourite murim tales and web novels and so on are all going on hiatus or cancelled. I've got nothing to read....

Translator's Afterword:

Well guys, it's been a pleasure TLing this, and I hope you guys, at least, those of you who managed to stay on despite (or for) all the bullshit that we've all tribulated, all enjoyed this, had a lot of laughs, and leave this project satisfied with what you've read, and another translation marked 'Complete' on NU. (Satisfied with the story? Lol, I meant my TL quality!)

My thanks to Yoni and Emptycube, the owners of this site that picked me up, adkji, my editor who edited nearly all my chapters despite my demanding schedule and ridiculous uploading hours, and Isledir, the drop-in editor for this project when adkji was busy.

Finally, thank you guys, the readers, all of you who lurked, liked and commented, for reading my TLs. Remember, we translators do this for you guys. If people don't read our TLs, we don't exist. Thanks guys.

Editor's Afterword:

Hey guys! So, it is now the end to this ridiculous novel. When Yoni told me to help Eevee to edit this, I was not expecting things to go so haywire. But, I enjoyed every last minute of it. It's been fun going on this wild ride with you guys, the readers, and Eevee. Thank you to those that have been supporting the novel through reading, commenting, and ninja-ing. See you all around Myoniyoni~